I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN by KATHLEEN NORRIS

A STORY OF HEARTBREAK AND HUNGRY SOULS

MAY 19, 1934

Liberty

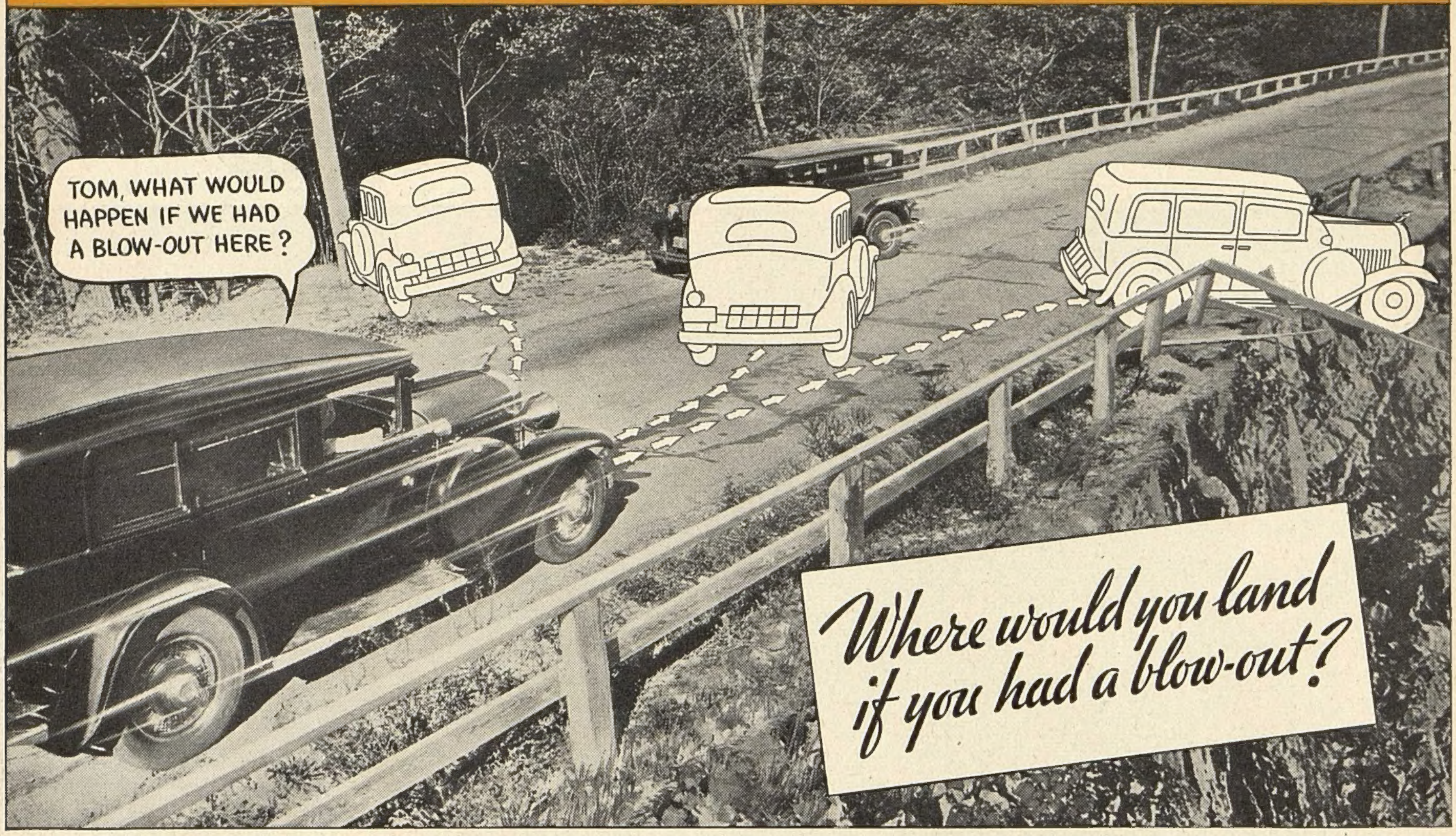
5¢

Printed in Canada

R C Kauffmann

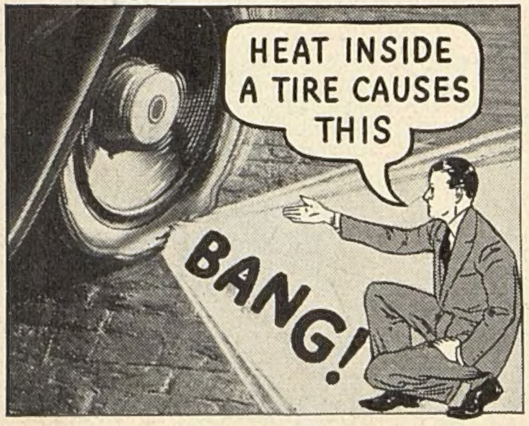
DOES JAPAN WANT ALASKA?—YOSUKE MATSUOKA ANSWERS SEN. ROBINSON

WARNING! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL


TOM, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE HAD A BLOW-OUT HERE?
Where would you land if you had a blow-out?

Look! SEE HOW GOLDEN PLY TIRE SAVES LIVES

. . how it prevents great cause of *blowouts* . . *gives months of extra mileage free!*


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

"2 Killed; 1 Injured as Blow-out Throws Car Out of Control."

TRAGIC headlines like this appear in the newspapers nearly every day. Due to higher speeds and whirlwind revolutions of smaller wheels, tires are running hotter and hotter. And heat causes invisible blisters which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out! The human toll is terrific. Something had to be done.

Goodrich engineers worked like beavers. Night and day. For months. Finally they struck it. The amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. An invention that actually resists this intense heat—that makes "the safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds—gives months of extra mileage. These claims are not just shop talk. And here's proof!

Racing daredevils tested the Golden Ply out at breakneck speeds. Gave it everything they had. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked. Not one blow-out. Similar tires without the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

NO EXTRA COST!

Remember, you pay no price premium for this extra safety—this extra mileage. The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Golden Ply costs no more than standard tires. So why take chances? Get a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns now.

GOODRICH
Safety
TIRES

Look for the "Mountie"
This colorful sign is displayed by Goodrich dealers. It tells you where you can buy the Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Golden Ply.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 20c (to cover cost) to Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited, Kitchener, Ontario, Dept. 52.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

A wonder on the fairway a washout in the club

There wasn't a man in the club but who would admit that in addition to being a No. 1 golfer, Bradbury was a prince of good fellows—but they never asked him to dinner . . . Their wives invariably said, "Thumbs down." Too bad Bradbury didn't take a tumble to himself . . . he missed so much fun . . . lost so many friends.

* * *

Nobody wants you around in close quarters if you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It's bad in business. It's worse in social life.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have halitosis—and your best friend won't tell you. Moreover, you are very likely to have it. One authority says that 90% of cases are due to odors produced by fermentation of bits of food the tooth brush has failed to remove.

The quick way, the pleasant way, the safe way to get rid of halitosis is to rinse the mouth with Listerine. It readily cleanses the mouth and halts fermentation, the principal cause of odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves. Your breath becomes pure and agreeable—cannot offend others.

Don't let bargain prices on ordinary mouth washes fool you. They may have no deodorant power whatever. For prompt results use only Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Ontario.

How's your breath today?

Don't GUESS use LISTERINE
and be SAFE

PRODUCED IN CANADA

DO YOU KNOW?

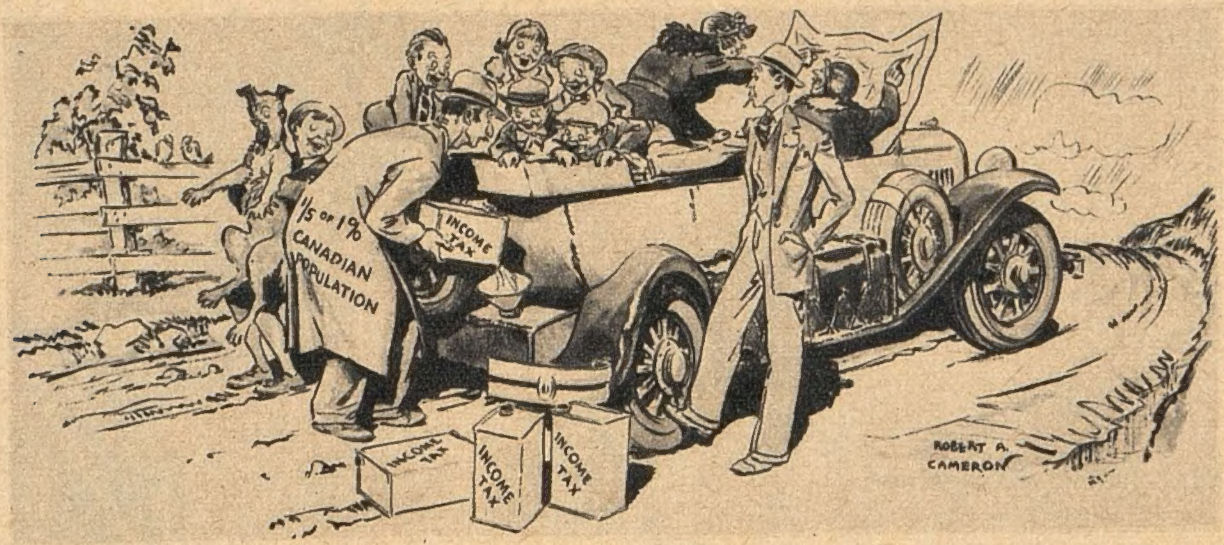
Onion breath is caused *not* by onion residue in the stomach, but by bits of onion left on the teeth and gums! This is another of the interesting scientific facts from the files of the Listerine Research Laboratory.

MAY 19, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 20

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

YOU ARE LUCKY IF YOU PAY INCOME TAX



MERELY one fifth of 1 per cent of Canada's population foots the federal personal-income-tax bill.

Have you paid Dominion government income tax since 1930? If so, you belong to a select group of 133,621 Canadians upon whom Ottawa depended for its entire revenues from this source. Your fortunate, or unfortunate, little group (depending on the point of view) represents less than 6 per cent of Canada's gainfully employed.

Over 94 per cent of wage and salary earners in the Dominion do not earn enough to be taxed. This country had 2,477,038 gainfully employed during the fiscal year ending March, 1932. Of this number 2,343,417 were entirely exempt from federal income tax.

During the same period there were only 39,309 persons in Canada who filed returns for annual incomes of $5,000 or more. Only 2,358 forwarded returns for incomes in excess of $25,000 per annum. There were 614 returns filed for incomes in excess of $50,000 a year. All of which would plainly indicate that the number of excessive incomes in Canada during recent years has been smaller than most of us realize.

But to most of us a study of the average earnings for all classes should prove of even greater interest. Statistics released from Ottawa tabulate average earnings of all classes during 1931, classified by age groups. Average earning totals were arrived at by including total income for each individual, whether engaged in full- or part-time labor.

In the age groups of from 20 to 24 years the average annual earnings were $584; from 25 to 34 years, $859; from 35 to 44 years, $1,122; from 45 to 54 years, $1,156; from 55 to 64 years, $1,028; from 65 to 69 years, $858; 70 years and over, $753.

It is common sense to bear in mind that the highest average earnings for any age group do not exceed $1,156. In other words, we can and should aspire to earning capacities above the average. But we should harmonize our standards of living with income actualities in the meantime. Whether we approve or not, there is no immediate prospect of wage scales reverting to 1929 levels. We must accept the facts as they are with both fortitude and intelligent provision for the future.

Who can state with authority what the ultimate will be in changed national psychologies arising out of this increasing limitation of the income-tax-paying group? One school of thought believes that a state of feudalism cannot fail to result from a system which depends upon one fifth of 1 per cent of the population for a vitally important source of national revenue. The more optimistic type of observer believes we have almost achieved Utopia, wherein the less privileged classes are almost entirely relieved of government tax burdens.

The real danger is a social one rather than an economic one. Over 99 per cent of the populace erroneously arrive at the belief that they are not directly supporting the government. This mental attitude might readily lead to an indifference toward a citizenship which apparently seeks nothing from them.

Fortunately for Canada, her democratic principles have been thoroughly absorbed by her people. The man on the street regards his privilege of citizenship just as highly as the millionaire. The country as a whole has emerged from the depression almost unscathed, simply because of the intensely objective mood of her people. While this mental attitude exists there is no danger of paternalism flourishing in our midst.

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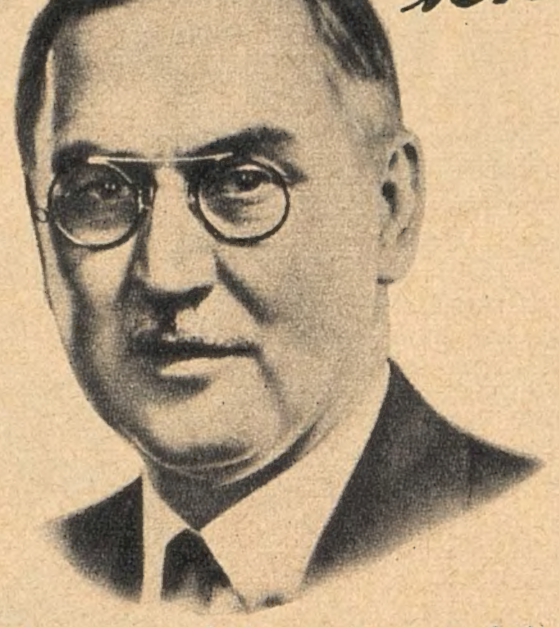
The modern wife SHOULD know

The older woman COULD NOT know



The doctor has ALWAYS known

WIVES of today are far better off in some respects. They live in a franker world and they have lost the timidity of their elders. "Reserve" it was called by those who had it, but the real word for it is *timidity*, just the same.

It is very refreshing to see the modern young woman go straight after any information she wants, not satisfied with vague rumors and whisperings of hearsay. Take, for instance, the intimate subjects of marriage and feminine hygiene. An older woman would have heard snips and snatches of conversation, half-truths and contradictions. But she never had the modern wife's opportunity to clear the subject up!

Poisonous antiseptics feared

Doctors have always known the dangers of poisonous antiseptics if used for feminine hygiene. Yet for many years there was no effective antiseptic, no *real germicide*, except the old-fashioned poisons like carbolic acid, for instance. So *there* was a dilemma. Either way, the choice was discouraging.

Today, few of these poisons remain on sale, but there has appeared a new antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*, which is *non-poisonous*, yet effective and powerful. In fact, it is far more powerful in its effect upon germs than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body.

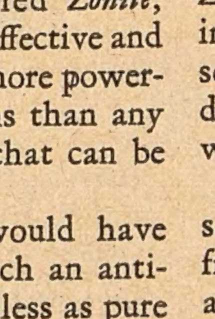
A generation ago it would have seemed impossible that such an antiseptic could exist, as harmless as pure water, yet with this immense germicidal power. But it is here, available to practically every woman in America, no matter how remote from the big cities her home may be.

The action of Zonite is gentle and soothing. No searing effects. No hardening and de-sensitizing of tissue. No danger to children if they *do* happen to get their hands on it! Zonite is *safe*.

Non-poisonous Zonite — two forms

Zonite comes in two forms. The liquid in bottles, 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00; the semi-solid suppositories at $1.00 a dozen, each sealed individually. Many women use both.

Tell your friends about Zonite, for sale at all drug stores, or send for frank, scientific, explanatory booklet all women should have. Use coupon below. Write today.



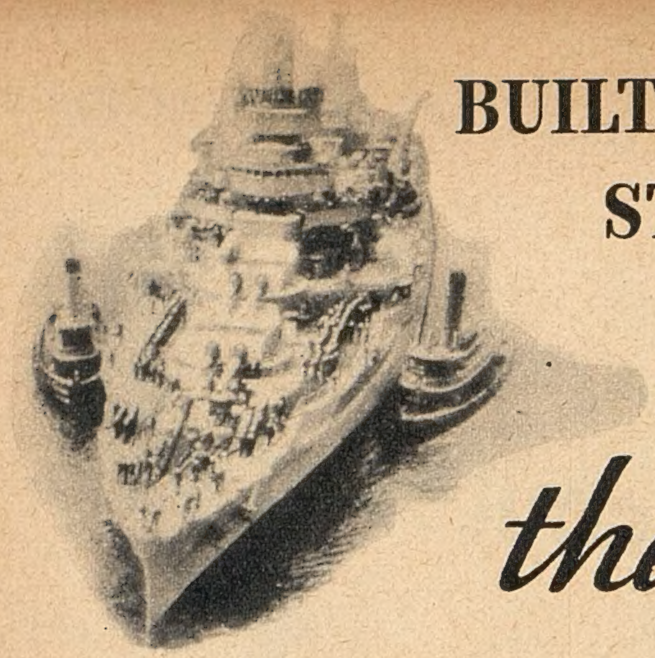
Send for this exposition of facts

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Ltd.
Ste. Therese, P. Q. LI-45

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

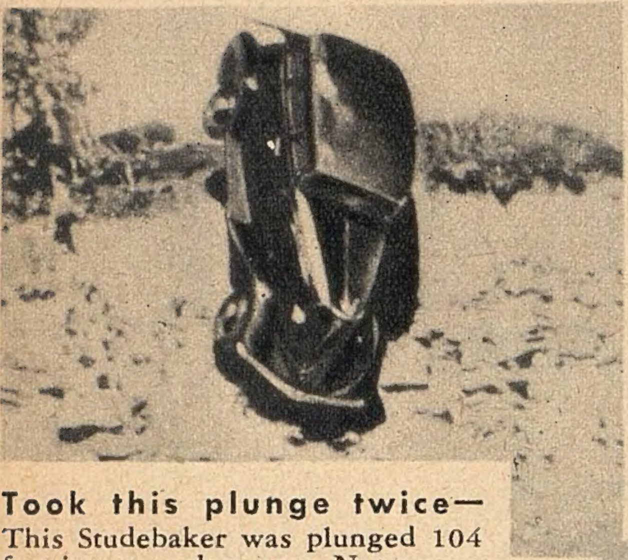
NAME..............................
(*Please print name*)
ADDRESS..............................
CITY......................PROV........



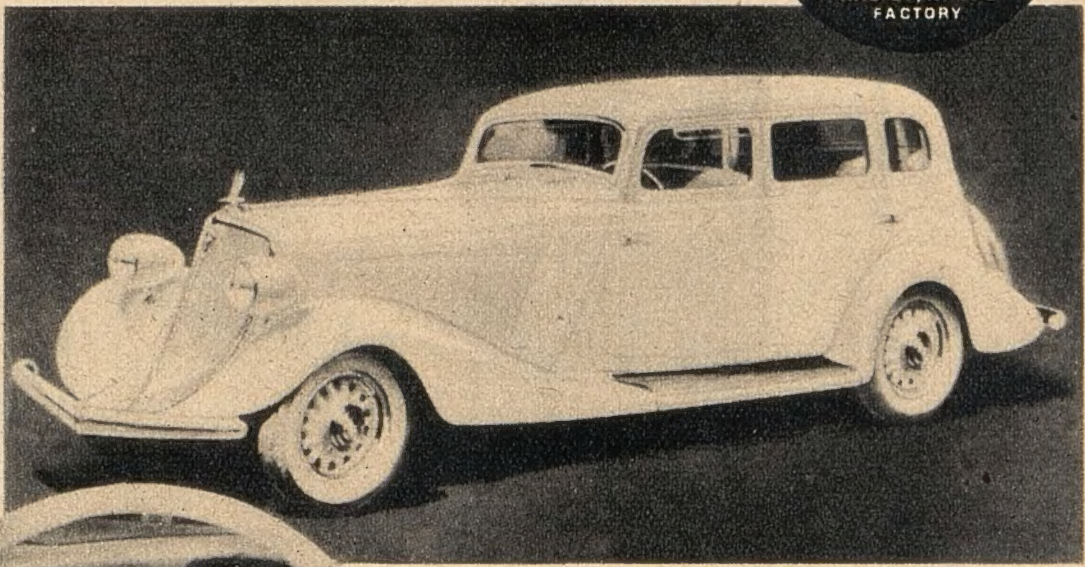
BUILT LIKE BATTLESHIPS
STYLED LIKE SPEEDPLANES...
$265 to $755 lower than last year

$925
AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

Gov't. taxes extra



Took this plunge twice—This Studebaker was plunged 104 feet into a rock quarry. Not even a door was thrown out of line. Body was only slightly dented. Chassis came through so well, car was easily driven away under own power.



WESTERN UNION

C4145 16=LAGRANGE ILL 6 320P
STUDEBAKER SALES CORPORATION OF AMERICA=
SOUTHBEND IND=
NEW DICTATOR COVERED 26 MILES BETWEEN AURORA AND
CONGRESS PARK ILLINOIS ON ONE GALLON GASOLINE=
H E STANLEY WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

THESE magnificently streamlined new Studebakers are built like battleships—of seamless steel reinforced by steel. They offer you extremely high powered, economical engines.

Their rear seats are more restful than front seats in most cars—due to Studebaker's own million-dollar development, Quadripoise Suspension, which cradles the action of *all four wheels* at all speeds and on all roads.

Almost every other car on the market is selling at substantially higher prices today than last year. But Studebaker prices are $265 to $755 lower! And the new Studebakers are finer cars than the finest Studebaker ever offered before.

Studebakers are built in Canada by Canadian workmen as all Canadian Studebakers have been for 23 years.

How's this for economy?

Checked by Western Union officials at start, en route, and at finish, the Studebaker Dictator pictured covered 26 miles on a single gallon of gasoline.

Perfect Balance—a natural instinct for balance enables expert circus performers to poise their weight confidently. And in the new Studebakers, Quadripoise Suspension scientifically distributes car weight to give you security and comfort.

From the Speedway Comes Their Stamina

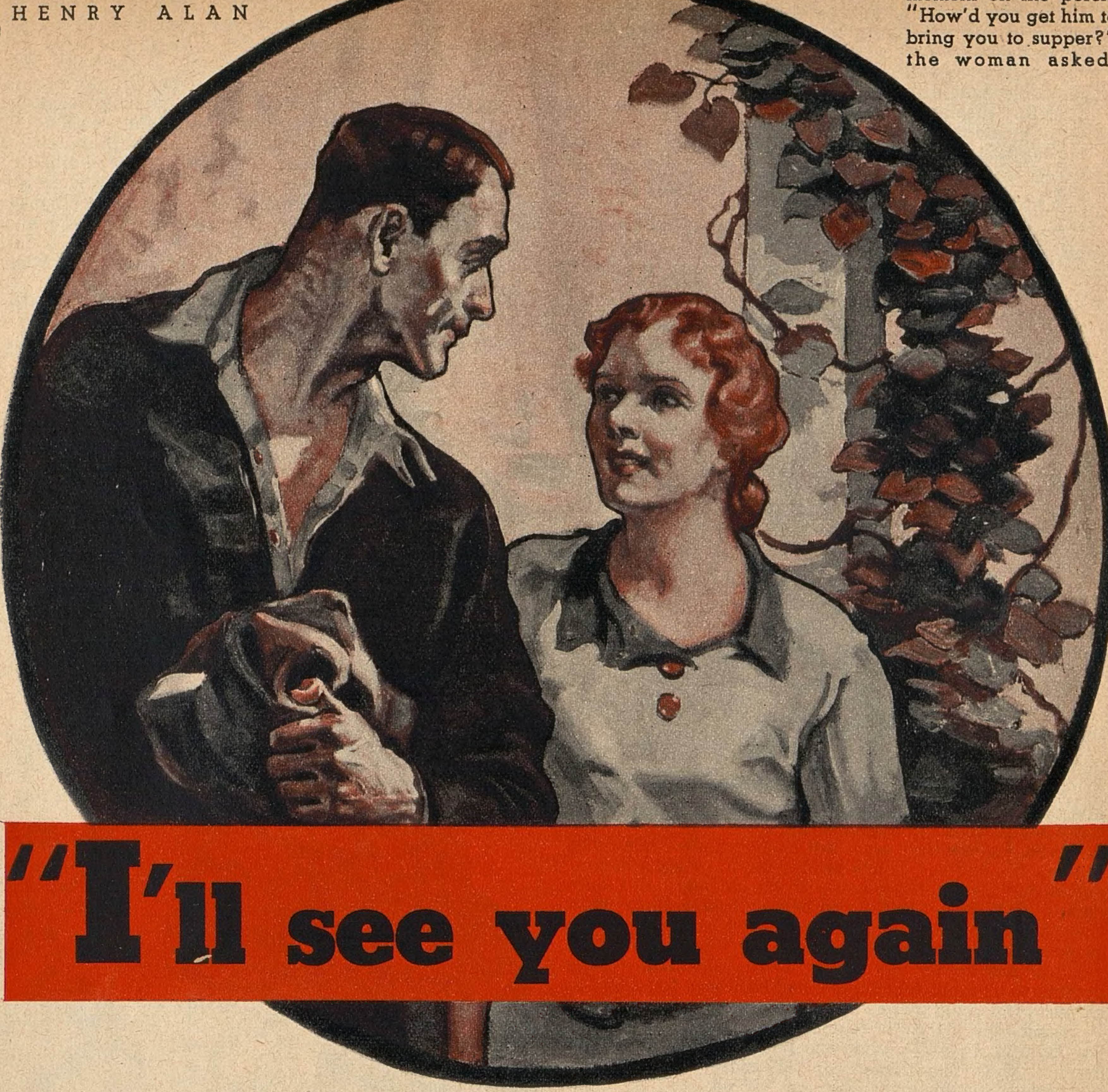
From the Skyway Comes Their Style

LOTS OF ROOM FOR THREE
IN SEDAN FRONT SEATS

Skyway style STUDEBAKERS

All Studebaker sedans have ample room for six full size passengers. Three grown-ups are easily accommodated in front seats without any interference with driver.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HENRY ALAN



Lin and Dina had a moment on the porch. "How'd you get him to bring you to supper?" the woman asked.

"I'll see you again"

A Story of Heartbreak and Hungry Souls by Kathleen Norris

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

FORD looked so savage as he came in that Dina did not dare say anything to him, much less mention what was really on her mind. Instead she put dinner on the table. Ford liked hearty hot greasy food on these chilly spring noons.

Dina sat down opposite him, eating little herself, but watching keenly to see that he had plenty of butter and that the cream and sugar were handily placed for him.

Ford Huddleston was warden of Larkin Flat Prison whose shadow lay across Dina's dining table and her kitchen and her bedroom. Its great brick walls rose above their lives like barriers between them and all the rest of the world.

At their meals they talked about little else than the prison, and at other times they talked hardly at all.

" How's that Mexican girl? " Dina asked.

" Got her in a jacket."

" Ah, poor thing. More coffee, Ford? "

" I don't know why you always ask me that. I always take it, don't I? "

Dina said nothing as she poured the smoking amber fluid into his big cup.

"Oh, I had a letter from California," she presently said. She said it deliberately, bravely, but with a fast-beating heart.

"How d'you mean you had a letter from California? That don't make sense."

"Well, I meant from—from Lin's folks. I knew you didn't like me to talk about 'em much."

"I suppose you got to tell me Chester is O.K.," the man sneered, wiping a walrus mustache after a long draft of coffee. "Head of his class in kindergarten and getting on fine. All right, I know it."

"Lin's brother Thomas is coming east as far as Chicago," the woman said. "He and Het are driving. He said he'd bring Chester and leave him here for a month, if you're willing."

"What's the big idea taking him out of school?"

"Oh, this wouldn't be until vacation, Ford!" Dina was so eager that her color fluctuated painfully and the thin hand on the table trembled. "This wouldn't be for 'most two months!" she said.

Ford Huddleston scowled, staring away. He took out his pipe. Dina rose and got him matches and an old leather bag of tobacco. She sat down again, anxious and eager, her eyes glued to his face.

"No," he said suddenly, "I don't want him here! I don't propose to have my wife forgetting everything else but a kid of five. When you had him you hadn't any use for me."

"THAT'S not true, Ford," she pleaded mildly. "But he was only a baby then—he wasn't four. And the understanding—the understanding was," Dina stammered, made bold by desperation, "that he was to be with us."

"You mean before we were married?"

"Don't you remember, at Aunt Julia's? 'Member saying that he'd be just like your own boy?"

"Yep. Well, fellers say funny things when they're after a woman."

"But he's been in California seven months now, Ford, and that's an awful long time in a little boy's life."

"They're good to him, ain't they?"

"Well, I guess they are. But I never knew Lin's folks. I guess his brother Tom's kind enough. He's a doctor, and he don't live at the ranch with the old lady. But since he and his wife are willing to bring Chester along, with their children, he must be kinder good-hearted." Dina stopped; her voice sank to a note of wheedling. "He won't be any bother to you now, Ford," she said. "He's getting to be a big feller. If I had him here for a month seems 's if I could go on. He—"

"Seems 's if you could go on?" the man echoed. "What you talking about? What are you going to do if you *don't* go on? You women can talk more like fools than anything I ever saw! What more do you want than you got? Your husband run off and left you, didn't he?"

"He might of come back, Ford. He was killed in a log jam. That wasn't his fault."

"He wouldn'ter come back! His kind don't. He was through, all right. He'd had enough of his own kid whining and crying around. I don't know why I should put up with it! His folks said they'd take the baby—"

"Because you wrote 'em, Ford! You wrote 'em a year ago. I never would of! I never had had him away from me, even for one night, till you and I were married. I never thought I'd have to give him up. When you and I first began going together—"

Dina stopped and assumed a good-humored smile. When she spoke again it was lightly.

"Anyway, if I could have him for July this year," she said, "I'd send him back in August without saying a word."

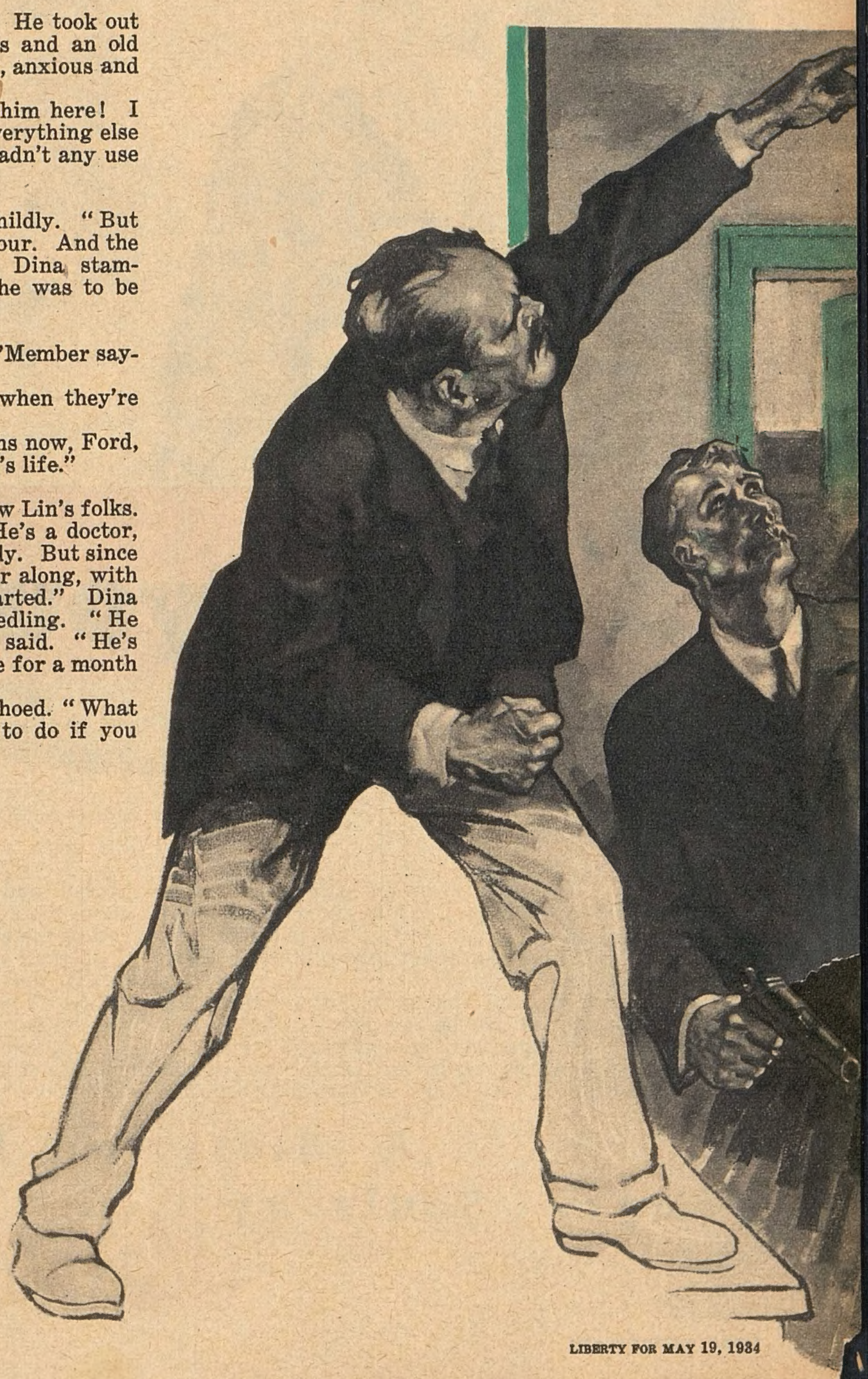
The man—he was a large gross man, whose two days' growth of heavy black beard, added to the effect of the straggling mustache and thin disordered hair, made him look unkempt—was watching her thoughtfully as he chewed on his empty pipe. He was in his shirt sleeves and vest; his big figure bulged shapelessly at the belt. His small eyes were narrowed into a suspicious smile.

"Better leave him where he is," he said comfortably. "He don't miss you by this time, and he don't need you."

"But don't you remember, Ford," Dina said patiently, in desperate courage, as he fell into self-satisfied musing, "the Sunday we fixed it all up that we were going to get married, that you and I walked past that corner house, back in Somersville, and you says, 'Wouldn't you and your kid like a home like that? Won't you do it for Chester's sake?' Don't you remember that, Ford, when I was sick, and couldn't go on teaching?"

His small eyes moved over her ruminatively. He worked his tongue to clean his teeth.

"Nope," he said flatly. "All I know is, we gave the



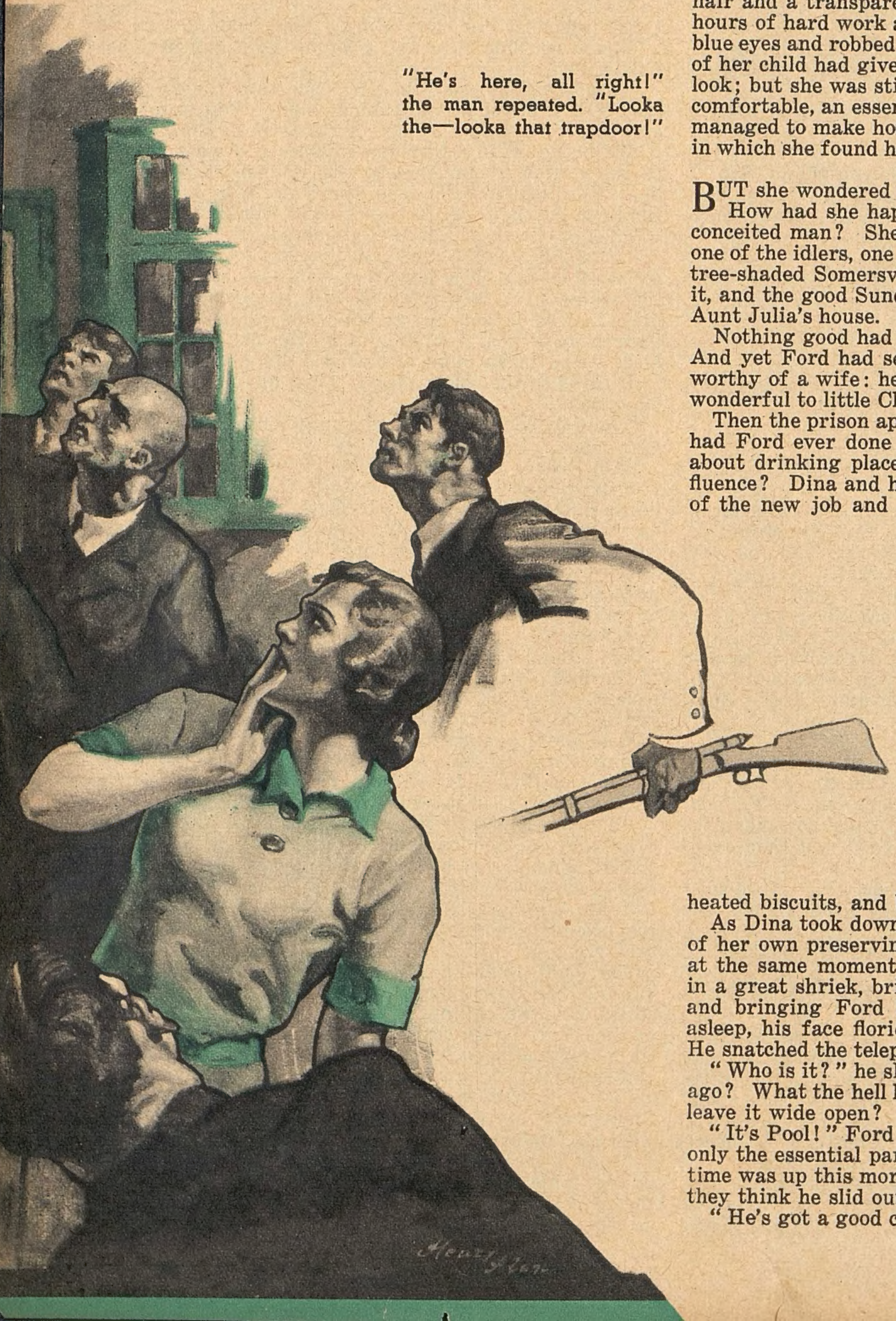
kid a fair chance. It didn't work. When his grandma wrote from California I happened to open the letter, and I wrote her. She said she'd gladly take him. I don't know what more you want."

"Yes, but I don't even know if he's well or not, Ford! This letter this morning is only the second one that I've had!"

"Listen," the man said. "One man walked out on you because you were always sniveling and whining. You look out you don't find yourself looking for a job again!"

He got up and walked into the adjoining bedroom. Dina could hear the bed creak as he flung himself down upon it. In another few seconds his heavy deep snoring sounded throughout the cheaply built house.

It was a one-story house; one of a row of five. Two of them were empty; a third was the Snows', temporarily deserted now because Ida Snow, the wife of Ford's assistant, was away on a visit; a fourth occupied by bachelor assistant wardens; and the fifth, the largest and the corner building, was the Huddlestons'. To all five the prison wall supplied a back fence, and from all five the great rise of the northwest wall shut away the late afternoon sun.



"He's here, all right!" the man repeated. "Looka the—looka that trapdoor!"

Two miles from the prison the little prairie town of Larkin Flat lay open and level, crossed by railroad lines, boasting only a few two-story buildings, only a few trees.

The town, forlorn as it was, however, was a haven of coziness and comfort compared to the prison that was reached by a bare stark ribbon of highway across the prairie. There was nothing here but the harsh squareness of unrelenting cement and brick, of barred windows, of clanking doorways within doorways, of cold sanitary smells of carbolic and antiseptics, and hideous warm smells of cheap food, bodies, defective plumbing. There was a sack factory, a storehouse, a flagged gray yard for exercise and for the desolate activities known as "sports," and there was the row of five gray-painted cottages—that was all. One of the big buildings housed the electric chair and the row of cells for the condemned.

Dina was not an imaginative woman; her years were but twenty-nine to her husband's forty-eight; her type had been, and in many ways still was, girlish, simple, confiding, uncritical. She was a little woman, with pale gold hair and a transparent skin; tears, wakeful nights, and hours of hard work and harder worry had shadowed her blue eyes and robbed them of color, and constant thought of her child had given them an eternally anxious, asking look; but she was still, in some odd unchangeable way, a comfortable, an essentially wifely little creature, and she managed to make homelike even the dreary environment in which she found herself.

BUT she wondered sometimes how it all had happened. How had she happened to marry this big blustering conceited man? She had known Ford Huddleston to be one of the idlers, one of the bullies of Somersville—green tree-shaded Somersville, with the big elms arching over it, and the good Sunday dinner cooking so decorously in Aunt Julia's house.

Nothing good had ever come of the Huddleston blood. And yet Ford had seemed to be making an effort to be worthy of a wife: he had stopped drinking, he had been wonderful to little Chess—

Then the prison appointment had come. Why? What had Ford ever done in his forty-five years except hang about drinking places, gamble, brag of his political influence? Dina and he had been married on the strength of the new job and had come together to this hideous place more than two years ago.

One hundred and fourteen men in his power now, and the possibilities of graft and abuse and favoritism and bribery infinite! He could drink all he liked now, and still he would be obeyed. Nobody could talk back to Ford in these days.

Dina roused herself from musing, began the usual clearing away; she stacked the dishes neatly in the sink, darkened the dining room just as Aunt Julia always darkened hers after a meal; set about dishwashing and dinner preparations methodically. Corned beef and cabbage for dinner, and reheated biscuits, and blackberry roll.

As Dina took down from a shelf a jar of blackberries of her own preserving, the telephone rang sharply, and at the same moment the voice of the prison siren rose in a great shriek, bringing Dina's heart into her mouth and bringing Ford forth from the bedroom still half asleep, his face florid where it had touched the pillow. He snatched the telephone.

"Who is it?" he shouted more than once. "How long ago? What the hell have you fellers been about that you leave it wide open?

"It's Pool!" Ford said to his wife, hastily concluding only the essential part of his redressing. "Five fellers' time was up this morning, and we let 'em go. Luke says they think he slid out when they did."

"He's got a good chance then," Dina contributed, half to herself. She couldn't help it; when they escaped she always hoped they'd get away. “Murderer, Ford?”

“Killed a feller that got fresh with his sister—I don't know what it was—” Ford rushed away, and Dina followed him to the door, and stood there, staring out at a world so bare and level that even a cottontail could hardly expect to escape across it in any direction, especially with the siren sweeping it and the townsfolk running to their doorways.

“I wonder where he is. They'll kill him if he's a lifer,” Dina thought, her heart hammering. “Oh, poor fellow, poor fellow! They'll get him, and Ford'll talk to him that awful, awful way he does—”

She went back to her kitchen; knelt down. She was a praying woman, though there was small encouragement for trust in God here. Now she very simply asked her Father not to let Ford talk to the man the way he always did; not to say, “Well, by the time we get through with you you won't feel like running so fast! Tie him up, Luke, and let's have a little party to celebrate his getting away!”

Standing up, opening her eyes, a little dizzy, she saw a mud-spattered dirty man in stripes standing in the kitchen door.

Dina was not frightened for herself; men in stripes were a commonplace with her. But a swift protective pity for him tore at her heart.

“For God's sake, go give yourself up while there's time,” she said.

The man was staring at her.

“Say—” he stammered. “What do you know! *Say!*”

She looked at him now, and her knees grew weak and her mouth filled with salt water. Dina sank slowly into a chair, never moving her eyes from his.

“Oh, my God in heaven!” she whispered.

“Say, what a break *this* is!” he said. “Dina!”

“Lin,” her lips said, without sound. She sat staring at him weakly, broken.

“What are you doin' here?”

“I'm Huddleston's wife.”

“Oh, my Godfrey!” Lin said. She remembered the old oath. “I bin here two months,” he added. “Funny I never saw you.”

“I don't go over much.”

“You ain't married to *Huddleston,* Dina?”

“For 'most three years now.”

“You haven't had much of a break with your husbands, I'll say that,” the man said after a pause. The siren was still now; the world very still. Dina panted; she was very pale. “You got a divorce?” the man said.

“There isn't any divorce if you're a Catholic,” she reminded him. “We thought you were killed, Lin, when the jam broke. The boys came back and said you and old Cap Cutter and three of the Portygees were washed right down the river. They found the bodies and there was a funeral. Then I took Chester and went to Aunt Julia's for a spell.”

“I DIDN'T go back,” he said. “I wanted to get out. I was sick and Chester was sick all the time. I've paid for it, Dina. I've never had a happy moment since. I've wanted to go back and tell you I knew how mean I'd been. I always thought I'd make good and then come get you.”

“How'd you come to murder any one, Lin? Ford says it was some one insulted your sister. And when'd you take the name Pool?”

“Curt Pool,” he said. “I never done it, Dina.”

“They all say that.”

“But this was a frame-up. Dina, where's the kid?”

“Out in California with your mother.”

“No?” the man said, and into his sallow haggard young face a strange light suddenly came. “Is that right? Did you take him there? She's got a nice little prune ranch up in the Santa Cruz range; it's just about a living for her. Is he there?”

“Ford sent him. He can't stand Chester. When we were married he said he'd always give him a home—”

“Lin,” Dina said, interrupting herself in sudden agitation as the siren began to whine again, “you've got to get out of this. They'll shoot you down like a dog if you put up any fight, and there isn't a place between here and Larkin Flat that'd hide a cat! What'd you do it for? You can't get away with it!”

“I gotter have clothes,” the man said.

“There isn't a thing—he'd kill me if I helped you, because there was three escapes and that Baretti thing last month, and he's scared to death of his job!” the woman said. “He isn't going to let any one else get away! Oh, why did you do it?”

“Lissen, Dina. If I can get to Larkin Flat for the five train—it's nearly three now—I'm all right. I'll get West to ma, and she'll hide me away until things blow over. Huddleston ain't anxious for any more breaks to be reported from Larkin Flat. Get me an overcoat anyway, can't you?” He came nearer, and she remembered the look in his eyes and the tones of his voice. “Look,” he said. “Whether they get me or not, here's something I want to know. Will you forgive me, Dina? If I get away I'm going to be different now. Honest I am. I'm going out to ma's, and run her place for her, and try to give the kid a break. Will you just say that you aren't mad at me?”

SHE looked at him, trembling. June color flooded up under her fine skin and a young light softened her tired eyes.

“I've always loved you, Lin,” she said thickly, very low. “You weren't ever unkind to me. You were sick, and Chester was sick— Oh, my God, that's Ford!”

She broke off in a terrified whisper and went quickly to the dining room, closing the kitchen door behind her. Ford had thundered up the front steps to the barren little porch; three or four guards were with him.

“See anything of him?” he shouted.

“Run this way?” Dina called back.

“Sure he did. The boys seen him. He was hiding in the storehouse; he'd tunneled into it somehow. They knew he was in there for an hour; they didn't think he'd dare make a break for it. But he run out half an hour back, when the siren began! Circle the house, boys, and look through the Snow place,” Ford directed in an excited shout.

“He may be in one of them empty houses!” one of the men called.

“Oh, where is he—where could he get to?” Dina's frantic thoughts ran. “The flour barrel—under those quilts in the closet—up attic. There's not room to stand up there, but he might have swung himself up through the trapdoor and be lying flat—”

Ford was searching the closets, the laundry; he leaped down the cellar stairs. “He dropped his gun as he ran,” he said, “so we're not going to have any trouble with that baby!”

Dina stood still on the kitchen doorstep. The zoom of the mail plane sounded far overhead; that meant three o'clock. It would come to earth in twenty minutes at Ridley, nine miles away. The free graceful thing flashed white against a whiter sky; twinkled in the cold spring light. Dina's eyes followed it westward until the harsh roof line of the prison shut it from sight. She wished she were in it, were anywhere but here!

At any second they might find Lin now. They would drag him in, helpless and whining. They had hosed Baretti until he was half unconscious and then flung him into “solitary” until he raved and frothed and died. But no, there was no use being sorry for the men in the prison; nothing to be done about it; it was just that way.

The hunt went on. Men ran across the little back yards of the Row, jumped fences, looked down from upstairs windows, calling back and forth. Ford ran to the prison, came hurrying home again. Dina thought that she never had seen him in a worse state of excitement and anger.

“If he don't show up pretty soon I'll get the dogs from Plaquette!” he said, jerking the telephone dial about with his fat forefinger.

“How'd he make the break, Ford?” Dina was sure by this time that Lin had somehow gotten himself into the attic. She attempted to engage Ford in conversation as often as she could; wherever he was, time was an important consideration to Lin.

"He must have got into the storehouse when the men went out this morning. We let five fellers go today; they made the noon train from Larkin Flat, and he probably fooled himself he could get away with 'em. But nix! Luke checked 'em; they don't put anything over on him!

"This here feller Pool—he's a lifer—got himself into the storehouse through a window in the back that's been blocked up for years," Ford went on, his eyes searching the open space before the Row as he and Dina stood on the front porch, his voice absent-minded and lowered to little more than a growl. "He shoved the boxes around and squeezed in—maybe he thought he could live in there for a while," he said. "Luke didn't miss him until the boys come back from lunch, and then he asked Harry, and they scouted around a little—I was over here—and they seen his legs through the front window of the storehouse. But he run through and jumped out the back window—they didn't know it was there—and by the time they got Red and Tex he was running this way. He got behind this row of houses all right, and Tex come for me—I was just back in my office, and I says, 'No rush, boys; a flea couldn't get away across these flats, and we'll do this thing right.' So we went down and checked 'em all over and locked 'em up. I don't want no more trouble here," the man ended. "That business last month didn't do me any good. When we get hold of Mister Curt Pool he'll wish he hadn't been quite so tricky."

Dina saw the three-o'clock train pull itself like a shining little snake free of the village. Two miles away, and every inch of the road open to the merciless prison inspection, and Conway the station master vigilantly on the lookout. No; no hope there! She had talked to Lin ten minutes ago; no man could make two miles in that time—no man in prison stripes with his sinister history written in his haggard face and terrified eyes.

"I should think he'd kill himself," Dina said, wondering if he had, in one of the empty rooms of the two untenanted houses. Was that going to be the end of Lin Forrest—the lean good-natured boy who had bought her a Floradora sundae at Witting's so many years ago, and had walked home with her, and told her that she was the cutest-looking girl he had ever seen?

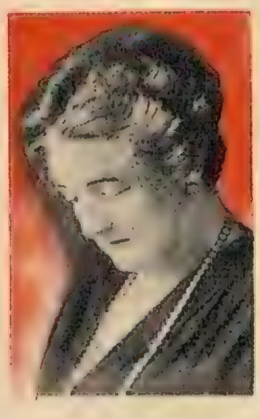
Poor Lin, who was just getting a start in the lumber mill when Chester had arrived, and times had gone hard, and Lin's health had given way. He hadn't been able to eat, or to sleep; he had grown depressed and cross, "getting you and the kid into a mess like this!" And then had come the terrible wet day of his leaving her, and a week later the log jam, and the sullen rush of the swollen river, and six men—Lin among them—swept away in a jumble of raging coffee-colored water and churning logs—logs leaping into the air, logs standing on end, logs hammered together as they had gone roaring down toward the rapids. Weeks afterward, with their clothing torn and washed away and their faces obliterated, some of the men's bodies had been found. There had been a funeral, with Mrs. Lin Forrest as one of four widows. To no one, least of all to terrified little penniless Dina, had it occurred to doubt the finality of that hour.

LUKE, the guard Dina especially disliked, charged past the Huddlestons, husband and wife, thundered across the porch to the kitchen. Dina and Ford followed him. "He's up here in your attic, Mis' Huddleston!" Luke shouted.

"He can't be," Dina said. "I was right here in my kitchen all the time the siren was blowing!"

"He's here, all right!" the man repeated. "Looka the—looka that trapdoor!"

"Ford!" Dina caught at her husband's arm. "Don't let the boys shoot at him! You've got him—he can't get away. If you kill him there'll be an investigation, and after all that trouble last month, that won't do you any good. Robertson wrote you he wasn't pleased—"



KATHLEEN NORRIS

who is probably the most widely read and loved of American women novelists. She began her career with social service and newspaper work in her native San Francisco. At thirty, after marriage to Charles Norris, she wrote Mother, her first success. Most of her books since then have been best sellers. Her home is in California.

"Get out of my way!" Ford shouted, jumping up on the gas stove, extending big arms toward the trapdoor. But he had heard her.

"Don't shoot, boys," he said, as the other guards gathered in an excited group in the kitchen. "He ain't got a gun. If he gets funny with his fists, knock him out, but we don't want the governor over here. You picked up his gun, didn't you, Tex?"

"Red did," Tex answered in a soft thin wheeze oddly at variance with his gorilla-like person. "He di'n' have nothin' in his hands when he run."

Ford mounted the ladder some one had brought and placed beneath the trapdoor opening. With unimaginative courage, he thrust his head up into the dusty darkness above.

"We got you, Pool!" he called. "Come on down here. You can't get away with it!"

"Maybe you have and maybe you haven't, Huddleston!" Lin's voice sounded from somewhere under the low raw-pine shingles. There was a crash of glass. "You ain't any more anxious to have more trouble here than I am!" Lin added.

Ford withdrew a dusty head, yelled incoherently to his men, "He's out on the roof! He's got away! Get out there, some of you—get a move on! Hold this ladder, Tex—"

THEY all rushed out to the front of the house again, Dina following. She ran down past the forlorn straggle of the garden, looked up at the roof. The guards were swarming along the Row from porch to porch now, yelling at the man's figure that was running fleetly from roof to roof above their heads. The five cottages stood close together; the man ran up the slope of one roof as if it were a little hill, ran down the corresponding slope, and lightly jumped the five-foot space between the gutters to repeat the performance on the next roof. He was swifter than the clumsy tumble and scramble of the guards below. He reached the empty end house, sprang from its roof to that of the garage, bounded to the earth, and was clearly to be seen running like a deer across the slight rise of the bare field beyond.

Lost, of course—but how he ran! Lin had been a famous runner years ago, and he had a hundred-yard start on his pursuers now. Dina thought of the plane that had moved so steadily westward half an hour earlier. Ah, if it had swooped down toward that straining figure, what an escape there might have been!

But there was no plane. There was only the open stubbled prairie, bleak before the first breath of spring, and filled with mud holes. Twice she saw Lin fall; both times he was up and away like a hare, but both times the panting, shouting, cursing following of the guards was closer.

"Don't shoot!" Ford had bellowed after them. She went back into the kitchen and knelt down and covered her face with her hands. No hope, no chance for him. No God to pray to! Lin to be soused with icy water, punched and beaten, flung into the bitter exile of "solitary," and her little Chess, who so loyally loved his mother, who couldn't believe that "mom" was sending him away even for a visit—little Chess seventeen hundred miles away! And herself presently to listen to Ford gloating upon the capture of his prey, and to serve corned beef and cabbage for supper.

"You couldn't do anything about this, God, and I'm not going to bother asking you," Dina said. The hunt was over now; they were bringing Lin back. She could hear their voices; she looked from her kitchen window and saw them crossing the field, the muddy figure walking uprightly enough but tightly gripped by the big hands of Charlie and Red. "No, Lin, you couldn't make it; you never had a chance," she said.

She stuck a fork into the corned beef that was gently turning pink and gray and frothy in the slowly boiling water. Dina was a good cook; that was all Ford wanted, and a woman. His meals had to be hot and prompt and hearty, and his wife

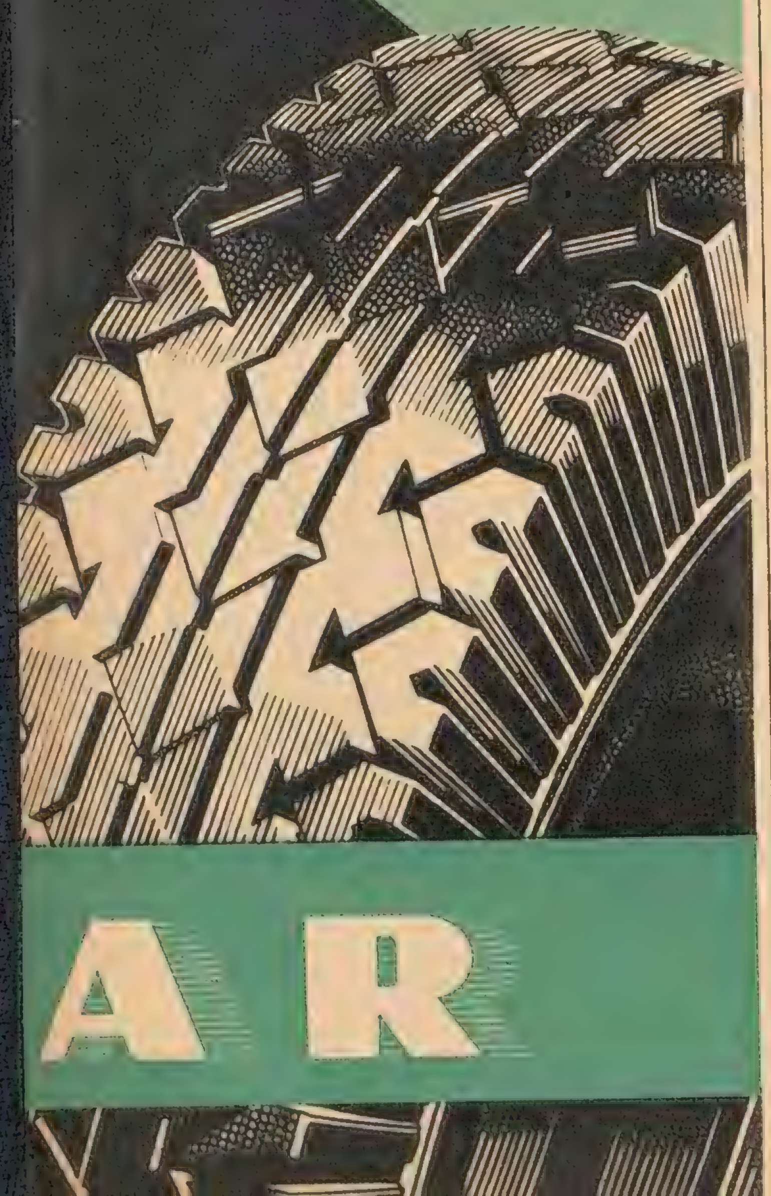
(Continued on page thirteen)

MORE PEOPLE RIDE—
(Count'em,
wherever you are)
ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY
OTHER KIND
GOOD YE

Wherever you see a row of parked cars, just run your eye along the tires. Goodyear, Goodyear, Goodyear!

You bet! We've done it hundreds of times—at hockey games, race tracks, fall fairs, golf tournaments and at shopping centres. That's how we *know* that more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

The overwhelming preference for Goodyears is the only *really sure* guide you have when buying tires.



(Continued from page eleven)

hard-working, silent, capable, and at night affectionate—there was Ford's whole idea of a mate.

The siren again—three short blasts. Silence, and then three more. That meant that the fugitive was captured. That screamed to all the farms and villages within reach of its hideous voice that there was no more danger from the runaway; mothers could turn their children loose in dooryards again, and small boys go off to pastures to bring in cows. He was caught. Warden Huddleston was a darned fine warden, in spite of that cruelty story last month. A lifer got loose today at noon and they landed him before four o'clock. . . .

Blackberry roll for dinner. Dina stooped toward her flour barrel, scooped up the sifter. Blackberry roll. "Oh, God, I hope they aren't going after him with the hose! God, help him! I went over to Mrs. Goldberg's when Chester was born, and Lin came creeping in—he was crying—there never was a mean bone in his body—

"Don't I remember how funny his face looked with tears all over it, and I wiping them off with my hand! Didn't it feel good lying there, and hearing Chess fussing! And the smell of tea when Linda Goldberg brought me in a cup! That was a long day. Four o'clock in the morning when Lin and I walked over to Goldbergs', and got Joe Goldberg out of his good warm bed—

"Ford's certainly having a good time with Lin now. Well, if they kill him, like they did Baretti, there'll be an investigation this time, sure enough! You'll not feel so good, Mr. Ford Huddleston, if the governor comes over—

"I wonder what Ford'd do to you, Lin, if he knew what I'm thinking? If he knew I was remembering that day I wore my crossbarred organdie and my white hat, and we walked from the church down toward Mill Lane, and you took the key of our cottage out of your pocket? You said, 'Now don't you get scared, Mrs. Forrest; I'm just the same Lin's been keeping company with you for three years. I haven't waited for you this long to scare you now. You and I'll get dinner together like we have at Julia's dozens of times—'

"Seven years ago. My Lord, that seems more than seven years ago!"

FIVE o'clock, and Ford due home for dinner any minute. Lin was lucky if he had been flung, cold and muddy and supperless and aching from blows, upon the black verminous floor of the solitary cell. But it took the boys a lot of time to wreak their vengeance upon any one who broke jail; they liked excitement, they adored a hunt, but none of them enjoyed the necessity of sounding the siren that notified all the surrounding country that another man had evaded their vigilance and was making a desperate rush for freedom. The "caught" siren was always sounded with especial fervor, and repeated with what, to Dina at least, was nauseating gusto.

The telephone rang. The sheriff and the station agent and the authorities generally wanted to know if Pool had been captured. Yes, they got him, Dina answered patiently. They had him fifteen minutes ago—half an hour ago. Mr. Huddleston was still over at the prison, but they probably weren't answering that telephone now; it was after five, and there wouldn't be any one in the office.

She began to wish feverishly that Ford would come home, ending the episode, ending the horrible suspense of not knowing what was happening to Lin.

"I guess I'll stop praying," Dina thought.

A SUDDEN new doubt assailed her. With Lin living—living, beaten and soaked with cold water and flung into solitary confinement, it was true, and subsisting on water and dry bread, yet still alive—what was her status in Ford Huddleston's house? What could Ford do to her if he ever discovered that she was deceiving him, that she had not been genuinely a widow at the time she and Ford had married?

"He couldn't put me into jail, I should think. It wasn't my fault. The priest married Lin and me, and read prayers over Lin's body with the rest of the boys that were drowned when the jam broke. Maybe I ought to get away. I've got 'most two hundred dollars saved. I always thought I'd use it for Chester's education, but it'd get me some place Ford couldn't find me. But if he found out, he'd be meaner'n ever to Lin—"

It was almost six o'clock. The table was set and the supper ready when Ford's heavy foot sounded on the porch. The spring night had closed down dark and chilly, and Dina had lighted a fire in the black iron "air-tight stove." Her kitchen was brightly lighted and warm, but the passage was dark, and at first she could only see that a man was with Ford; he was bringing some one home for supper.

The man followed him to the kitchen door—a lean man, with a rather white face and gentle sad blue eyes and long clever hands. A man whose brown hair was wetly brushed, and who was clothed in worn garments that obviously were never selected to fit his thin breadth and his inches. Lin.

Lin. Dina stood staring, the color ebbing from her face. She was too completely stupefied to disguise her amazement; but fortunately Ford, who was in a boisterous jovial mood, saw nothing.

"Got enough dinner for two hungry fellers?" he asked.

"I got plenty, I guess," Dina said in a third attempt to speak.

"This is Tom Mack, the feller that we were chasing today."

"I thought it was Pool you were chasing."

"Well, we did, too!" Ford said,

with a forced hearty laugh. "Come in, Mack," he said. "Set down. Yes," Ford expanded it with relish, as his shapeless gross body itself expanded comfortably in a big chair, "we certainly got things balled up today. Mack's time was up this morning, and he left the pen with the others."

"Oh, 's 'at so?" Dina said politely, setting another place. Her face was pale and her hands were shaking, but she did not look at Lin, and Ford never really looked at any one. "Where's—where's Pool?" she asked.

"Well," Ford said, taking his knife from his pocket and paring his nails, "he's got away. He must be hiding out round here some place, in some barn or silo, and I ain't going to make any fuss about him. We'll get him. The sheriff'll have to know. I'll stop in and talk it over with him tonight.

"But I don't want the boys to blow the siren again. It does nothing but frighten the women. We'll get him all right."

"Mrs. Huddleston looks like she'd like to know how I got back into rocks," the visitor now said. It was Lin's remembered voice, and now that he had abandoned the hideous filthy striped prison apparel the men called "rocks" he was indeed Lin again, only older and thinner; he was the man she had loved so eagerly years ago, after her lonesome and bewildered girlhood—indeed, the man she loved still.

"Pool stole his clothes while he was washing up down at the canal," Ford explained. "Get a move on, Dina," he remonstrated. "Can't we eat? I've got to get Mack here to the seven-ten."

"I was discharged with four other fellers this morning," Lin explained, falling upon the corned beef with vigor. "Warden here drove 'em over to the noon train, but I walked. I been shut up for a year, and it felt good to me to walk where I liked again."

DINA moved her trusting, weary eyes to his face questioningly.

"I got a year for being mixed in with a gambling racket," he said.

"You weren't a lifer, then?" the woman asked mildly.

"No, but Pool was. And Pool worked a break while we was busy getting the boys discharged this morning," Ford said. "He must have hid in them cottonwoods where the maller bushes are, down at the canal back of the grain elevator, and when Mack here stopped to wash himself and clean up, he stole Mack's clothes. Mack had to get back into the rocks or go naked, and he come back here to explain to me and borrow some clothes."

Ford gulped down masses of hot meat smeared with mustard and of steaming cabbage, wiped his dripping mustache.

"Then what'd you do to get caught in the storehouse, Mack?" he asked.

"Well, I followed Red in there when he went in for some beans. I wanted to talk to him," Lin explained. "But the minute he saw the rocks he went out again, and the door slammed and shut me in. Red and Tex and some of those others stood guard, and they sent for you. I was afraid they'd shoot, and I wasn't sure they'd seen me, so I lay low. Well, after a while I saw the back window, and I thought I could sneak round here and explain, but the boys seen me and it was all up. Maybe—" Lin added, with an apologetic smile for the warden—"maybe I shouldn't of been so scared. But I ran without thinking what I was doing—"

"You should of yelled that you wasn't Pool!" Ford said genially. "But you boys get so you can't look no one in the face!"

"I know. But when you've been in the pen a while you sorter lose your guts," Lin apologized simply. And as Ford's bull head was lowered over a second mammoth helping of food, he winked at Dina.

"Where you goin' now, Mack?"

"I'm going West. I've got a wife and kid— Well, my wife ain't there just now," Lin said. "But I'm expecting her to join me," he added.

"'S 'at right? Know you was sent up?"

"Does she know I was in the pen? Yep, she does," Lin answered, after a moment. He split open a fifth biscuit. "Home cooking surely does taste good, Mrs. Huddleston," he said.

"I guess it doesn't make any difference to her," Dina said. "If she thought you were dead she might of married some one else, but as long as you were living she'd know she was your wife."

"In that case—if she thought a man was dead, and married again—a woman would just have to leave a letter for the second man, explaining that she was no bigamist," Lin said, "and get out. He wouldn't have no claim on her."

Ford was not listening.

"Ain't there something else?" he demanded.

"There's a blackberry roll. Wait a minute."

Dina carried plates into the kitchen, came back with the smoking pudding and graniteware coffeepot. The men finished their dessert hastily; it was quarter to seven now, and the dirt road to town was filled with mud holes. Ford went around the corner to get the car; Lin and Dina had a moment together on the porch.

"HOW'D you get him to bring you to supper?" the woman asked in a quick furtive undertone.

"Oh, the boys had turned the hose on me and they were getting pretty rough. I guess he felt a little ashamed, and nervous maybe on account of Baretti passing out on him last month. He don't want to stir up any more trouble."

"Why'd you do it, Lin? You're smarter than he is. You didn't have to hide in the storehouse and make that getaway. All you had to do was walk into the office and say 'I'm Mack.'"

Ford had driven the muddy car to the front of the garden twenty paces away; Lin was leaving.

"All right!" Ford yelled.

"Say this over to yourself until you understand it, Dee," Lin said hastily, shaking hands in farewell. She remembered the little name of their early days together, and the little shack at the lumber camp, and the smell of wood smoke and wet redwoods, and her heart began to dance in a way it had long forgotten. "Say this over till you get it," said Lin. "Pool is a friend of mine and a good feller. I've known him seven years. He done what he did—well, never mind that, but there was reason! He killed a skunk, and his wife's dying of tuberculosis, and there's children. He's got a hide-out up in the Canadian woods where they'll never find him; he's got a name fixed and a place and everything. And his brother-in-law is the mail pilot—get that? The mail pilot that went down at Ridley at three twenty, see? I had to keep things going until three twenty; after that he was all right. He had four hours to walk nine miles. We swapped clothes at the canal, and I fell into the mud—I took care they wouldn't recognize me—"

"Come on!" shouted Ford. Lin ran lightly down the steps, waved a hand from the car.

"See you again some day, Mrs. Huddleston!"

"See you again!" Dina echoed.

She leaned against the doorpost and looked up at the wheeling stars in the dark-blue sky of spring; there was a new moon and she thought it seemed friendly, as if it was smiling down at the tired little woman in the shabby kitchen apron in the shadow of the big prison. When she brought her eyes to earth again she felt as if she had been praying—really praying, not just making herself say the words of prayers.

The lights of the town twinkled on the prairie, two miles away. Dina could see the train pull in, draw away again toward the far West.

Lin was on his way West now, on his way to the mountains and the redwoods. Chester was out there, in his belted sweater and stubby little shoes, waiting for "mom."

"Gee, it is certainly one sweet night tonight. I guess we are going to have spring early after all!" Dina said aloud.

THE END

Copyright 1934, by Kathleen Norris

This is the first of a series of short stories by Mrs. Norris. Others will appear at intervals of about a month during the remainder of the year.

"Here's your mother now"

STATEN ISLAND

HOW LONG since you've heard your Mother's voice—or talked to the other folks back home? Telephone visits are quick, easy, and surprisingly inexpensive. In the evening, after 8:30, you can make most station-to-station Long Distance calls for about 40% less than in the daytime: 75 miles for about 35c; 150 miles, 50c; 275 miles, 75c. . . . Why not try it tonight?

"Hold the line,
please!"

Does JAPAN Want ALASKA?

A Reply to Senator Arthur R. Robinson and His Recent Warning in Liberty

by YOSUKE MATSUOKA

(who, as Japan's chief delegate to the League of Nations, withdrew his country from that body)

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE article in Liberty in which Senator Robinson of Indiana advocates the expansion of the American navy with a view to saving Alaska from conquest by Japan needs no refutation. To speak for a moment humorously, there are many richer and warmer territories for us to capture first in our alleged plan to conquer the world. What about the Philippines, for instance? In former campaigns for naval appropriations by the American Congress, much was heard of the danger of our attacking these islands. But we have not yet taken them away from you!

Now, to be serious, let me say that such articles as the Senator's, from Americans in high positions, have an unfortunate effect in Japan. They make many of our people feel that, though we regret it, we must prepare to defend ourselves against the most powerful nation in the world.

That the United States does not intend to attack Japan I know. I know it well. But so preposterous are the frequent assertions of prominent Americans that we are likely to attack you that the average of our people cannot help regarding this campaign as the usual means, employed by leaders throughout history, to prepare their people for aggressive wars.

The American people do not seem to know Japan, and consequently for years we, unfortunately, have been utilized by your advocates of naval expansion as the bogy for alarming you. This has promoted Japan's naval expansion, which, as you know very well, will be used only in case you work yourselves up to such hostility to us that you create a war. There will be no war made by us.

Ever since the World War ended, it is America and not Japan that has led the naval "race" on the Pacific, and indeed in the world. What nation was it that, immediately after the Armistice was signed in 1918, proceeded to outbuild even Great Britain? What nation had to scrap thirteen new capital ships, then being constructed, in order to get down to equality with Great Britain after the naval agreement was made at the Washington Conference in 1922? What nation criticized Japan for a quarter of a century, until the British became alarmed lest it should make war on us and terminated their alliance with us? What nation, two years ago, led the opposition to us, calling upon the League of Nations to take action against us, in regard to what is erroneously termed our conquest of Manchuria? What nation leads the world in preaching peace and preparing for war? For America, with a navy equal to the British, is supreme upon the seas. The security of your geographic position and your preponderance of resources make it so.

In the course of the campaign which has been conducted against us in the United States over the Manchurian "aggression," the destruction of life which our army perpetrated has been continually stressed. Why not pick on the Chinese war lords, who have brought about deaths of their own people, by slaughter and starvation, to the extent of probably 40,000,000 since the Republic of China, so called, was proclaimed in 1911? Why not pick on the Bolsheviki, who have brought about the deaths of 20,000,000 Russians? It is difficult for me to see any reason but prejudice—your prejudice against us and the sympathy you have been worked up to holding for the myth of a Chinese Republic. Notwithstanding the slaughter of a few thousands in our driving the bandit armies out of Manchuria and away from Shanghai, Japan is in fact benefiting the Chinese people in Manchuria. Otherwise why would millions of them move with their sons out of China proper up into the cold regions of Manchuria for the purpose of finding security under Japanese protection?

The United States would face the world in the same way that Japan does if the population of Canada numbered 150,000,000 and that of Mexico were 400,000,000, and both those countries were in a state of terrible revolution the end of which no man could foresee. With both Russia and China Japan has contiguous frontiers.

To carry the hypothesis a step farther, suppose also that the European countries had shown political sympathy with Canada and Mexico instead of with the United States; would the American people and government, in that event, not improve their naval defenses?

Korea, a hundred times nearer to Japan than the Philippine Islands to the United States, is smaller than your Asiatic possessions. Formosa is ten times nearer to us than the Hawaiian Islands to you.

BESIDES you have Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. Japan's insular possessions are closely concentrated off the shores of Russia and China, while yours range from the arctic to the torrid zone and from east to west across the vastest of the oceans. That is one reason why you keep a fleet of naval vessels in the Far East while we keep none in American waters. In territorial acquisition and far-flung expansion the Republic of America has been more aggressive than the Empire of Japan.

It was the United States that initiated Japan into the international poker game, sending a squadron of naval vessels to our shores in 1854 and summoning us to terminate our centuries-old seclusion.

Today conditions in Japan are bad, as they are in all the world. Our people, like others, are suffering in this period of world-wide depression. But, compared with the people of China or Russia, those of Japan are enjoying prosperity and security. Famines are now going on in both China and Russia.

We have universal military service in Japan, or, if the term is preferred, a "conscript" army. Yet we maintain an army of little more than 200,000 men, about the size of that of the British Empire. But what numbers of troops are the traditionally pacific people of China compelled to sustain? No one knows exactly, but it is estimated that the national, the rebel, and the bandit armies of China combined total between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 men. And what is the size of the army of the Russian Republic? Again, no one knows. The figures are not made public. But it is said to be the largest national army in the world. Why then are we singled out by Americans as militarists?

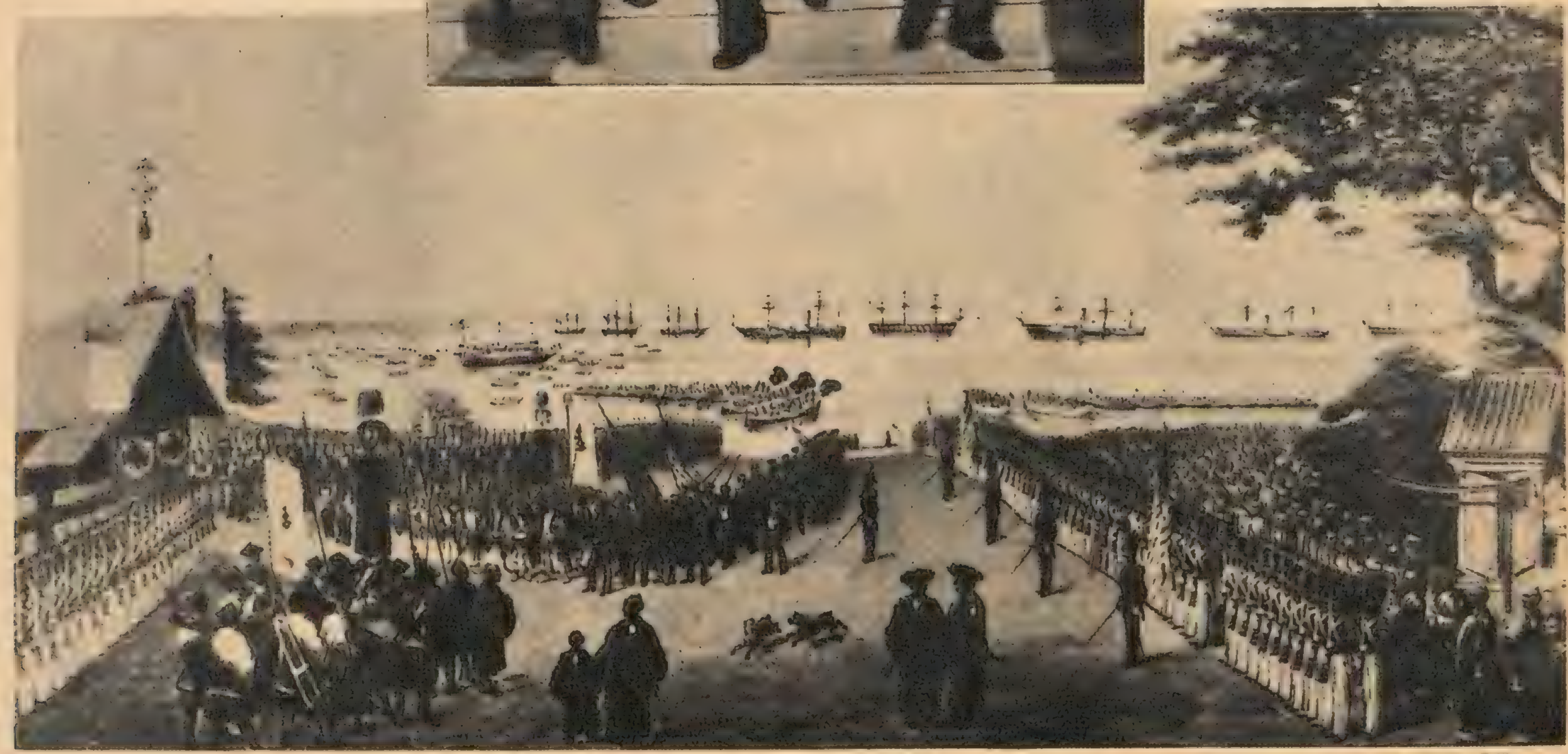
The Japanese army is not maintained to prevent an uprising of the "peasantry" or the "proletariat." It is organized and supported by the people, who rejoice in its existence, as it affords them protection from outside in-

MATSUOKA TELLS AMERICANS—

- Your philanthropy has helped to promote revolution in China, which has already cost tens of millions of lives.
- There is a general lack of understanding of eastern Asia in your country—even at times in your State Department.
- America, with a navy equal to the British, is supreme upon the seas. Your geographical position and your resources make it so.

Japan's delegates, led by Matsuoka (right), walk out of the League assembly at Geneva, February 24, 1933.

Keystone View photo



Below: Perry's landing at Yokohama in 1854, when he "summoned the Japanese to terminate their seclusion."

From a lithograph published in 1855

vasion. Law and order are preserved by the police in our country. And our police have less work to do than those in the United States.

Since the United States has recognized Russia a new factor has been added to the several groups campaigning among Americans against Japan. With your "big-navy" men and those Chinese who appeal to your sentiments, the Russian agents of propaganda have joined in the argument against us.

We are accused by the Russian leaders of menacing their position in eastern Asia. But why are they there? Are they Asiatics? Because the present Russian government has now adopted the name Union of Republics, are all the conquests of the Czars over northern and central Asia for a century now naturally and properly Russian? They are but sparsely peopled by Russians—not one on an average to the square mile.

The Soviet leaders, since the overthrow of the Czar, have invaded outer Mongolia and incorporated the lands of the Lama of Urga in their Union. But no protest came from the League of Nations or any Western country against this action. Chinese Turkestan has been completely cut off from China, but nothing is said about that. These regions bordering on China proper are larger in extent than Manchuria, and they were a part of the Empire of China.

With regard to China as a separate nation we Japanese have no anxiety. The Chinese armies, though ten times the size of ours, are not united. First in Japanese thought in the matter of national defense is not China but Russia.

This is not only due to the efforts of Czarist Russia in the past to dominate Manchuria, but to present Soviet efforts to make China a revolutionary ally. Recently, because of their internal difficulties and financial distress, the Moscow leaders have abated their activities in the Far East and have adopted the slogan of Peace, which they are loudly proclaiming as a policy in the United States. But this modification is too recent to be reassuring to Japanese.

In Moscow the frequent big parades of the modernized and mechanized armies and masses of the people, marching in commemoration of the revolution, still pass by Lenin's tomb in the Red Square beneath gigantic placards proclaiming in five languages, Russian, English, French, German, and Chinese, "Long Live the World Proletariat Revolution!" This may now be only a part of the domestic propaganda; but the giant placards are placed directly facing the grand stand from which foreign diplomats review the parade, and appear as proclamations deliberately defying other governments. Stalin in January of this year still promised his people the "World Revolution."

ONE of the foremost factors necessitating our action in Manchuria was the Soviet influence in that country.

Very recent history of Russian activities tells an effective story. In 1925 Moscow entered into an alliance with Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his Revolutionary Party in China, and sent arms, money, propagandists, and military instructors to Canton. What happened should be well remembered in Europe and America. But it is better known in Japan, for we were faced not only with loss of trade but with the grave menace of our actual security and national welfare.

A school was established in Moscow, called the Sun Yat-sen University, and hundreds of young Chinese, women as well as men, were taken at Russian expense to that city, trained in the methods of revolutionary propaganda, and sent back to China to work not only in behalf of the Nationalists, so called, among the Chinese, but also against the interests of foreign nations in the country.

One of the best means of rallying the ignorant Chinese masses in support of the revolution is known to be the denunciation of foreigners, and the country was placarded with pictures depicting John Bull, Uncle Sam, Japan, and other "capitalistic" countries as huge vicious individuals squeezing the lifeblood out of the Chinese and battening upon it. Even American missionaries were portrayed in picture and described by the Russian-trained Chinese orators as "agents of imperialism and capitalism."

When the Nationalist army, directed by the Russian General Galen, captured Hankow in the winter of 1926, American as well as British, French, and Japanese naval vessels were sent to that city to protect their consulates and their people; and the pressure upon the British was such that they surrendered their treaty-port concession there.

Encouraged by this success, the Nationalist troops, on capturing Nanking in March, 1927, entered every foreign consulate, place of business, and mission institution, looted them, tore down the flags, and attacked the foreigners. American, British, French, and Japanese troops were landed to cover the escape of their people to the naval vessels lying in the harbor, and American and British vessels fired a barrage of their heaviest guns to save the lives of the American consul and his family and other Americans and British subjects. It is a curious republic whose national troops attack the official representatives of foreign countries!

AFTER this experience all American and British missionaries were ordered by their consuls out of the interior, and many were brought down the Yangtze River on naval vessels to the treaty ports on the coast, where they could be better protected by foreign troops ashore and foreign naval vessels in harbor. For the defense of Shanghai against a similar attack British, American, French, Japanese, and Italian forces were landed.

The British government, being a member of the League of Nations, felt that it was required to explain to that body its reasons for taking military and naval action in China, and the note of Sir Austen Chamberlain contained the following significant passage:

> Unfortunately, since 1922 [the date of the Nine-Power Treaty signed at Washington] China has become more disunited than ever. The Canton Nationalist government has now increased its authority over the greater part of the country south of the Yangtze River and claims to be recognized as the only government of China. This fact has modified the hypothesis on which the Washington policy was based.
>
> The extremists of the Canton Nationalist Party have singled out the British people for an implacable campaign of calumny and boycott. Indeed, enmity against Britain has been deliberately and persistently cultivated by this section and its advisers, in order to promote the solidarity of the Nationalist Party and stimulate its aggressive spirit. The extremely friendly and considerate attitude of His Majesty's Government, as shown at the Washington Conference and on many other occasions, was contemptuously brushed aside.

The League of Nations had not the power to take action in defense of British lives and property, so the British took it themselves.

The United States took similar action, but, not being a member of the League, had no reason to give it notice or explanation.

While it is true that under Russian direction the Chinese Nationalists were concentrating their activities against the British six years ago (it being the plan to oppose one power at a time), the ignorant Chinese people could not distinguish and discriminate between Britons and Americans. So both suffered attacks upon their persons and property. A few Americans were killed and much American mission property was taken over by the Chinese and is still in their hands.

But in a short time there came a breach between two of the factions of the Nationalists, and that of General Chiang Kai-shek (the present head of the Nanking government) turned against the Russians, massacred a number, and drove many of the others out of the country.

The antiforeign agitation, however, had been too widely propagated to die. It was still the major method the Nationalists employed in rallying the people to their support. Accordingly it was kept alive.

But its principal concentration was now turned against the Japanese. And the old trick of playing off one foreign nation against another was also revived. American favor in particular was sought by the Chinese against the Japanese, the many English-speaking men who have been educated in American universities being used to win favor for the Nationalist movement and develop hostility to Japan. The boycotts against the British, which Sir Austen reported to the League, were abated, and those against Japan were promoted.

The anti-Japanese campaign in China proper was not the worst of the campaigns against us. What was more serious was the agitation conducted in Manchuria, outside the Great Wall, for the purpose of driving us out of that country and taking from us the properties and interests that we possess there. This work against us was undertaken by young Chinese, agents of the revolutionists, who had been indoctrinated with Soviet ideas. If Chang Hsueh-liang, the war lord of Manchuria, had discountenanced the work of these young men and women, he would still be the dictator there today; but he permitted them to campaign against us among his civil and military forces, with such consequences as have come to pass—the establishment of the Japanese-protected state of Ta Manchu Tikuo.

MANCHURIA was originally brought into the Chinese Empire by the Manchus, who conquered China. It has never been governed by Chinese in all its history, except by Chang Tso-lin (the man who started his career as a bandit and became so powerful that he could take control of the country) and by his son, Chang Hsueh-liang (who, by murdering Yang Yu-ting, his father's chief of staff, became heir to the vast personal estate that Manchuria had become).

By far the greatest part of the constructive work done in Manchuria—to the great benefit of the people there—had been done by Japanese. And both the supply of raw materials and the markets of Manchuria are essential to the very existence of Japan. We could not, therefore, permit ourselves to be turned out of the land by a plundering war lord and a group of Russian-trained agitators. Nor, I may say further, would we permit the League of Nations, supported by American diplomacy, to tell us what to do in a region which we regard as vital to our national security and the welfare of our people.

It seemed to many of our people that unwittingly the Western world was serving the ends and aspirations of Moscow to create an upheaval in eastern Asia.

If the Russians were successful, England and America would suffer only a loss of trade and occasionally the loss of a few lives, but Japan would lose much of the former and many of the latter.

What we seek is security in our own sphere of the world, which is remote from the American continent and Europe and which Western nations cannot and will not protect for us. We fought Russia alone for our defense—and incidentally that of China—in 1904-05, and if we ever have to do so again we can expect no ally to come to our aid from across the seas. That is why we could not understand the interference that came from the West in our affairs in Manchuria.

We are hard up against an agitation from Russia that has been modified only recently, and primarily because of lack of finances in Moscow.

There is still a large Communist revolution going on in China. The Communist hordes overrun more territory than the Nationalist government controls.

The Nationalists of Nanking are in actual authority in only two or three of the eighteen provinces of China proper and are hardly in contact with the majority. It is a Nationalist government only in name and aspiration, and it was the Chinese war lords themselves that divided the country. The Lytton Report to the League of Nations said:

> The personal armies of the local generals and the prevalence of bandit hordes throughout the country . . . are no longer a menace to the authority of the central government as such. There is, however, a menace of this kind from another source—namely, Communism. This has become an actual rival of the National government. It possesses its own law, army, and government, and its own territorial sphere of action.

Though many Japanese now think that since the United States has recognized Soviet Russia a new element has been injected into the agitation that goes on against us among Americans, we hope and trust that the American government and the wiser heads among the American people will turn a cold shoulder to this.

At about the same time that the United States recognized Russia the American government announced that a large portion of the American navy, which had been concentrated in the Pacific Ocean for the past two years, would be returned to the Atlantic. Coming at that psychological moment, this announcement was very welcome in Japan.

There is no need for the United States to keep the bulk of its navy in the Pacific, as we are the only other naval power there, and we certainly have no intention of making war on the nation which is, in spite of the world-wide depression, the most powerful in the world.

We have troubles enough to face on the mainland of Asia.

As Sir Austen Chamberlain said with regard to his own people and the Chinese, so I will say with regard to mine and them: We can get along very well together—as we have for centuries in the past and as we must for centuries in the future—if foreigners will cease making trouble between us.

The Russians are our most serious opponents in China, but the policies of America there have certainly not favored us.

The Chinese are in no danger from Japan. They are a nation of 400,000,000 or possibly 450,000,000 people, which is greater than the population of Europe. China is also territorially larger than Europe. What nation could take control of Europe? And what could take charge of China except with ultimate disaster to itself? We seek the friendship of the Chinese. We need their trade. We want to buy raw materials from them for our factories and we want to sell our products to them. Such mutual commercial relations are in their interests as well as ours.

But they and we are hampered by the lawless conditions existing in their country, dominated as it is by many upstart war lords who were formerly bandits, and excited by many antiforeign agitators.

IT is not only the group of young Chinese whom the Russians have educated at the Sun Yat-sen University in Moscow that have become anti-Japanese agitators among their people. Those who have been graduated from American universities are similarly active. When the Chinese students return from Soviet Russia or the United States they find little opportunity for making a living in their backward country. Only a limited number of positions are available to them in the different governments of the various war lords. They have not the power to displace these dictators, as they number less than one tenth of one per cent of the population and have little influence with the ignorant masses. The man with the gun rules everywhere in China. For that reason antiforeign agitation is the principal outlet for the pent-up energies of the returned students. Speaking English, they constitute themselves a group at work among Americans in China and in the United States, denouncing Japan as an enemy to their country—though the real enemy is their own group of war lords. And they win American sympathy because of the general lack of understanding of eastern Asia in your country—even, at times, in your State Department.

In many respects the influence of the United States on the Far East has been good. Your philanthropy has been well meant. But it has certainly helped to promote revolution in China—which has already cost tens of millions of Chinese lives—and it has not been beneficial to the development of peace between the Japanese and the Chinese.

It is unfortunate that the American naval expansionists have no other nation but Japan with which they can scare the American people into vast appropriations.

As Will Rogers has said, "If you get into trouble five thousand miles away from your shores you will have been looking for it."

We Japanese desire only peace with you, and if it is ever broken it will be broken by you.

THE END

AN ABSORBING DRAMA OF MURDER AND

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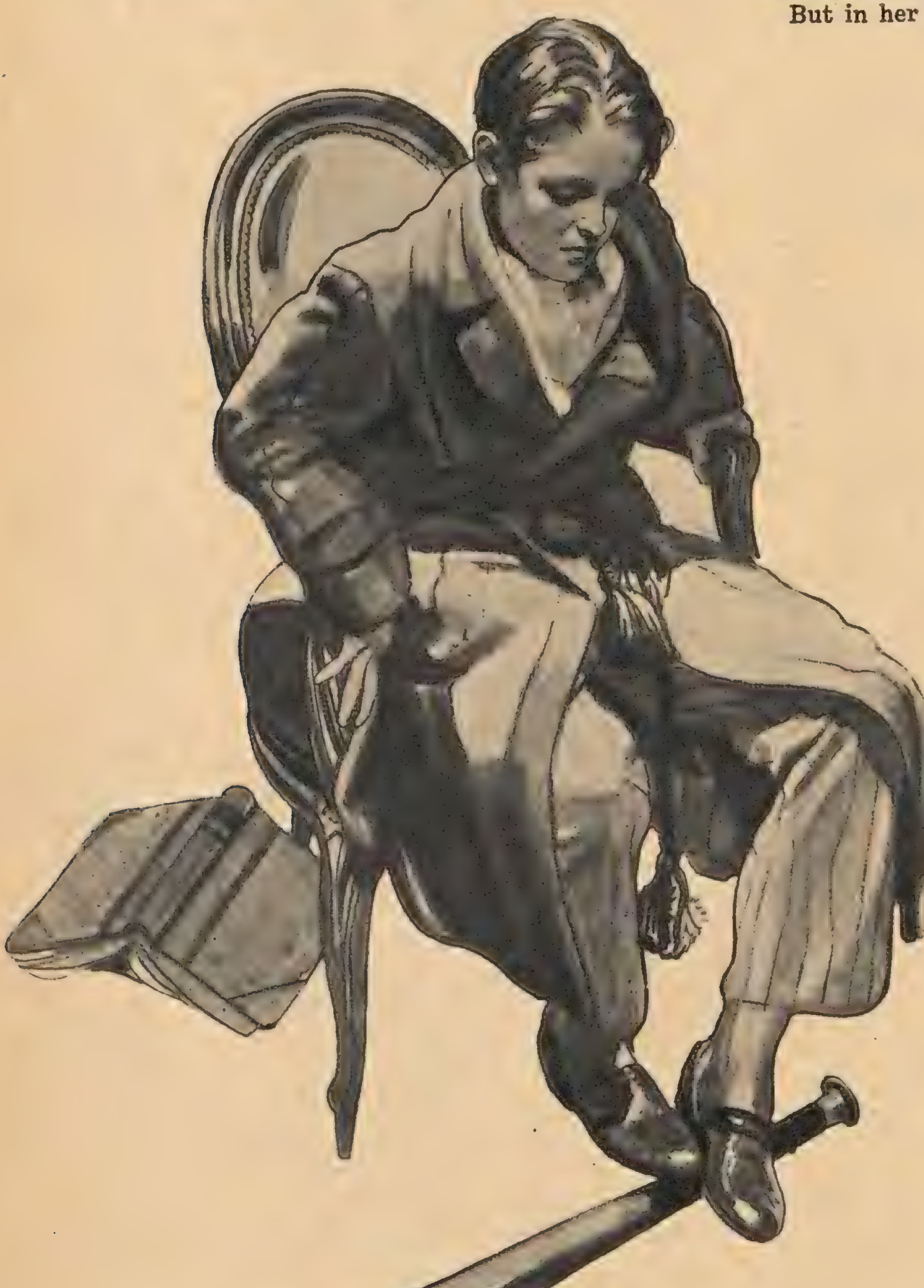
LINDA STUART is on trial in her home town of Maplewood for the murder of her fiancé, Clayton Carroll, whose house and grounds adjoined her home, and who was found in his bedroom with a bullet in his left lung just a month before the beginning of her cross-examination by the district attorney, Wilmott. To Linda the presiding judge has always been " Uncle Dan." Her lawyer is Joe Barnard. In the crowded courtroom are her friend Amy Winter, her steadfast admirer Dex Bowman, and half-witted Willie Collins, who teased her when they were children but came later to gaze upon her as if wistfully.

To Maplewood the case is doubly sensational because the defendant is Linda, long envied as the town beauty and " Clay Carroll's girl," even though she had grown up in genteel poverty under the eyes of two prim maiden aunts.

The story, begun last week, unfolds now in the courtroom, now in Linda's memories. So far, Wilmott has brought out that she and Clay " had an understanding " ten years, but she did nothing about announcing her engagement until the afternoon before he was murdered; also, that it looks as if his wealth had been her only interest in him, and as if it had been she who kept him waiting.

But in her memories the whole picture is very different. Clay, newly come with his widowed mother to Maplewood, singled Linda out when she was sixteen. On the eve of his departure to enter college, he made a queerly savage attempt to seduce her; it mystified her innocence, and when she laughed at him he had a seizure of rage. From that time on she was " Clay's girl," while he was committed to nothing. He did write her that he loved her, and on the strength of that she told her eager and anxious aunts she was engaged to him.

As the opening installment ended, Wilmott wrung from Linda the admission that she had known Clay was to be alone in his house the night he was killed.



PART TWO—A MOTHER'S DARK SECRET

HIS eyes traveled from one juror's face to another, as if to make sure that not one had missed the significance of that admission. Then he turned back to her.

" Now, tell me, Miss Stuart. This fortune that belonged to Clay—was it in his name or in his mother's? "

" I believe it was to come to him when he was twenty-five years old."

" But when he died he was thirty-two—so that he had had control of his money for some time? "

" I know nothing about it. We seldom discussed money."

Wilmott broke in sarcastically: " I see! You had no idea, then, that he had made out a will in which he left everything to you? "

Again the courtroom seemed to hold its breath. Linda's haunted eyes met his steadily and she said: " Yes, I did know that. He told me about that."

Again there was that significant silence, that triumphant gleam in his eye. " Miss Stuart, during all those years did you ever earn any money to help out with the family fortune, to make things any easier for your aunts? "

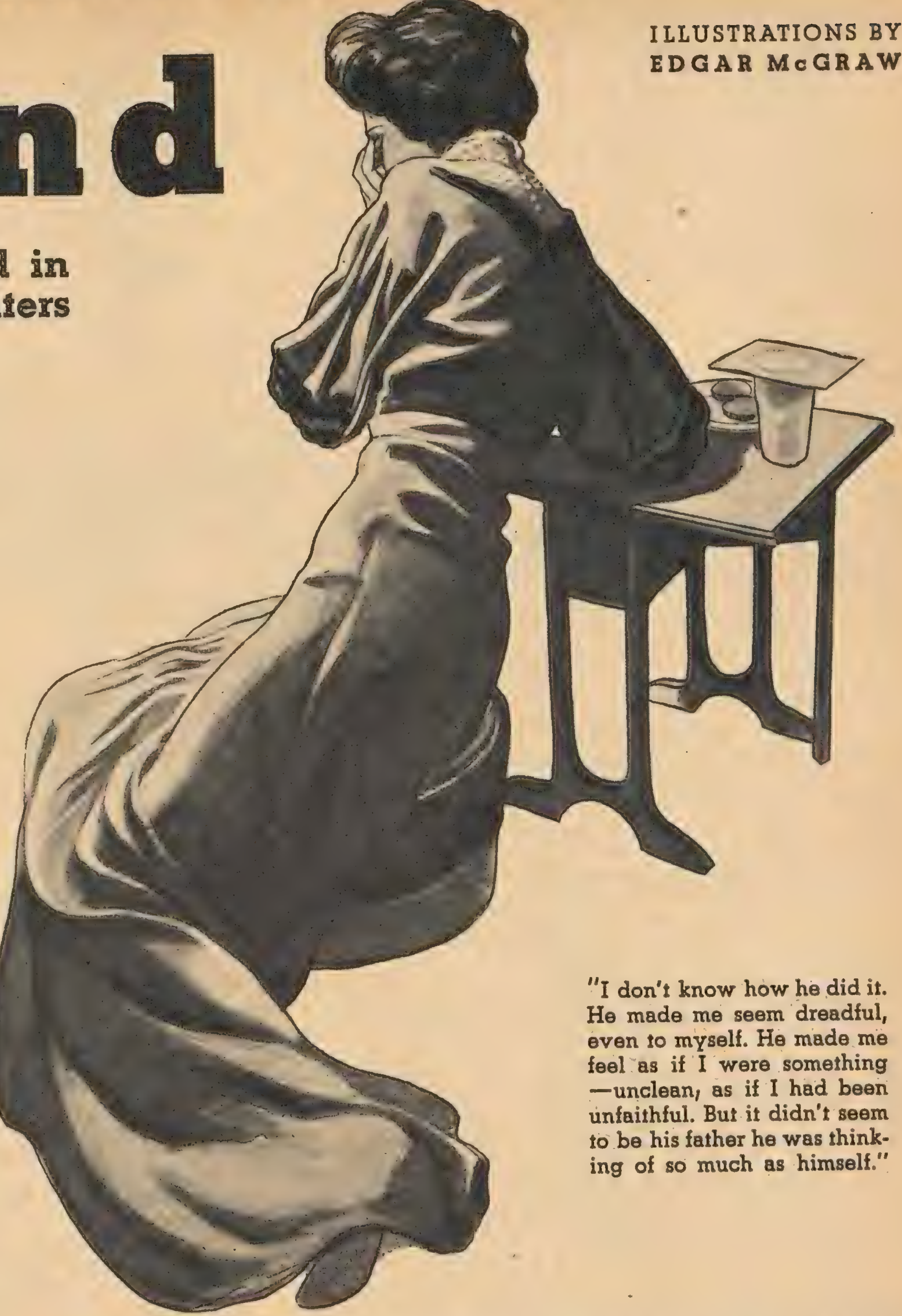
by MARY

MYSTERY, AND A STRANGELY PERILOUS LOVE

bound

First Novels Submitted in Offer to Unknown Writers

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR McGRAW



"I don't know how he did it. He made me seem dreadful, even to myself. He made me feel as if I were something —unclean, as if I had been unfaithful. But it didn't seem to be his father he was thinking of so much as himself."

Linda protested in distress: " There was nothing I could do—I had no experience, no training. My aunts objected to the idea—"

" Exactly. You had been brought up to be a lady and marry money. Is that it? "

Her fingers brushed across her eyes wearily. " I suppose so."

" How did you happen to give up your work at the baby clinic just before Clay graduated? "

" Because Clay wished it."

" Oh! So, even though you're not *sure* that you loved Clay, you did not want to let his fortune slip through your fingers, and so you were willing to do as he wished."

" Your Honor! " thundered Joe Barnard frantically. " This cross-examination is most unfair—" But the gavel was already rapping smartly.

Linda, on the verge of breaking, whispered, " I did love him! I did love him! " Her eyes swept piteously up to the judge, but he did not look down at her.

. . . . . .

SPRING came at last, and on a clear Sunday afternoon Linda had taken the towpath across the fields to pay her monthly visit to Mrs. Warren, alone in her little farmhouse two miles out of town. Whatever doubts had oppressed her during the long winter had vanished. Throwing back her head, she sang as she walked.

The long four years were over—Clay would be coming home next month! At last it was her turn to have him, forever and ever. " And they lived happily ever after," she said softly. " We'll live in the big house, I expect. Mrs. Carroll will want that. How lovely that it's so close by! I can run over and see the aunts every day."

Linda had feared he would not be satisfied to live in Maplewood where she could look after the aunts. But even that was settled ideally. Through investments of Mrs. Carroll's in the First National Bank there was now an executive position waiting for him there.

Philosophically Linda dismissed her dream of a house of their own, just for two; visions of themselves alone. All alone—until the children came.

How could some women talk about jobs and careers?

The gate clicked behind her as she went up on the stoop of Mrs. Warren's little cottage and peeped in. " She's in the garden, of course, on a day like this." In the summerhouse at the garden's far end she found the old lady dreaming among her flowers. She beamed at the sight of Linda.

" You look beautiful—and so happy! " She scanned the girl's face with a tender smile. " I know why, my dear. That young man of yours—I've heard about him."

Linda, dropping beside her, nodded, the inevitable color sweeping to her temples.

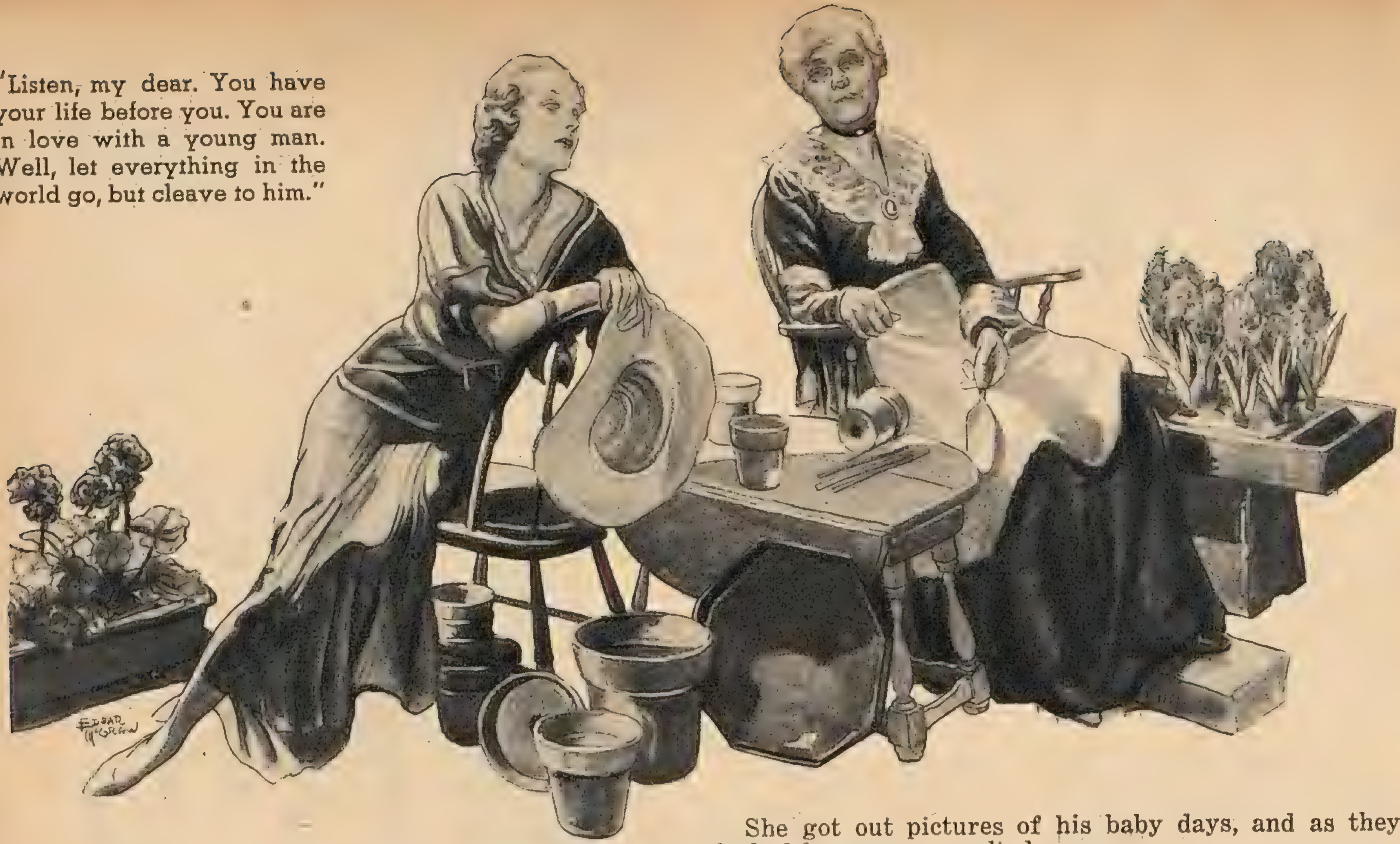
" You must bring him out to see me when he comes home. Bring him before—before I go—"

" Please don't talk that way! " Linda begged. But Mrs. Warren, whose voice had held a tremor of fear a moment before, turned to her with shining eyes.

" I mean, Linda, that God has told me that I am to join Benjamin very soon now. I am so glad—so glad! "

Linda was silent. She could only squeeze the gnarled

BICKEL



"Listen, my dear. You have your life before you. You are in love with a young man. Well, let everything in the world go, but cleave to him."

hand. "Dear God," her thoughts ran passionately, "make Clay and me love each other like that! I'll do everything—everything to make him happy!"

Mrs. Warren smiled. "You must not be sad, my dear. We all go sometime. And I thank the Heavenly Father that I have Benjamin to go to." She pronounced her husband's name like a benediction.

"Listen, my dear," she continued. "You have your life before you. You are in love with a young man. I only know of him by hearsay, but I know you would not love him unless he were worthy."

"Oh, he is!" Linda breathed.

"Well, then, let everything in the world go, but cleave to him. Serve him, do for him, think only of him. And you will have a happiness like mine. And, if you can, have children. It was our greatest sorrow that we were never blessed with little ones of our own."

They sat looking at each other through tears, their hands clasped. Then the old lady laughed a little. "But I don't need to tell you these things! Your heart has already taught you. I can see it in your face."

As they walked down the path, she said: "I have a nephew in Montana—I wouldn't know him now, I expect—but when he was young he used to visit me. He was a dear little fellow. They say he wants to be a writer. This place will go to him. The money will help him, perhaps, to achieve his ambition.

"But it's not like your own children, Linda."

"I know," said Linda. "I'm going to have a dozen!"

They both laughed at that, and with relief returned to the world of everyday things.

Because it was still early when she turned in at her own gate, Linda decided to call on Mrs. Carroll.

She found her alone. The older woman seemed genuinely pleased by these frequent visits. But Linda, as usual, found herself studying a woman impossible to understand. There she was, working at her embroidery beside the library lamp, and Linda was struck yet again not only by her beauty but also by the deep melancholy, almost the sullenness, of her face in repose. When she smiled this expression vanished, and then it would appear again, a bewildered defeated look. That was it. *Defeated.* But why? She had everything. Hadn't she?

Their talk centered inevitably about Clay. His mother said rather constrainedly, "I had thought he would prefer to be in New York. But he wants to stay here. He's quite decided about it."

She got out pictures of his baby days, and as they looked her reserve melted away.

"He was a bad child!" she said fondly. "Perhaps I adored him too much. Even as a baby he would take advantage of me. He was a tyrant. Curly yellow hair and sparkling eyes. He could wheedle anything out of anybody."

"I can imagine!" Linda laughed. She loved him for being so spoiled, so charmingly spoiled.

"And always such a tease."

Linda said, smiling, "He's like that now."

The light drained out of Mrs. Carroll's eyes and she fell silent. But, as if she were throwing off a mood, she said in a practical, kind voice:

"Well, and now he's nearly through college. So I suppose you two will want to get married." Then, soberly, "You love him very much, don't you?"

Linda's laugh wavered and her face grew tense. "I'm afraid I do," she confessed. "Do you mind?"

Mrs. Carroll laughed at that whole-heartedly. "Mind! Child, I'm delighted!" She leaned and kissed her.

"WELL, then—" Linda began impulsively, and bit her lip. "I only thought," she explained painfully, "that perhaps he was afraid you and I shouldn't get on together, and that was the reason he hasn't— Because of course you'd want him to go on living here. Isn't it because of you that he hasn't—"

Mrs. Carroll sat perfectly still. "I—don't—know," she said slowly, as if speaking to herself. "I don't know."

"Because," Linda went on timidly, seeking to keep the hurt out of her voice, "I don't want to be selfish about him. I wouldn't dream of taking him away from you. We could live here with you—" Her voice was trembling.

At that some carefully guarded control in the older woman seemed to snap. A spasm crossed her face.

"No! No! You must live by yourselves! I could never stand it. I can't stand any more!"

She stared at Linda wildly; then the color left her cheeks and she lay back in her chair with her eyes closed. Silently her fist pounded the arm of her chair.

After her first amazement Linda rose.

"Mrs. Carroll, you don't need to say any more. If it makes you unhappy, then we won't get married. I—I didn't understand how it was."

She gathered up her things with shaking fingers. She must get out of this house at once.

At once! How terrible mother love was—how selfish! But Mrs. Carroll sprang to her feet and grasped the girl by both shoulders. "Oh, my dear, dear Linda, you don't understand! I *want* you to marry Clay! I think perhaps you can make him happy. I only know that I cannot. Somehow I have failed!"

At the sight of Linda's bewilderment she controlled herself and said quietly, "I see I'll have to tell you."

Linda murmured woodenly, staring at her, "I don't understand. How could you have failed?"

Mrs. Carroll sat down. "Linda, since Clay was thirteen— I only mean I can't live in the same house with him any longer! I can't be tortured any more! You must marry him, Linda, and give him a chance to forget me. To leave me alone!"

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, you don't know what you're saying! Why should he forget you, his own mother?"

Mrs. Carroll looked at her in a kind of despair. "You don't understand. You know nothing. Nothing!" She covered her face with her hands.

Presently she forced herself into a kind of composure.

"Linda," she said at last, "I don't know if you are old enough—or experienced enough—or—or intuitive enough—to understand anything of what I am going to tell you, or not. I don't understand it myself."

THERE was a long pause. Then she began to speak rapidly: "I am going to tell you something about my life. I was brought up in New York's social world. My parents were of a good family, but they were not wealthy and it was very important that I should, if possible, marry money. I was very much in love with a young physician who had no background of either wealth or family. My parents looked on my marriage to him as impossible. They made *me* feel that it was.

"Then I met Clay's father. He had made a fortune in Australia; his family connections were ideal. He was handsome, vital, compelling, like Clay. He fell in love with me. My family were overjoyed.

"And I? Well, I married him, of course. We went to Australia to live, then to Paris. Clay was born in Paris.

"If you ask me if I loved my husband, I shall have to answer no. My husband was charming to me—witty, sophisticated, invariably polite. But always with a slightly mocking air, as if to say, 'Well, my dear, you made your bed, now lie in it.' He knew I loved Bruce. He knew it when he married me. Gradually there came to be other women in his life. You can't blame him for that, under the circumstances. I didn't blame him, even then. By that time my baby had come and I lavished all my affection on him.

"His father and I both adored him. And he adored us. Or, rather, he adored me. He was jealous of his father from the first.

"But when Clay was twelve years old his father was killed in an automobile crash near Monte Carlo. At

NO LONGER ASHAMED

TO HANG HER WASHING OUTDOORS!

WHY ON EARTH DO YOU HANG CLOTHES IN THE BASEMENT A DAY LIKE THIS?
I'M ASHAMED TO HANG THEM OUTSIDE. THEY'RE SO GRAY. I JUST CAN'T GET THEM WHITE NO MATTER HOW HARD I RUB!
I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED! WAIT A MINUTE...
IF IT'S SOME NEW-FANGLED SOAP, NEVER MIND! I'VE TRIED DOZENS.
I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER TRIED THIS..OR YOU'D HAVE YOUR LINE OUT IN THE SUN RIGHT NOW!
OXYDOL? NO I HAVEN'T TRIED IT. BUT I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE A SOAP CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!
COME ON! TRY IT. I'LL BET YOU A MOVIE THEY'RE SOAKED SPOTLESSLY CLEAN IN 15 MINUTES!
ALL RIGHT-- BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET THOSE SHEETS WHITE THAT WAY!
GRACIOUS! I MUST ADMIT I NEVER SAW SUCH THICK, CREAMY SUDS!
PUT THAT WASHBOARD AWAY! YOU DON'T SCRUB THINGS WITH OXYDOL LOOK--WHITER THAN IF YOU'D BOILED THEM.
THERE! THE WHITEST LINE ON THE BLOCK! AND COLORED THINGS BRIGHT AS NEW!--YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING LASTS AGES LONGER, TOO.
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE! HOW SWEET THEY SMELL--AND THROUGH BY NOON! I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT TIRED, EITHER.
OXYDOL

(AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE FROM REAL LIFE)

Towels, Linen Sparkling White Now

Colored Clothes Unfaded—Thanks to Oxydol!

READ MRS. GUDGER'S LETTER

Mrs. J. D. Gudger

"I used to hang my wash in the basement so no one could see it, until one day I heard about Oxydol. Now you couldn't get me to use anything else and my dish towels and hand towels are as white as my lovely table linen. My colored clothes, too, may fade from the sun, but never from Oxydol."

THE amazing new discovery of the world's most famous soap experts, the makers of *Ivory*—this new, improved OXYDOL does these things no other soap can do or has ever done:

(1) *Soaks* out dirt in *15 minutes.* Without boiling, without back-breaking rubbing. Hence—cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine, giving you your afternoon free!

(2) Gets clothes 4 to 5 shades WHITER, by scientific whiteness-measuring Tintometer test. Whiter EVEN than other granulated soaps (heretofore considered "whitest washing") can do in TWO washings!

(3) Yet, due to its utterly *new* and improved formula, colors won't fade; fabric won't wear out! Even cotton prints and children's dainty frocks are safe. Yet, despite its amazing cleaning power, it *leaves* hands soft, finger nails lustrous and uncracked.

Thick 3-inch Suds in Any Water

To make OXYDOL, improved soap elements are scientifically combined with specific agents to soften hardest water. Thus combining in one package the effect of both water-softener AND soap. You can see the results in the suds. OXYDOL multiplies 500 TIMES in suds! Makes rich 3-inch suds in any water, hard or soft!

And OXYDOL is economical. Many ordinary granulated soaps cost 8% to 30% more for the same amount of soap! Get OXYDOL today from your grocer. The Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.

MADE IN CANADA

THE NEW AND IMPROVED

OXYDOL

MULTIPLIES 500 TIMES IN SUDS

Reg. Trade Mark

five o'clock in the morning. There was a woman with him, and she was killed too. I managed to keep all that out of the papers, away from Clay, so that he never knew.

"Then I brought Clay back to New York. We lived very quietly, in hotels at first. Clay was his most adorable self at that time, so gay and sweet with me, like a lover. After a few months we moved into an apartment on Park Avenue.

"Shortly after we moved, in the middle of the night I had one of the heart attacks to which I was subject. My own doctor was out of town, so I phoned the girl downstairs to get me a physician. She said there was one living in the building and she would call him. All this time Clay was asleep.

"My maid had gone home for the night and the elevator boy admitted the doctor. When he walked into my bedroom I saw that it was Bruce Conlon. I had never seen him since my marriage."

After a moment she went on with difficulty: "Perhaps it was my weakened condition that left me without any self-control or sense of conventional behavior, but in any case I put out my hands to him without a word, and at once he was holding me in his arms, murmuring I can't tell you what blessed endearments.

"All my troubles seemed to be over! I lay in his arms and sobbed and laughed and we kissed each other like children. I found that he had never married, so that now at last we could be happy. It was heaven for me, who had known so little.

"Suddenly we looked up and there was Clay, standing in the doorway in his pyjamas, fresh from sleep, his hair all tousled. I smiled and held out my hand to him. I was going to say, 'This is my son, Bruce—isn't he a fine boy?' when I was arrested by the look on Clay's face.

"Loathing, contempt, disgust. And then, slowly gathering, the most murderous rage I had ever seen.

"Before our eyes he simply went to pieces. It was like his baby tantrums, only a hundred times more terrible. He screamed and he kicked the furniture and threw vases on the floor and broke them, and when Bruce finally had his arms pinned down so that he was powerless, he bit one of Bruce's fingers till the blood came.

"FINALLY, when he was exhausted, we put him to bed. But he turned his face to the wall when we tried to explain—tried to tell him how we had loved each other and now we would be married and that he must be happy too. I don't know if he even listened. At last Bruce went away, promising to come back the next day.

"But before he had a chance to come Clay made me promise that I would never see him again.

"I don't know how he did it. He stormed and raged for hours. He made me seem dreadful, even to myself. He quoted Hamlet to me—at his age! He made me feel as if I were something—unclean; as if I had been unfaithful. You see, even then I could not tell him that his father had been unfaithful to me or that I had never loved him. I had built up for so many years the picture of his father as a hero. I couldn't pull *that* ideal down about his ears.

"But the curious part of it was, Linda, that it didn't seem to be his father he was thinking of so much as himself. It was as if I had been untrue to him—Clay.

"At any rate, there was nothing to do but to give up Dr. Conlon. In my despair I wrote him the cruelest kind of a note, to which he never replied.

"The next year I read in the paper that he had married.

"Clay has never mentioned him from that day to this, but he's never forgiven me. Oh, he's always polite—mockingly polite—like his father. And always apparently the soul of devotion. Too devoted. He hardly lets me out of his sight.

"But when he looks at me in that strange way, to this day I seem to feel that he sees me—on my bed, in the arms of a strange man, kissing him.

"AND then I shrivel up, and I feel as if I had been an abandoned woman. As if I must spend my life expiating a sin that exists only in Clay's imagination.

"Linda, he's my baby. And perhaps he was right to feel so. There's nothing so uncompromisingly puritanical as an adolescent boy. I have tried to understand him and be patient. But the thing is getting worse. Of late years I have looked forward so much to his marriage. As if, for me, it would be a kind of escape.

"Linda, I want you to marry him and help him forget what a disappointment his mother has been to him. Renew his faith in women. Make him see that I was not really bad.

"Only"—and her face twisted with pain—"don't ask me to live with him any more! He hates me! He hates me!"

. . . . .

"So that things went on that way for several years? You went right on accepting Clay's attentions and his gifts, but making no plans for getting married, giving him nothing in return?"

"No. Nothing except my love."

Wilmott chose to ignore that.

"It's true, is it not, that all this time Clayton Carroll was giving you his exclusive attention—as far as women were concerned?"

"Except for his mother. He spent many of his evenings with her."

"Ah, so he was a devoted son! Just what I had in mind. An uncommonly conscientious young man. Of course I am not speaking of the unfortunate affair of the bank. I mean his private life. Do you agree with me?"

Linda was watchful now, alert for pitfalls. "Why—yes."

"You never had any fault to find with him, did you?"

"No."

"Never any quarrels?"

"No."

"So, one might say, here was a model young man, hand-

CARS vs. MEN

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the ninth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

ALTHOUGH defective mechanical equipment is a factor in from ten to fifteen per cent of our motor-vehicle deaths, in nearly every case these defects exist in antiquated cars or are due to neglect in upkeep.

Automobile manufacturers have gone far in making their products foolproof. Modern autos haven't any natural urge to run wild, but unfortunately their drivers very often do have such inclination.

When you read in the day's news that another driver has crashed, you can just about figure that is exactly what *he* did.

Automobiles today are sturdy and strong. The wheel base has been lowered and widened, bodies have been greatly strengthened, and we have better lighting systems, new spring action, reliable brakes, dependable steering apparatus, trustworthy tires, and glass that cannot be broken. These are but a few of the improvements that *should* make driving safer.

For some strange reason, however, the development of our sense of caution has not kept pace with mechanical progress. As a matter of fact drivers need special safety equipment for their minds as well as their cars.

Just remember that it is human failure, not mechanical failure, that causes most of our highway tragedies.

As long as the driver does his part there isn't much chance of crashing in a well conditioned modern automobile.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

some, intelligent, wealthy—normal in every way—"

The judge's voice stopped him: "Please confine yourself to the cross-examination, Mr. Wilmott."

"Certainly, your Honor. Tell me, Miss Stuart—during those following years, until last summer, you received—and accepted—many gifts from Clayton Carroll?"

"Yes."

"Jewelry and that sort of thing?"

"Yes."

"Gifts of considerable value, wouldn't you say?"

With the slightest contempt in her voice, Linda said evenly, "I suppose so. I never had them appraised."

. . . . .

THE money problem was becoming acute. The house needed painting so badly that it could be postponed no longer. And Liza hadn't been paid for weeks. Prices were high and their small income was increasingly inadequate.

Aunt Rilla was like a child about such things. "We'll have to borrow from Clay, that's all," the old lady would suggest weakly.

"No," Linda would answer. "No!"

She couldn't talk about money to Clay.

Tonight she had formed a plan, born as she glanced over the evening paper. Aunt Rilla would object and so would Clay. But it would pay Liza's back wages.

How differently things had turned out from what she had expected three years ago when Clay had come home from college! They had stood in the fragrant garden and he had taken her in his arms and whispered:

"My darling! You're more beautiful than ever!"

She had trembled while she waited in a kind of ecstasy for the words that she knew would be coming at last. But the evening wore on and the words were never spoken. Neither that night nor the next.

Nor the next.

How she ever got through that summer of bewilderment she never knew. One day she would be serenely confident, the next miserable because of his inexplicable indifference.

All that fall Aunt Fanny had lain in her bed, slowly fading, following Linda with feverish, searching eyes, while Linda, trying to ignore the unspoken question in them, pretended a gayety which she did not feel.

In October the old lady sank more noticeably, until one day when the nurse came to tell Linda that her aunt wanted her. Something in the woman's eyes made Linda run hastily up the stairs. She passed Aunt Rilla standing outside her sister's door, sobbing softly.

As she entered the room she knew that her aunt was perfectly conscious. She realized that she could evade the question no longer. Gently lifting one of the gnarled old hands, she forced a smile.

"Feeling a little better?"

The feverish eyes burned with a

Long Day
Long Smoking

But mouth still fresh and cool
...thanks to SPUD

Do you smoke hot and heavy, breakfast to bedtime? You and Spuds should get acquainted!

How does the menthol help? Is it menthol in your *throat* that gives you the cool sensation? Not at all! Spud's menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by merely *cooling* the smoke. So what Spud gives you is just fine tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes!

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
25c THE PACKAGE

ROCK CITY TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED, QUEBEC

sudden intensity. "Linda!" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yes, dear, what is it? Linda's here."

"Linda—you *do* love him, don't you? You *are* going to be married soon, aren't you?" The eyes searched her face with desperate appeal. With an effort Linda met them steadily with her own.

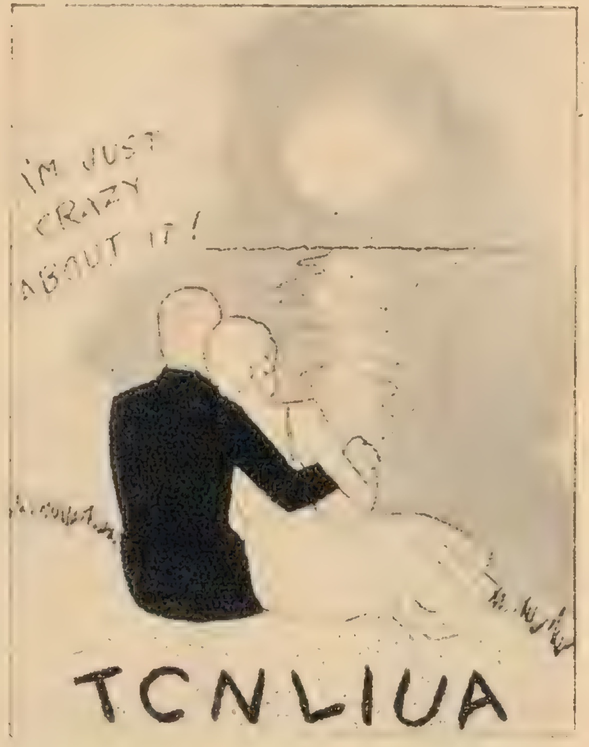
"Why, of course I love him—of course we're going to be married. Soon, auntie, soon!" She even forced a little laugh to reassure her.

The eager eyes held hers, then dropped away, satisfied.

"That's good! That's good!" she sighed. "I didn't know—you've kept him waiting so long. Don't know as I blame you—I never could love him much myself. Something about him—I don't know."

Then, slowly, the bright piercing look faded. "He will be a good provider for you and sister. I can rest easy now." Her lips curved in a little half smile and she went on whispering contentedly, "I'll think of sister in black satin, with a white lace cap, rocking in a good soft chair in a warm room that has a fire in it." Her eyes closed. "I'll see you too—with your children. You've been a good girl, Linda."

JUMBLEJEMS


I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT IT!
TCNLIUA

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 63.

The bony fingers fell away from her niece's. She seemed to fall asleep. Linda felt her eyes stinging with tears. She stole out of the room and went downstairs, and an hour later the nurse came to tell her that her aunt had passed away.

There were other days, other nights, to be lived through.

There was the night, soon after that, when Clay had gone home and Aunt Rilla found the courage to say: "Don't delay too long, dear. It isn't good to put those things off too long." She blundered on: "You must forget your qualms, Linda, or you will end by being a little old spinster." She added with a rueful laugh, "Like me." Linda kissed her and escaped.

Clay, at least, was happy. His vitality was overwhelming. He loved his business, loved politics, which the scope of his activities had widened to embrace. The fact that he was making enemies only seemed to intoxicate him. He was a born success.

His cheeks were ruddier, his eyes brighter, his teeth a more glistening white than ever.

The next June there was the excitement of Amy's wedding to be endured. The moment when the girls exclaimed, "Well, Linda, it's your turn next!" The sensation of nausea when she caught the bride's bouquet. The blessed relief when it was all over.

From then on everything that happened seemed invented to torture her.

THERE was the Sunday afternoon when she and Clay and his mother had been in the garden and she had overheard a conversation that was not meant for her ears.

She had gone into the house for a handkerchief and on her return was arrested suddenly by hearing them mention her name. They were sitting on a bench screened from the path by bushes and had not heard her approach.

"I can't understand you, Clay! Why don't you marry Linda and make her happy?"

Through the bushes she could see Clay's teasing eyes.

"Why, mother! And leave you? Darling, you know I could never do that. What kind of a son would I be if I couldn't sacrifice a few years for you, when you have given up so many for me?"

"But I don't want that sacrifice!"

Then Clay's voice again, exuberant: "Besides, Linda's happy. She doesn't want to get married! You see, mother"—he paused significantly, and when he spoke again his voice was as soft as silk—"*Linda* doesn't need—that sort of thing."

Suddenly Mrs. Carroll rose and walked away. Clay watched her go, smiling, motionless. And although, when Linda came to him silent and miserable, he put out his hand and drew her down beside him, his eyes were still fixed on the spot where his mother had disappeared. At last, still smiling, he turned to her, and his hand tightened on her shoulder.

That was a bitter, confusing memory, and tonight Linda threw it off as she turned in at her own gate. Indoors she greeted her aunt wearily and with gentle fingers took from her the evening paper. Yes, it was there—the advertisement she had noticed:

WANTED: Comfortable room for single man in private home. Convenient to center of town. Call Dubreau, Hickory 600.

"I'm going to answer this ad," she said quietly, and dropped the paper back in her aunt's lap. At the telephone she said:

"I want Hickory 600, please." While she waited she explained: "That's the hotel, Aunt Rilla. I expect he's stopping there. Now, darling, please don't make a fuss. Keeping roomers is—Hello, let me speak to Mr. Dubreau, please—eminently respectable. You know that." She waited. "Hello—is this Mr. Dubreau? . . . This is Miss Stuart, Linda Stuart. I'm calling in reply to your ad in the Courier. We're at 518 Walnut Street. We have a very nice room we'd like to rent. . . . Could you come early? Seven thirty? . . . Yes, that would do nicely."

She came back and dropped to the stool at her aunt's feet. "Forgive me, dear, but I didn't want to argue. It will be all right. He'll be a sweet old gentleman who won't make any trouble. You'll see."

. . . . .

"WAS it not true, Miss Stuart, that when Clay learned that you and your aunt were having difficulty in making ends meet, he immediately took over the management of your affairs so that you were much better off than you were before?"

"Yes."

"Would you say that was kind of him, or not?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"In addition to that, did he not about this time present you with a very handsome diamond engagement ring?"

"He did."

"And you accepted it and wore it?"

"I did."

"Did you ever refuse any of his gifts?"

"No."

"How did he learn of your financial embarrassment? Did you tell him, ask his advice, and so forth?"

"No, I did not."

"Why not? Wouldn't that have been the natural thing—to confide in your fiancé?"

"Not for me. I—I suppose I was too proud."

"And yet you want us to believe that you were perfectly happy all this time, perfectly contented with Clay?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so. Certainly."

"You suppose! Don't you know?"

. . . . .

But he was not a sweet old gentleman. Linda had dressed for the Governor's Ball, to which she and Clay were going, in pale cream satin and the pearls Clay had given her, when the bell rang and she opened the door to a man young and handsome, gay, debonair, and unmistakably foreign.

Over a tiny clipped mustache his bright birdlike eyes lit up with extravagant admiration at the sight of her. A little confused under this kindling scrutiny, she took him into the parlor.

"Aunt Rilla, this is Mr. Dubreau, dear. He has come to see us about the room. Please sit down, won't you?"

All smiles and courtesy, he bent low over Aunt Rilla's hand. "Mercy on us," thought that worthy lady, "he's going to kiss it!" She watched him fascinated, her white curls bobbing.

"I am so 'appy to make your acquaintance."

The old lady blushed and bridled like a girl. "I'm very pleased to meet you, young man, and I hope you'll like the room." She added with a little asperity, "It's my niece's doing, not mine! You're a stranger in these parts?"

"A stranger in a strange land! I throw myself at your feet, madame. I beg you to permit me to remain in your so charming home." His glance swept over the room and its contents, over Linda. "I give you so leetle, leetle trouble that—what is it one says?—you'd be surprised!" He laughed delightedly at his phrase, and they joined him, a little puzzled. This was a species of creature new to Maplewood.

"Would you like to see the room now?"

"I should be charmed, and with so fair a guide! I was born—what you say—luckee, *n'est ce pas?*"

HE sighed deeply and then laughed, and so infectious was his laughter that Linda and Aunt Rilla and old Liza, clearing away the supper dishes, all laughed with him.

As he followed her up the stairs Linda thought, "I feel so light! I haven't felt so gay in years."

She took him to Aunt Fanny's room, and something in its austere dignity sobered them both. She was wondering what Aunt Fanny would say to what she was doing.

"It was my other aunt's room," she said. "She died a year ago." She added timidly, "You won't mind, will you?"

"Mind? Not at all." He stood considering the furnishings, then turned to her with the faintest twinkle in his eyes. "Your aunt—your other aunt. She too was a maiden lady, was she not?" he asked gently. "Like the one downstairs?"

"Yes."

"It is true," he murmured, his eyes thoughtful. "It is the room of a maiden lady!"

Linda looked at him, thinking of the profound, mysterious knowledge of men of the world. What experience gave him the insight to speak with such authority? It was impossible to be offended, for he was utterly respectful. She said dreamily: "It will seem strange—to put you into Aunt Fanny's room."

He shook his head ruefully. "I am too—what shall we say—pagan, *n'est ce pas?*" He studied the room again, compassionately: the big four-poster

Here's What To Do when "nerves" won't let you SLEEP

A Simple Way to Get to Sleep Quickly at Night, Entirely Without Drugs . . . A Way that Brings You Steady Nerves and New Energy Tomorrow

Now—put an end to night-time tossing and turning! Fall asleep tonight almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

OVERWROUGHT nerves and sleepless nights—what havoc they can work! And what a vicious circle they establish once they thoroughly take hold!

But now—there is a remarkable way to bring sound sleep quickly at night. A way that puts an end to those restless hours of night-time tossing—and the nerve-wracked days that come as a result.

It is made possible by a delicious food-drink, called Ovaltine, now made over here. It is composed of elements processed from *natural* foods. And is as free from drugs as the milk you drink or the bread you eat.

You simply take it mixed with hot milk before you go to bed at night. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep the whole night through as soundly as a child.

Look And Feel Like A New Person Mornings

In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calm, mind clear and alert. Filled with an abundance of new-found vitality and energy to last you through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to replenish body, brain, and nerve cells *while* you sleep.

At the same time, it multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. And aids in the maintenance of nerve poise to a marked degree.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is approved and used by thousands of physicians. *Try it and see for yourself.*

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. You'll fall asleep more easily and quickly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See how much fresher you feel—how much more *rested* you look. During the day, note how much better your energy "stays with you"—how much steadier your nerves.

So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Nor with the lowered vitality they inevitably bring next day. Make up your mind you'll really *sleep* tonight! Phone for a can of Ovaltine now! You'll be glad you did.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 1049-R

OVALTINE
The Ideal Food-Beverage

with its quilted spread, the Martha Washington table, the pewter candlesticks, the crocheted tidy on the chairback. Then he chuckled.

"But soon, you shall see, it will have a different atmosphere. Rooms have souls, you know. It will begin to murmur a more primitive language—the paganism of me, Pierre Dubreau. You shall see. I do not mean," he added quickly, "that I will not take care of it. I take good care! I am an excellent housekeeper!"

Linda laughed, as one would laugh at a child. "I'm sure you are," she agreed. Suddenly he clapped his hand to his head.

"Ah, but you know nozzing about me! You do not ask for a reference! What kind of a business woman are you, mademoiselle?" He was stern now. "Here—and here—and here." He took letters in bunches from his pockets. "*Regardez.* I am a lawyer, then, sent down from New York to look into some matters of titles. You would not understand. No woman as beautiful as you should understand. *Ce n'est pas nécessaire.*

"No," he mused, his friendly eyes dissecting her. "You are one of those spendthrift women who forget to look out for themselves—who let the heart alone tell them what to do. And sometimes"—he held his finger up solemnly—"the heart—it tells them wrong!"

She listened to him fascinated. Downstairs the front door opened and shut, but she did not hear it.

Suddenly he pursed his lips and with his fingers scattered a kiss into the air.

"Ah, I thought there was no beauty anywhere in all this Maplewood! Now I know why. All the beauty is packed, concentrated into one little room!" His voice dropped dramatically as he added, "Because you are here!"

Linda rippled into a peal of laughter as gay and spontaneous as his own. "Really—really, I have never known any one like you!" she exclaimed.

His face shone. "No? I am glad! Then I am going to have the great pleasure to show mademoiselle how to enjoy herself." He added gently, "There have been too many maiden aunts, I fear, in this one's life."

There was a pause. "But now"—his voice became brisk—"we talk business, yes?" He insisted that the price she asked for the room was too small and she gave in, laughing. To their delight she found that he too was to be at the Governor's Ball that night—later, because he was going alone. She promised him a dance, pleased by his eagerness.

THEY were laughing again as they came down the stairs. Like old friends.

In the parlor Clay was sitting with his hands between his knees, waiting grimly.

She had a brief impression of Aunt Rilla's apprehensive face raised to hers—of Liza watching from the dining room, her dark eyes rolling prophetically.

Linda tried to speak lightly. "Hello, Clay. I want you to meet Mr. Dubreau. This is Mr. Carroll." The two men bowed silently. "Mr. Dubreau is renting a room here, Clay. I've just been showing it to him. Is it late? I didn't know you had come."

"So it would seem," said Clay. And waited.

After a silence Linda asked, "Is it time for us to go?"

"Not quite." He did not move.

After an uncertain pause the young man cleared his throat. Picking up his hat, he bowed gravely.

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning—

HARD-BOILED HEROES

By
Will Irwin

A coast-guard revelation—a thrilling true tale of courage against the perils of the sea

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ZASU PITTS

By
Clara Beranger

A director told her she was no good for pictures; didn't have style or sex appeal—and this tells what happened!

Also stories and articles by Edward Hope—Mayor Frank Hague—Paul Annixter—Margaret Widdemer—Dick Williams, and others

"May I move in tomorrow, then? What time would be convenient?"

As Linda started to reply, Clay interrupted her:

"Just a minute, please."

They all looked at him, the Frenchman inquiringly, Linda with a sinking sensation that was becoming familiar. Behind Clay's impassiveness she could detect the darkening of his face, the slow gathering of his passion. A little breathless, she turned quickly to the stranger.

"Yes, that would do nicely. About noon?"

"*Parfaitement,*" he murmured gently.

At the door, with a swift compassionate glance at her, he bowed over her hand, but she drew it away, frightened. Shutting the door behind him, she steeled herself and returned to the parlor.

Clay's voice, when it came, was deceivingly mild:

"Well? Why did you do this without consulting me?"

She said suddenly, "I'll tell you why! Because we need the money! And now you know."

WITH a shudder of relief she closed her eyes.

"And so"—his voice was still soft, too soft—"so, instead of coming to the logical person for you to depend on, you think you'll rent a room to a handsome baby-faced sheik who will flatter you and make love to you—don't think I didn't hear you talking and laughing as you came down; don't think I didn't see him kiss your hand just now." Through his teeth he added slowly, "Pretty good friends already, aren't you?"

Linda took a long gasping breath, the muscles in her throat quivering. Aunt Rilla was motionless in her corner, her face frightened. Suddenly Linda rose and flew up the stairs, plunging into her own room, locking the door with shaking fingers. Shaking fingers took off her dress and put it on its hanger, and over it an old sheet. Shaking fingers took down her hair.

When she heard Aunt Rilla's timid knock at her door, she lay silent in her bed, and presently the old lady crept downstairs again, and for a long time after that Linda could hear the murmur of voices in the parlor, and knew that Clay was still there.

At breakfast the next morning Aunt Rilla, waiting for her with a bright childlike smile, began twittering:

"Oh, darling, it's all right after all! Clay was just upset because we hadn't confided in him. He had no idea we were—well, embarrassed financially. He said you had never hinted at such a thing. He's got everything all straightened out for us."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he made me get out all our account books and your father's insurance and the deed to the house, and we went over it all together. He's going to take over the mortgage on the house and waive payments so that we'll have a much larger income, and he's going to trade our bonds for some stocks or something so they'll pay more. Dear, he's going to take care of everything!"

Linda said dully, "It's like taking charity."

Aunt Rilla's facile tears started. "Does it mean nothing to you that now the town won't have to know? It's just what Mrs. Summerwell has been waiting for for years—to find out how poor we are."

"But the roomer is going to move in today."

Aunt Rilla smiled triumphantly. "Oh, no. Clay is going to look after that. He's going to call him up and y re was a mistake. He said he'd look after everything."

"Oh."

"Yes, and he said he was coming over this evening to apologize for speaking as he did last night. He didn't know what he was saying. Oh, Linda, you will see him, won't you, dear? Think what it means to us! He's utterly devoted to you."

For a long time Linda stared into her cup of coffee. Then she sighed wearily.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. What else is there to do?"

When they were alone that night, Clay took her in his arms humbly.

"I'm sorry I was such a bear, darling. Such a bad Clay! Say you forgive me. Say, 'I forgive you, Clay.'"

He repeated his request until she said it, woodenly. He kissed her with a mysterious smile. "You can't guess what I have for you!" From his vest pocket he took a tiny package. "I've had it for months, ever since that last trip to New York. I've been keeping it to surprise you."

He made her unwrap and open a little box. There on its black-velvet cushion lay a ring—the largest diamond she had ever seen, she thought.

Suddenly Linda began to laugh. She couldn't stop. Finally she said weakly:

"Oh, Clay, Clay! Is it really for me?"

"For you, my darling."

Into her mind darted the thought, "Why does he give it to me now? He's had it for months. Why just *now?*"

There was no time to grope for the answer, for again Clay was kissing her. His arms closed around her.

"Let's see," he murmured. The masculine aroma of his close presence invaded her like a drug. Why did she love him? In spite of everything?

His lips drew nearer; his breath was against her cheek. She closed her eyes, breathing quickly, her senses quivering. Lost. Lost.

"I'm crazy about you," his deep voice went on. "Do you know what you make me think of? A beautiful sorrel mare I looked at last week. I'm going to buy her for you some day. Four years old, a little beauty. Skittish, but quieted down when I laid my hand on her, and stood trembling. And quiescent. As you are now. You were trembling a minute ago. Did you know that, my Linda? Shall I buy her for you?"

"I don't know," Linda breathed.

"Then we can ride together. I hate riding alone." He cupped her chin with his fingers and his eyes shone into hers. "And now you must wear my ring and remember always that you belong to me," he said tenderly.

In some remote chamber of her being Linda saw herself laughing. Wildly. Hysterically. Everything was too awful, too incredibly funny. Too funny to be borne. She buried her face against his coat.

And later, staring in her mirror, noting the tiny crow's-feet about her eyes, echoes of that laughter reverberated all around her, until she threw herself on the bed sobbing uncontrollably.

. . . . .

"AND were you grateful for all Clay's kindness and consideration?"

Linda paused, and finally said yes, she was.

"Grateful and devoted to him until the day of his death?"

She stared at him with her haunted eyes. "Why, yes."

He thundered at her accusingly: "How, then, Miss Stuart, do you explain this letter which was found in your room, hidden under the lining of a handkerchief box, and which was written to you by Scott Barclay three weeks before Clay's death, and which, furthermore, proves conclusively that you were planning to get rid of your fiancé—this man who had been doing so much for you all your life?"

Scott Barclay? Who can he have been? Another man in Linda's life, under the savagely jealous Clay's very nose? Does this letter really prove the damning things that Wilmott claims it does? And what can have been the reason for Clay's pitiless behavior? Read next week's installment and learn how he dealt with an attempt that Linda made to escape from him.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the hardest mineral?

2—How many newspapers are published in the United States?

3—Which United States city is fourth largest in population?

4—Who is called "the mystery man of Europe"?

5—For whom was the poinsettia named?

6—What is a poilu?

7—Who wrote the Waverley Novels?

8—Of what is steel composed?

9—Is the peanut a vegetable or is it a nut?

10—What is mayhem?

11—What weight is a kilogram?

12—How great is the distance from New York to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal?

13—What was the full name of President Grover Cleveland?

14—Who were John Adams and John Quincy Adams?

15—What is an armadillo?

16—Who was Arabi Pasha?

17—When did Ignace Paderewski make his début as a pianist?

18—Where is Rangoon?

19—Which is the largest continent?

20—What is a parhelion?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

The Ladies Thank Us For Saying . . . .

IF GARTERS WERE WORN AROUND THE NECK, YOU'D CHANGE THEM OFTENER

They tell us: "It's the one thing Jim was careless about." . . . "Otherwise, Tom is as neat as a pin." . . . "I tell Fred that when his garters are slipping, he is, too."

That's probably why so many wives are placing surprise packages of fresh, clean Paris Garters on dresser-tops, where Jim and Tom and Fred will find them . . . a commendable conspiracy to give forgetful husbands the security and satisfaction of a new pair of Paris.

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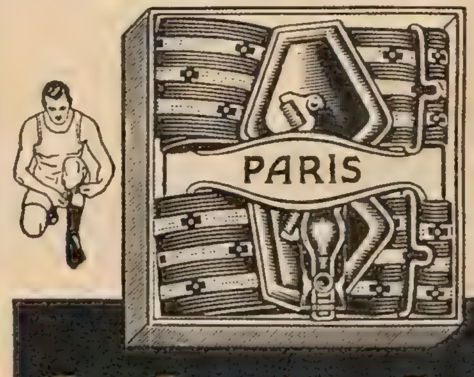


Try-Extra Long Stretch
PARIS
GARTERS
For Greater Comfort

JINX, JOY, and JAZZ

Misfortune Produces a Magnificent Picture and Teaches the Three Pigs Nothing—A Witty "Musical" Arrives—Mr. Fields Becomes a Star

by BEVERLY HILLS

WALLACE BEERY AS THE HERO IN VIVA VILLA!

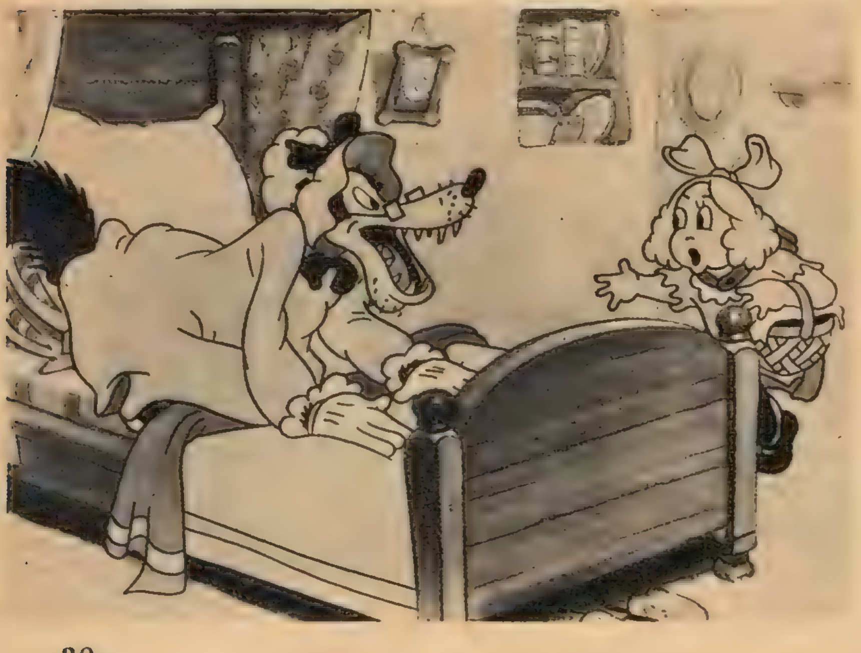
READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ VIVA VILLA!

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, Donald Cook, Stuart Erwin, George E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Katherine De Mille, and others. Directed by Jack Conway.

THERE have been "jinx pictures" in the past, but it is hard offhand to remember one which caused as much trouble to its producers as Viva Villa! David Selznick bought the title more than a year ago and assigned two writers to the script. When the script was finished, it was placed on the junk pile. Ben Hecht was assigned to do a new one, which he did in three weeks.



You guessed it—the Big Bad Wolf!

Howard Hawks was sent to Mexico to direct the picture. Three weeks later he was recalled because rushes showed that he and Selznick differed as to whether Villa should be characterized as a national hero or a sand-hill desperado. Meanwhile the location shots made by Hawks and by another unit were shipped to Hollywood by plane. The plane crashed and the film was burned.

Two days later, Lee Tracy, celebrating the company's departure, achieved his celebrated balcony scene in Mexico City.

With a new cast, a new director, and some doubts as to whether Viva Villa! would ever reach the cutting room, let alone the theaters, work on the picture started over again. There were no more mishaps except a mild epidemic of influenza which laid up Beery, Carrillo, and Conway successively; more argument with the Mexican government, which was naturally reluctant to lend soldiers a second time for remaking the scenes that had been burned; the deaths of two Mexican stunt riders; and the discovery, after the picture had been previewed for the first time, that it needed twice as many retakes as any one had expected.

That Viva Villa! turned out to be one of the best pictures of the year is fortunate, to say the least, because by the time it was finally ready for the ice box it had cost upward of a million dollars.

Readers of O'Reilly's and Muñoz's stories of Pancho Villa in Liberty will have some idea of what to expect of the picture. From the first shot, showing Villa as a twelve-year-old killing a hacendado's guard for whip-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

CUPID *talks it over with* Lupe Velez

CUPID: "Lupe, how do you win hearts before I even have a chance to aim one of my arrows at them? Is that nice, I ask you, interfering with my work?"

LUPE: "No, Cupid, I do not steal your job, I do nothing at all."

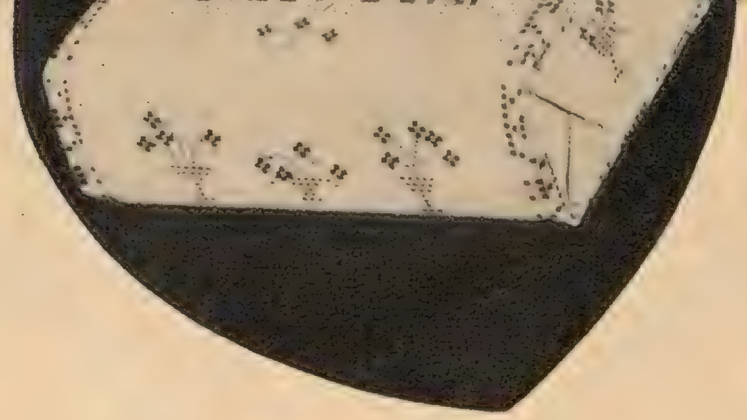
CUPID: "Maybe if you'd stop using Lux Toilet Soap I'd have more work to do! But while you have such devastating *skin . . .* "

LUPE: "You have a nerve, Cupid! *I* stop using Lux Toilet Soap? No! Never would I stop using the soap that does so much for my skin!"

CUPID: "Well, girls all over the country have found that out, Lupe. They've decided that the soap you use works for them, too."

LUPE: "Then romance will come to them. And pretty soon you will have no more job, my little Cupid!"

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Laughing Boy"



How's *your* allure this season? Keep it irresistible year in and year out the way Lupe does! As a matter of fact, of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. The lovely Lupe Velez tells you how *you* can have the kind of skin that men adore—the kind the screen stars have. Just use Lux Toilet Soap, their beauty care!

Keep the *soft* Hands he loves *it's easy this way...*

Just because you are so busy all the time you needn't give up having lovely hands. There's a way to keep those faithful hands of yours *beautiful*, too.

If they are roughened and red—perhaps a bit chapped—it's because you have let them lose some of the moisture from the inner skin cells.

Hand skin is different from the rest of your skin. Having little natural oil, it must depend on moisture to keep it soft and smooth. But everything your busy hands do tends to take this moisture out of the skin. So you must see to it that moisture is *restored* to the dry, parched skin cells. Jergens Lotion has been especially compounded just to do this for you.

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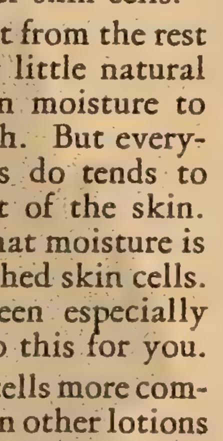
That's why it never feels sticky!

And because it blends the two ingredients that specialists prescribe for softening and whitening the hands, it works miracles! Even on dry, chapped hands and rough, scratchy fingers!

Do get some today. 50c and $1.00 in drug stores and department stores. In a handy, smaller bottle at the ten-cent stores, too.

THIS LOTION *goes* INTO *skin cells more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested. Try it yourself at our expense—*

Jergens Lotion



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(Continued from page thirty)

ping his father, to the last, in which Villa is shot down while buying his best girl a present at the butcher shop, the picture is an immensely exciting picturesque epic, fast without being hurried, heroic without being pretentious, specific without being trivial. Panoramically, Viva Villa! reaches its peak in the sequences showing Villa's march to Mexico City. He starts from Texas with seven dollars and four friends, and ends in Mexico City three months later with an army of 60,000.

Beery's characterization gives the picture unforgettable moments—Villa taking a bath on a railway car and jumping out of it to greet an American newspaperman; trying to sneak off from his wife one evening to get married to a dancer in a cabaret; drawing his money out of a village bank by killing the cashier and putting the contents of the cash drawer in his pocket. None of these incidents and no description of the picture conveys the life and spontaneity which a year of misfortune somehow put into it. It has the photographic eloquence of Eisenstein's Thunder Over Mexico and the dramatic drive of Scarface.

★★★★ THE BIG BAD WOLF

THE PLAYERS: Three Pigs, Little Red Riding Hood, Grandma, Wolf. Two-reel cartoon by Walt Disney.

THERE are some very unfortunate goings-on in this picture which make it apparent that from all the miseries and frights which they experienced a year ago, Walt Disney's pigs learned nothing whatever. Still squeaking a brash anthem on their ignorant piccolos, they are, in The Big Bad Wolf, to be observed whistling on volcanoes as usual while their intelligent brother builds them a brick house of excellent design.

Precisely how the pigs managed to get into the fable of Red Riding Hood is not clear, but what they do in it is characteristic. They misinform the heroine as to the best means of getting to her grandmother's house. When she is attacked by the Wolf, they desert her immediately and hide under a bed. At the end of The Big Bad Wolf the pigs are more cheerful than ever, dancing without fans or trousers while their obliging brother pumps the organ.

★★★ $20,000,000 SWEETHEARTS

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Ginger Rogers, Allen Jenkins, Joe Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell, Joan Wheeler, Henry O'Neill, Ted Fiorito and band, Four Mills Brothers. Directed by Ray Enright.

IT seems, from a glance at $20,000,000 Sweethearts, that Warner Brothers' ideas of what constitutes a musical picture are finally beginning to simmer down and cool somewhat. In $20,000,000 Sweethearts there is not a single swimming pool, revolving stage, treadmill, or waterfall. There is only one scene in a night club.

In $20,000,000 Sweethearts Dick Powell keeps his boyish charm under admirable control and gives a very workmanlike and pleasant impersonation of a young radio tenor involved in the difficulties, financial and romantic, which are incidental to his becoming the head crooner on a soap program.

Among the other things that make this a definitely enjoyable musical picture are a witty and well written script by scenarists who get no credit on the screen; a good characterization by Pat O'Brien of the overconfident talent scout who discovers Powell in a Los Angeles hash house; and Ginger Rogers, who, in the opinion of this department, could make good entertainment out of a much poorer picture than $20,000,000 Sweethearts.

★★★ YOU'RE TELLING ME

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames, Tammany Young, and others. Directed by Sam Coslow.

W. C. FIELDS' first starring picture contains a trifling story about how the visit of a Princess Loscaboura (Adrienne Ames) to the village of Crystal Springs straightens out certain romantic difficulties for the oculist's daughter (Joan Marsh) and the son (Buster Crabbe, clothed) of the town's big shot.

Fields gets tangled in the curtains of his wife's drawing-room. His hat falls off. He demonstrates a puncture-proof tire by shooting it with a revolver and catching the bullet in a baseball glove. He tries to commit suicide in a Pullman lavatory. He buys an ostrich. He gets involved on a golf course with a dumb caddie, a gross of tissue paper, and a bag of collapsible clubs.

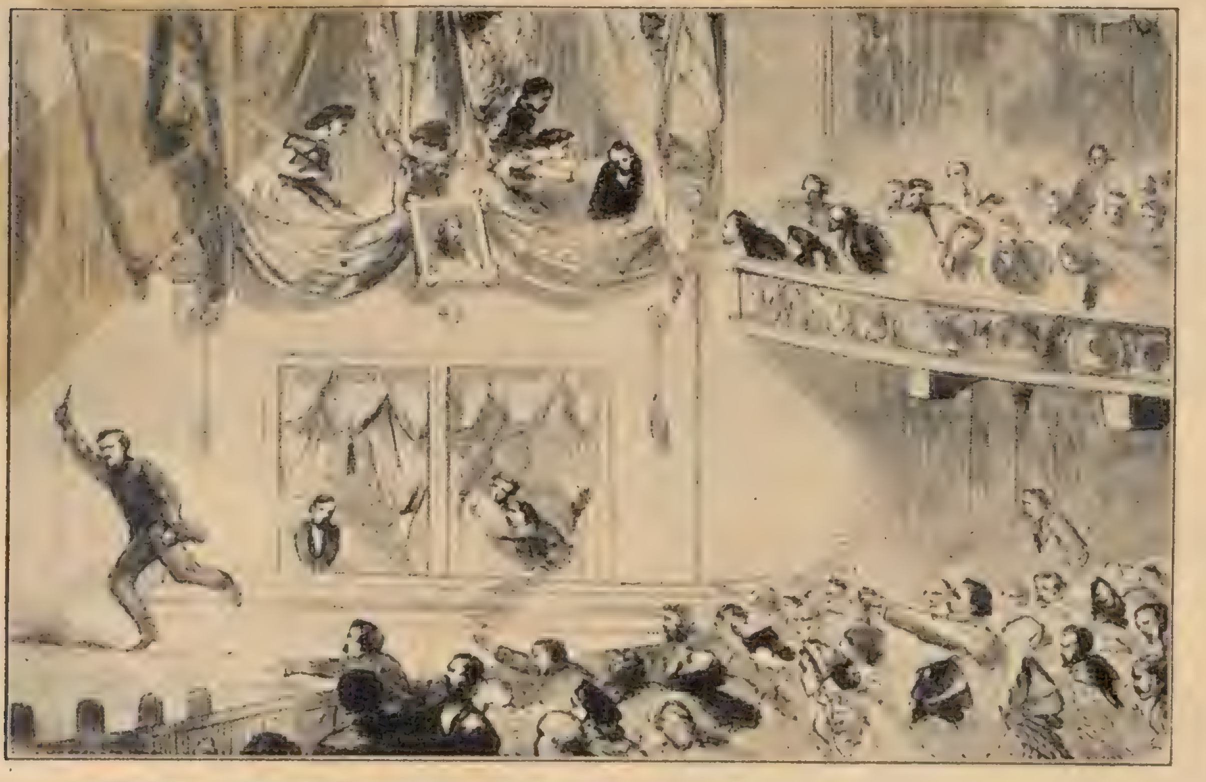
All of these activities are much funnier than they sound. Added together and performed in Fields' extraordinary style, they have some brave, persistent quality that makes the hero of You're Telling Me human as well as absurd and rounds the picture into one of the most engaging comedies of the season.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus.

I Saw Lincoln Shot



The scene after Booth's leap—as it must have looked to Lieutenant Rivard in his box opposite Lincoln's. From a contemporary drawing.

The Story of an April Memory that Lived for Sixty-nine Years

by Lieutenant John B. Rivard as told to Frank M. Butler

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Rivard fought through three years of the Civil War. Discharged from the Union army with the rank of lieutenant, he married and stayed in Washington for a honeymoon. On the night of April 14, 1865, he took his bride to Ford's Theater; there she would see Abraham Lincoln. The play was a comedy, Our American Cousin. Booth's pistol turned the occasion into tragedy.

On February 27, 1934, not long after telling Mr. Butler this story, Mr. Rivard died in Woodbine, New Jersey. He would have been one hundred on May 24.

MY memory is not so good as it once was for recent happenings; but I can never forget the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

I was only the width of the stage from him when he was shot. I do not believe that anybody actually saw the shot fired. If they did, why was not the alarm raised sooner? I was in a location to have seen as much of what went on in his box as anybody except his party and the actors on the stage; but I did not happen to be looking at the moment. Furthermore, an appreciable length of time elapsed between the report of the pistol and the cry, "The President has been shot!"

This cry came from his box, and even there no one noted Booth's presence until the shot rang out. Major Rathbone, who was the first to see Booth, probably did not realize that he had done more than shoot at the President. As Booth leaped from the box, the major merely cried, "Stop him! Stop that man!" and the actors and stage hands were so thunderstruck that they failed to do anything.

No one can say exactly how long it was from the time the shot was fired until Miss Harris of the President's party called out that he had been shot. But between those two happenings Booth had struggled with Major Rathbone and stabbed him in the arm and had leaped to the stage, breaking one leg; he had then regained his feet and hobbled to the footlights to yell, "*Sic semper tyrannis!* The South is avenged!" and had managed to get away to the stage door and to mount his horse for flight.

Laura Keene, the actress, ran to the footlights and exclaimed, "For God's sake, keep your seats and everything will be all right!" Miss Harris called for stimulants, and Miss Keene inquired what the trouble was. "The President has been shot!" was Miss Harris's answer. Naturally, all eyes had been on Booth, and this was the first, as I believe, that any one outside of the Presidential party knew of what had happened.

My bride and I had not gone to the theater merely to see Lincoln, but the fact that he was to be present had made me doubly proud to take her. I had bought seats in the box directly opposite the President's.

The first act was more than half through when he and his party came in. General Grant and his wife were to have accompanied the Lincolns, but in the afternoon the general had been called out of town. I have always felt that if Grant had been in the President's box that night the dreadful happening would have been avoided, as he was a restlessly active man and would probably have detected Booth's presence in time.

A big easy armchair had been provided for the President. I can see him and his party yet as they sat there. He laughed at the jokes and chatted with the others, and once he rose and put on his overcoat. It was a cold night and the theater was none too warm.

All was gayety and pleasure; nothing gave the slightest warning. Suddenly the shot rang out. Everybody at first, apparently, thought it a part of the play. When Miss Harris cried out what had happened, a woman screamed "Murder!" and then bedlam broke loose. Instantly the audience was changed into a howling, raging mob. Those too weak to buffet it were knocked down and trampled. We saw that we could do nothing, so we waited in the box until soldiers came in and restored order. Army surgeons in the audience made their way to the Presidential box, and Lincoln was then carried to a house across Tenth Street.

When we reached the street a vast crowd had gathered, and men with ropes and torches were yelling, "Kill the rebels! Burn the theater!" Undoubtedly they would have set fire to it but for drastic action by the military. All night long mobs roamed the streets, making such a disturbance that no one could have slept.

As it was, newspapers issued frequent editions throughout the night and everybody stayed up to hear reports of the President's condition. It was only after the announcement of his death, shortly after 7 A. M., that we undertook to get any rest.

THE END

For Mother's Day—A Daughter's Tribute to Her "Closest and Dearest Friend"

Thoughts

Mrs. Dall with Anna Eleanor and Curtis Roosevelt Dall—"Sistie" and "Buzzie" no more!

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WE'VE all heard of those psychology tests in which the victim is given a list of words—one at a time—and must answer the first word which comes into his mind. If I were taking such a test, and the word *mother* were on the list, I'm sure my immediate reaction would be *friend*.

I feel that the finest compliment which I can pay to my own mother is that she's my closest and dearest friend. Since my brothers and I were small children we've been aware that this was the feeling which my mother valued most highly.

There are so many qualities which make up this parent-child friendship that it might be well to analyze those which stand out most clearly. I can't do better than to borrow the great foundation of the Republic of France in describing the most essential components of this important friendship: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

We have always had the liberty to have our own ideas, with the natural result that there are many differences of opinion in the family circle. Any one listening behind a screen to one of our family gatherings might mistake it for a very animated, sincere, and, I might add, hilarious debating society. Never once has mother made us feel that an argument, even against her most cherished causes, would be taken personally. This freedom of expression and deep respect for each other as individuals have made one of the strongest blocks in the foundation of our friendship.

But this liberty hasn't been confined to words; it extends to action; and, in action, even to the right to make mistakes. My mother has always given us her most thoughtful advice, but if our convictions, after discussion with her, were different, we were free to go ahead according to our own ideas. And, to be perfectly fair, we have often learned through trial and error how true has been her counsel.

As a mother myself, I realize how difficult it is to stand by and let a child learn from experience when all reasonable persuasion has failed and one feels certain that the child is making a mistake for which he will suffer.

Fraternity is, of course, companionship. It requires imagination, especially with younger children, whose ideas of fun differ greatly from those of adults. For example, my children love to play "theater." We have a small cardboard stage and our characters and scenery are cut out of paper. My job is to act as master of ceremonies and to invent the story of the moment. I've had to learn, however, that this same story may be demanded day after day, and any variation in the narrative brings strident protests. What a temptation it often is to try to make the children accept at least a new version of the old story!

As my children grow older I hope I can give them the developing companionship which my mother gave me. I shall always associate certain books, mostly great classics of the world, with my mother because she first read them to me, and because she stopped to discuss their characters and ideas with me.

Real companionship means that human beings have many interests in common. Through the outside interests which my mother developed, we, as young people in our teens, felt that she was a real contact with events and people outside our home. Social welfare, politics, scientific advances, became real to us because mother had some part in them in her life. Our curiosity was constantly stimulated by her conversation about the activities of the twentieth century. As we made what to us were amazing discoveries, we found in mother a well informed, sym-

about my Mother

by ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

pathetic listener who would give us her own points of view.

Equality is the characteristic of my friendship with my mother which I believe I have always cherished most proudly. I've never heard her say, "Children like you can't possibly understand," or "Do this because I tell you to." I do believe that the children in our family have some qualities of adaptability and self-assurance, and I think these may be traced directly to the fact that we were accepted in the family circle as equals.

I've heard people say, "Children really are inferior both physically and mentally," and I think that may be challenged. For example, the child of three does not have the physical strength or dexterity of an adult, but what adult hasn't watched with absolute incredulity the amazing vitality and liveliness of even a three-year-old? To balance the adult's wider range of experience is the child's freshness of unprejudiced point of view. I've found that children's judgments about people are often startlingly clarifying. The eternal "Why, why, why?" of a child is but one indication of his intellectual curiosity, and I think that we have always been most grateful that we were never made to feel that simply because we were children we were inferior!

Sometimes there have come to my ear certain criticisms of the generation of mothers since the war. Some say they are flippant; others claim they lack the whole-hearted maternal instincts. When I survey the young mothers I know, it seems to me that they have the same fundamental qualities of motherhood which have always existed—love, responsibility, and sacrifice. And, in addition, they have strengthened the qualities of understanding and friendship which I feel they are more adequately able to give their children through their broadened lives.

What a thrilling and deep satisfaction any mother must feel whose son or daughter thinks of her, "She is a wonderful person. If she weren't my mother, I'd still like to have her for an intimate friend." THE END

Acme photos

Mrs. Roosevelt with four of her children at Campobello, New Brunswick, in 1920. The children are, from right to left, Anna (now Mrs. Dall), Franklin, John, and Elliott Roosevelt.

Dip the Girl!

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CARTER of Carter and Horgan tripped gracefully over a feeder cable in the wings of the Chicago Orpheum after their exit from their nine-o'clock show, clawed frantically at one of the balancing poles of the Three Balancing Diavolos, missed it, grabbed at Jennifer, and the team of Carter and Horgan ended up on the floor with a magnificent clatter under a drop depicting a garden growing some rather amazing-looking flowers amid Italian marble statuary.

"Ow!" said Johnny Carter. "Where am I? Ah, back in my little rock garden in Andalusia. Come, Jennifer, let me show you my marigolds. The Contessa presented them to me."

Jennifer Horgan, whose head was tangled up in Johnny's lap, gurgled "Mffff!" and kicked herself free. Beans the electrician looked down at them and said:

"Why the hell didn't you save that for out there?" nodding his head toward the stage and the front of the house from which there were no signs that any one wished Carter and Horgan to return. "That's funnier than anything you two done all week."

"Say," said Johnny, "that's an idea! Are we really that lousy?"

"Uh-uh!" grunted Beans. "Git up. You're parked on a lot of volts."

"I believe I will lie here a while and take the baths," suggested Johnny. "Maybe a lot of volts is what this act needs." And then, as Jennifer picked herself up, "You know, Jen, Beans may be right. Maybe if we don't take that waltz finale and do a trick fall instead, we—"

Jennifer interrupted him. Her face was stormy. "Get up!" she said. "I'm an actress. I don't have to do falls to get laughs—yet."

"No," replied Johnny, brushing himself off; "but it won't be long now. We can't live off those eggs we are laying out there every show forever. Sometimes I wish you had a little less Cornell and a little more Gracie Allen in you."

"Now see here, John Carter." Jennifer's gray-green eyes clouded and narrowed and turned more green than gray. "When I was a single—"

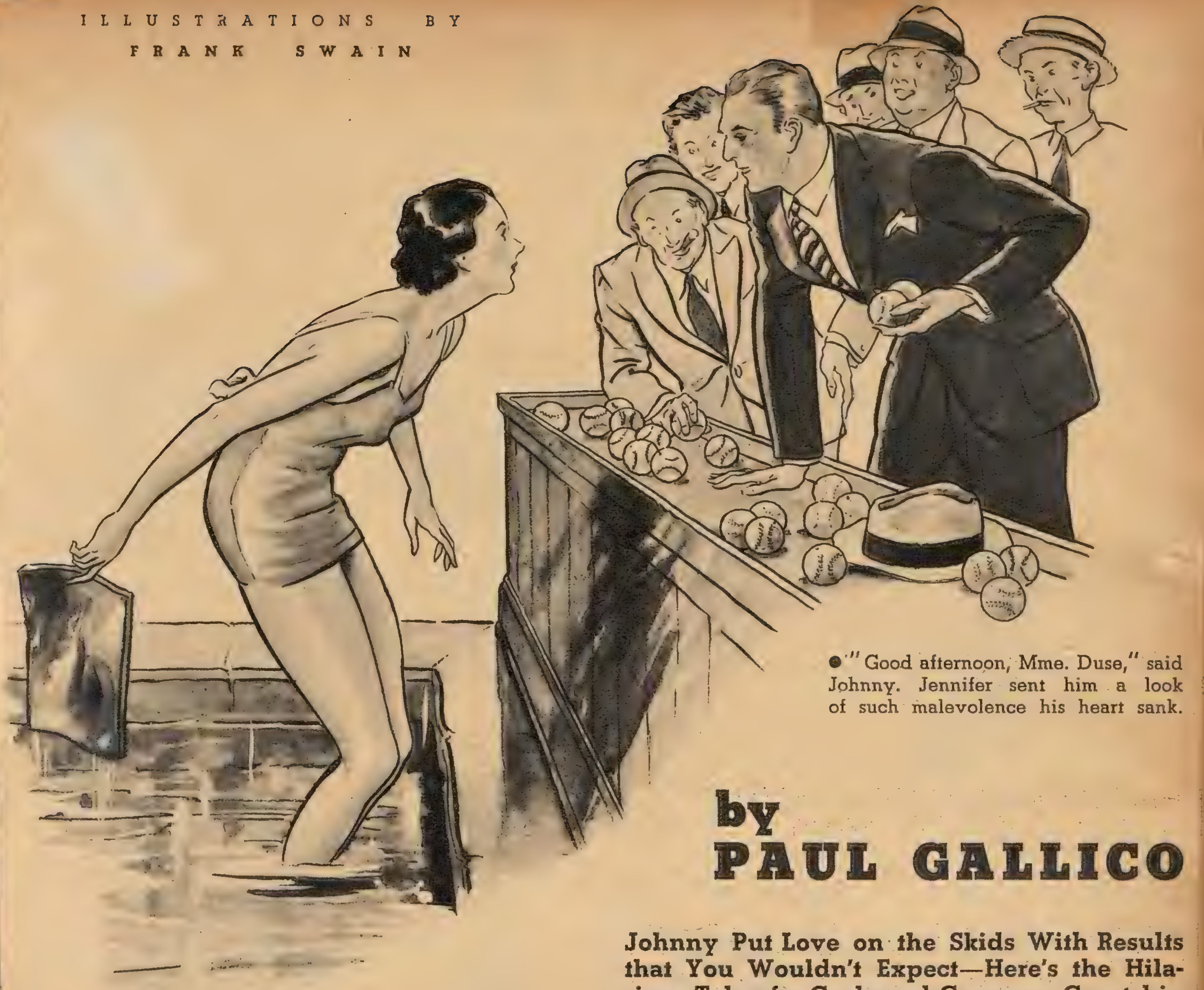
"That is the trouble," said Carter, deliberately overlooking the storm signals. "If you had listened to me down in Dallas the way I asked you to and had married me, you wouldn't be single any more—ever again— Oops! Sorry, boys"—this last as the Three Balancing Diavolos went bouncing past to meet their cue music out front and nearly upset him again. "Baby, do you realize that we are just one turn away from the acrobats, we have no booking for next week, and there is about a dollar eighty-five in the kick? Even if we were any good we couldn't get any—"

Jennifer turned quivering and addressed one of the painted cupids on the garden drop: "Oh, why did I ever listen to that man at all? Why did I ever go in as a team? He can't act, he can't sing, he can't dance. He's holding me back. I had a good single—"

"Yeah," said Johnny Carter, talking out through the wings as he watched a Diavolo do a head stand on an egg cup, "you had a good single. That is why you had had one ham sandwich in three days down in Dallas. Now if you would quit dramatic recitations and imitations of Eva Tanguay imitating Ethel Barrymore and either marry me or learn how to do a head stand on an egg cup—"

Jennifer turned on him so that her fine black hair cut page-boy fashion whipped around her face. "Me! Me! Me!" she cried. "It's always me! Did you ever see yourself mugging through a torch song? And you ruin my dance number because you don't know what to do with yourself on stage. I'm sick and tired of being

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN



● "Good afternoon, Mme. Duse," said Johnny. Jennifer sent him a look of such malevolence his heart sank.

by
PAUL GALLICO

Johnny Put Love on the Skids With Results that You Wouldn't Expect—Here's the Hilarious Tale of a Cockeyed Caveman Courtship

blamed for everything. The way you feed me that line in the perfume gag, it hasn't pulled a laugh since Oklahoma City. You don't think *you're* an actor, do you?"

As a matter of fact Johnny Carter didn't, but Jennifer's challenges somehow angered him. "Baby," he said, "I never pretended to be. I was a fair-to-middling baseball pitcher and a pretty good pilot before I had the misfortune to select the stage as a profession. But if I couldn't put over a song better than you murder that Ethel Merman number— I only became an actor to be near you, as I have explained a dozen times before. And what do I get for it?"

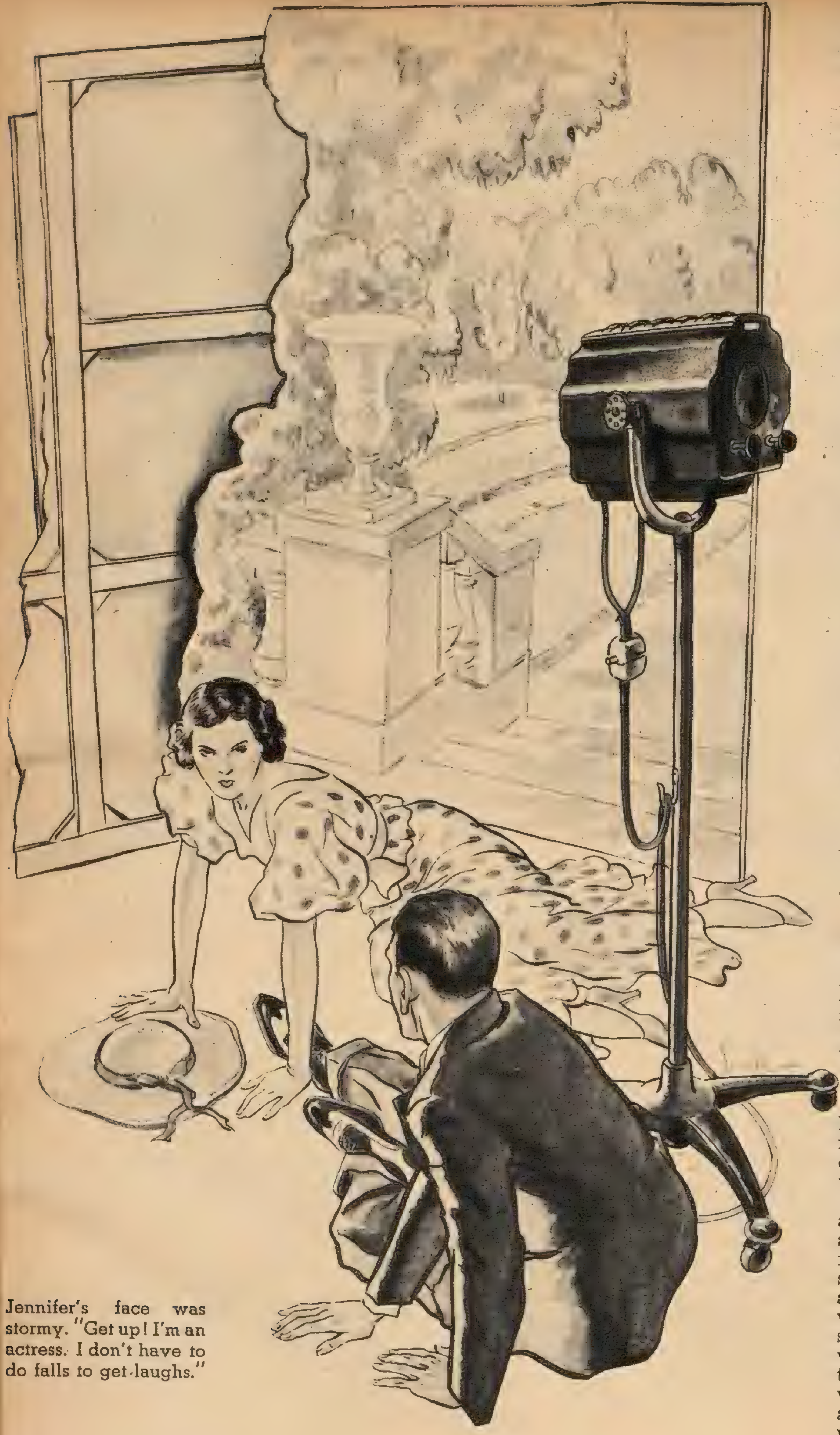
JENNIFER'S temper gathered at the base of her skull and blew high, wide, and handsome. The audience had sat on its collective hands throughout their turn and there had been a small boy down front shelling peanuts. The stain in her cheeks spread beyond her make-up. She let out an "*Oh!*" that reached out to the third Balancing Diavolo, who was trying to do a hand stand on a beer bottle, and which caused him to look reproachfully into the wings and start all over again. It also brought the stage manager a-running.

"*Oh!* What do you get for it? You've been living off me ever since I was foolish enough to let my single go and team it. I've supported you and supported the act. You never thought I was any good. You've just been waiting for me to drop into your lap. Well, I won't. I don't want to marry you and I don't want to work with you. I got along without you before and I can do it again. Good night, Mister Carter."

There was a mild patter of applause from out front as one of the Diavolos balanced on a drinking tumbler. The stage manager said soothingly, "Now, dearie," as Jennifer brushed by him. She was headed not for the dressing room but the stage door. Beans the electrician looked at the watch strapped to his wrist and said, "This is the regular nine-o'clock row, running three minutes behind schedule. They will be all cooled off for the ten-forty-five show. I get this every night."

Johnny Carter looked at him a little soberly. "Yeah, wise guy?" he said. "Well, if the public clamor for Carter and Horgan at ten-forty-five becomes overwhelming, you'd better throw in a Mickey Mouse, because Carter and Horgan, songs, dances, and patter, smart sayings, and tricks with string, ain't any more. I can go for anything but that 'supported by her' stuff. I could have been flying the mail between here and Salt Lake City, but I gave it up to be a ham actor for that dame. Are there any semipro teams in town that can use a broken-down curve-ball pitcher? Ah, nuts!" He headed for the stage door but stopped for a moment. "And by the way, Beans. Thanks for the tip on how lousy we were. I kinda had an idea—"

The Three Balancing Diavolos went on fifteen minutes ahead of schedule for the last show, because, while



Jennifer's face was stormy. "Get up! I'm an actress. I don't have to do falls to get laughs."

Johnny Carter hovered anxiously in the wings, Jennifer did not appear. She wasn't in her room at the hotel when Johnny telephoned. When he hurried over there, the room clerk said that Miss Horgan had gone out earlier. He couldn't remember whether she had had a bag. When he went up to his own room, Johnny found the note Jennifer had slipped under the door. It read:

> Johnny: I'm not angry at anything that was said tonight. I've just heard it once too often. I'll get a job until I can book my single again. I'm not coming back. JENNIFER.

Johnny calculated quickly. At the most, Jennifer had three or four dollars in her purse. He had two. The run-out would tie up what salary they had coming. The child was loose in a tough town. He remembered the night he had first seen Jennifer in Dallas, where he was working for the air school at Love Field. She had been on the bill at the Imperial, very small, very wistful, and very bad. She sang a few songs and did a conventional tap routine. Johnny couldn't take his gaze from her silky black hair that flopped and shook when she danced, or her wide gray-green eyes, eyes which she later warned him grew all green and cloudy and were storm signals. The processes whereby Johnny Carter fell in love were immediate and usual; the results not quite so.

Jennifer Horgan's grandmother had been an opera singer; her mother an actress in stock. Both were dead. Her father had vanished. Jennifer booked when and where she could, ate when she played, and when she didn't play, tightened her belt and consoled herself that it kept her figure down. Dallas ended a booking. Her salary went for back rent.

Johnny finally managed to meet her. It was at the end of a three days' fast (but for the ham sandwich which the girl at the hotel news stand, who knew something, had slipped her). She was white and peaked and thin, and her eyes glowed wider than ever. She ate only very lightly when Johnny took her out to dinner—she had had experiences before with overeating after fasting—and disposed of herself and her life very simply. She did not love Johnny Carter (after one hour!), though he seemed to be a pleasant young man. Therefore she would not marry him. She would not have anybody marry her out of pity. (Johnny swore that it was Paolo and Francesca, Abélard and Héloïse, Leander and Hero, doubled and redoubled in spades with him). She was going to continue on the stage until she succeeded. If she died in the attempt, that would not matter either. It would probably be, she told Johnny with a small sigh, very restful.

Johnny wisely restrained himself. The temptation was arms, a kiss, strokings of the glossy head, and murmurings of "There, there!" which wouldn't have worked with Jennifer at all. Instead he sold her the idea. He had done glee and dramatics at Simpson College. He was a good-looking six-footer with a mop of sandy hair and a laughing mouth. A team had a better chance than a single. Fifty-fifty and strictly business. If she fell in love with him, all right. If not—well, he had always wanted to go on the stage.

THERE was no particular reason why, on the third lonely day after Jennifer had fled, Johnny Carter found himself at the Fair again, except that he had a strange feeling that somewhere in that vast seething colorful tumultuous show he might find Jennifer. He had no definite basis for this and could hark back to nothing more concrete than a night (a happy one) they had spent there before they opened on the Orpheum bill, when they passed the pitch known as the Oriental Theater, and Little Egypt, a pudgy and weary-looking blonde, had obliged with a few simple wiggles at the behest of the barker. Jennifer had giggled and said, "Poor thing. I can do better than that. Did you ever see me snake-hips?" There was that and the fact of its being a gigantic show. The show always drew Jennifer.

Johnny haunted the exterior of the cooch show until all of the little ladies had been summoned forth one by one, half expecting to see Jennifer in gauze and beads swaying on the platform. He meant to beat her with the flat of his hand if he did, and felt an empty pang when he failed to find her. He strolled down the blatant, blaring noisy Midway, looking for Jennifer in the crowd, in the ticket booths outside the attractions.

He thought for a moment that he had caught a glimpse of her in the Miss America show, but it was a dark-haired model with fat legs. Jennifer had lovely legs. Bozo the Dragon Ride went thundering and honking around his wavy track, breathing steam and blinking red lights for eyes. Every so often his hide would suddenly flap up, revealing the cars and lovers caught unexpectedly. Johnny stood while Bozo made three trips and his hide flapped six times, looking for Jennifer. He raised his eyes to the balcony of the Plantation show and searched among the tapping, jigging high and low yallers there. Jennifer was not above blacking up when she was hungry. Supposing she had connected with the Pirate Ship. He didn't have the money to go in and find out.

He wandered through the Hall of Science and listened to some of the guides lecture. There was a college girl discoursing on the molecular hypothesis who looked a little like Jennifer. Jennifer *might* be doing that. Jennifer wouldn't know what it was about, but she could memorize it. Another hunch drove him into the Belgian Village, which took twenty-five cents from his dwindling store of silver. He sat at a red-and-white-checkered table outside the Café Leopold on the square. The village girls and boys in their wooden shoes, whirling red-and-blue skirts, and neat white headdresses danced the folk dances of Belgium, breathless, sweating, and merry. Johnny looked for Jennifer. She could dance those dances. He finished a glass of beer and left.

He knew that Jennifer was about; that he would run into her if he kept on. He was desperately afraid that he would not be at the right spot when the opportunity came, that their paths would cross blocks apart, that he would never see her again. Something very close to panic drove him on. The day was warm and the sun shone brightly on the colored towers.

He wandered through Old Heidelberg. There were pretty waitresses in peasant costume—blouses, jumpers, short flaring skirts. Jennifer would look charming in such a costume. The sun beat on the white-plaster houses of the Moroccan Village and made it look genuine and hotly African. There was a truly Oriental stench in the streets. Jennifer wouldn't be there. She didn't like places that smelled. She only liked the musty smell of old scenery. There were veiled women in the bazaars and Oriental dancing girls on a platform swaying to a cymbalo, reed, and tom-tom. None of them had gray-green eyes.

HE had a moment of doubt. Jennifer would be far away, haunting booking offices, looking for work. And then the certainty of her nearness flooded him again. He knew he must search again. He wandered down aimlessly toward the Panthéon de la Guerre. The side street on which it lay was lined with the booths of concessionaires—dart games, throw-the-ball games, wheels of chance, horse races. There was a small crowd that obscured the counter of one booth completely. They were throwing baseballs at some target or other. Sometimes the hard smack of the ball was followed by a scream and a splash. Johnny walked on past. There was a laugh from the fringe of the crowd, and somebody, a man's voice, shouted, "She won't squeal! Make her squeal! Go on, duck her again. She oughta squeal!" Instinctively Johnny at his full height turned his head and craned his neck to see over the crowd who or what wouldn't squeal, and why.

It was Jennifer.

I suffered in secret for years!

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It was Jennifer who at that moment was sitting with a baleful look on her face, her lips tightly compressed, her eyes all green and cloudy, in a little tank of water at the bottom of a wooden slide. At the top of the chute was a tiny wooden cubicle on the door of which was lettered the name Kitty. There were three other doors labeled Dot, Min, and Amy. There was a slide leading from each door into the little water trough directly beneath the counter. On the counter were baseballs arranged in sets of three. The sides of the booth were glaringly painted with what purported to be beauteous bathing girls, but which looked like sausages stuffed into colored skins. A big painted sign read, "Dip a Girl! Three tries for ten cents." The proprietress, an untidy and angular-looking lady in a black silk dress, stood outside the pitch and tried to thrust baseballs into the hands of customers. Her husband, in shirt sleeves and suspenders, was behind the counter, where he moodily picked up baseballs and made change.

ALL this Johnny saw while Jennifer picked herself out of the trough, seized a blue sponge-rubber mat, looking neither to the right nor the left, climbed a crude set of steps on the right, and vanished. She was wearing a bright-red bathing suit and a red cap. Jennifer did not look especially well in red. A baseball went *splat!* up against the target marked Dot. The door opened and Dot appeared, sliding. She was freckled, henna-headed, and disinterested. She said "Wheeeeeeeeeeee!" mechanically, clapped her hands perfunctorily. Min appeared in response to a direct hit and went "Wheeeee!" as she slid, and then simpered as she lit with a resounding splash, due to undeniably chubby proportions. She was a pinkish blonde. Amy was a little brunette, very gay and cute. She likewise gave it plenty of "Wheeeee!" on the way down and winked at the crowd when she lit, causing several to say, "Hey, get a load of Amy!"

Johnny edged his way closer to the counter. A lanky farmer was whipping baseballs at Kitty's cubicle, behind which lurked Jennifer, and was missing. "She don't squeal like them others," he was saying. "Bet I can make her squeal too." He took another dime's worth. The second ball cracked the target smartly. The door flew upward, and Jennifer sailed down on her blue sponge mat. Johnny was glad to see what the mat was for, as the chute looked a little rough. Her lips were pressed together tightly and her eyes still glowed balefully. She made no sound at all except for the splash as she hit the bottom.

"Haw-haw!" laughed the farmer. "I got her down again. Come on, sister, give us a little life. She don't go 'Wheeee!' like the rest of them."

"Good afternoon, Mme. Duse," said Johnny. "Why don't you go 'Wheeeee!' for the gentleman? He paid for it. Give him a show."

Jennifer started, recognized Johnny, climbed out of the tank, and sent him a look of such malevolence that his heart sank. On her way back upstairs she muttered quickly, "I despise you utterly. Go away."

Johnny turned to the angular proprietress. "Sister," he said, "I've got to talk to that girl. I've *got* to."

The proprietress looked at him without favor. "Nothing doing. Want to get me in trouble? This is a respectable pitch. Nobody can't talk to no girls."

"No, no!" said Johnny. "For God's sake! This isn't a pick-up. I've been looking for that girl for three days. It's—" He pressed his hand to his heart region. "A girl like you ought to understand—"

The proprietress sighed and bridled. "Oh," she said. "Well, what name will I tell?"

"She'll know. You're a bright angel," Johnny said. "Just tell her Johnny Carter is sorry and wants very much to talk to her."

The proprietress mumbled something to her husband, who skinned over the counter and took up the job of barking while she slipped around in back, up the steps, and behind the cubicles. The farmer at this moment hit Jennifer's target again. The door slid open, exposing the proprietress kneeling down like a sprinter on his mark.

"Wheeeee!" shouted the farmer. "What do you have to do to bring the old lady down?"

Jennifer slid solemnly into the water. Johnny leaned solicitously over the counter and offered his arm. "Darling," he began, "I—" Jennifer arose, favored him with a truly poisonous look, and went back up, passing the proprietress, who was on her way down with her mouth pursed, looking severe.

"SHE said," she informed Johnny, "that she never heard of you or saw you before." Johnny looked so stricken that her face relaxed a trifle. "She said something about a policeman. We don't want no trouble around here."

"That is just what I am trying to get out of—trouble," explained Johnny. "Do you suppose she really doesn't love me?"

The proprietress looked sympathetic. "She wasn't what I might call enthusiastic. Still—now, when I was a girl—"

"Wait a minute," said Johnny. A baseball had just gone *splat!* against the target. Jennifer's door flew open. She appeared, staring straight at Johnny wide-eyed and her face set in rage, and slid solemnly down.

"Darling," began Johnny, "you know that I love you. You've got to listen to me. We—" By that time Jennifer was back up the stairs again. "Well," said Johnny philosophically, "that's a beginning. It may take all afternoon, but anyway she'll hear it. Where are all these good shots?"

Unfortunately, at this juncture the lady who lived behind the door marked Min created an unexpected diversion in that her bathing suit, due to internal pressure outwardly exerted, exhibited a small but undeniable split at the hip. The cognoscenti immediately recognized a bargain, and a volley of baseballs rattled up against Min's door. Min appeared simpering delightedly (the girls were paid by the number of trips into the drink that they made) and the rent widened. The crowd invested in ammunition.

"Gosh," said Johnny, "I'll forget my speech! How much are the balls?" He felt for money in his trousers pocket and discovered that he had been quite deftly rolled and that it wasn't there any more. There were two thin dimes at the bottom of the pocket. Johnny fished them out and kissed them. "Hm—six shots. Arm, don't fail me now. I just can't miss." He handed the twenty cents to the proprietress and received six baseballs.

"NICKEL rockets," he commented contemptuously. "Throw my arm out. Let's see. I've got to space this out. I've said, 'Darling, you know that I love you.' We'll go on from there." He wound up and whipped the ball on a line to Jennifer's door, where it flattened out from the impact but struck under the target. "Oh-h-h!" breathed Johnny. "One wasted. Where's my control? Groove this one, kid. Gotcha!"

It was a direct hit. Jennifer sailed forth, caught a glimpse of the remaining baseballs in Johnny's hand, and drew a sharp breath. Her eyes looked as though a sea-green film had descended over them.

"Darling," said Johnny, speaking as rapidly as he could and sacrificing depth of expression for speed so that it sounded a little like a train announcer calling off the stations, "I-was-dead-wrong-all-the-way-through. I'm-not-fit-to-be-on-the-same-stage-with—" Jennifer vanished. If she heard, her expression gave no sign of it, though Johnny thought that one side of her face looked a little softer. "I suppose I ought to give her time to get decently settled up there. Still—" He punctuated the last word with a shot that rifled to the target.

"I'm-a-ham-and-you're-the-goods-honey. Let's-call-it-quits-don't-break-my-heart. I-knew-I-loved-you-but-never—"

The proprietress came over and folded her hands, tilted her head to one side, and looked at Johnny a little dotingly. Two or three of the crowd abandoned Min, the split in whose suit had suddenly developed stubbornness and resistance and refused to wax, and became aware of the strange performance going on at the other end of the booth.

Splat!

"How-much-you-meant-to-me-until-I-lost-you-darling. I've-been-simply-frantic-I-haven't-slept-or-eaten-since—"

Johnny thought he detected a momentary answering gleam in Jennifer's baleful eyes at the word "eaten." The girl climbed out of the tank and marched up the stairs.

Somebody in the crowd said, "Mister, why don't you try singing to her?"

"Shut up!" said the proprietress firmly, and then caught herself and added in a softer tone, "Three balls for ten cents. Dip a girl."

Crack!

"I-lost-you-I-can't-make-it-go-without—" was as far as Johnny got before he became suddenly aware that while he had hit Jennifer's target a resounding smack in dead center, it was not Jennifer who was sliding down into the trough, but Dot with a very superior look on her face.

"That," said Johnny earnestly, "was a lousy trick," wound up viciously, and drilled the target on Dot's door through the heart, and duly produced Jennifer with a suspicion of a triumphant look on her face.

"You-made-me-waste-my-last-one-you-devil. Can't-make-it-go-without-you-so-why-don't-you-soften-up? You-know-if-I-didn't-love-you—" Jennifer vanished.

"Well," said Johnny, "I guess that is that. Why the hell didn't I take a course in elocution?"

The proprietress snuffled obviously, then sniffed and presented Johnny with three more baseballs. "Have these on me," she said. Her husband spoke for the first time.

"Ah-ah!" he said.

"Shut up," replied the proprietress.

"Sister," chuckled Johnny, "I had you tagged the first time I saw you. I can hear the rustling of your wings right now. Wonder if I ought to tell Jen that I love her?"

HE missed one out of the three shots, but with the other two briefly outlined this fact. The crowd had grown to staggering proportions and some of its members offered advice.

"That's no way to get 'em, Bud. Treat 'em rough!"

"Change your line. You ain't getting anywhere."

"Write her a letter."

"Try it again."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "No dough, no baseballs!"

A voice from the crowd said, "Give him a hand, somebody!" A baseball arched toward Jennifer's door, and another. Both missed. The fusillade became general. Jennifer had shifted behind Min's sign this time, but the barrage brought her down with the rest.

"Sweet," said Johnny quickly, "this-is-no-racket-for-you. You're-an-actress. Come-home-with-me. We'll-make-a-go-of-it-somehow."

The proprietress snuffled again and then leaned over and whispered something in Johnny's ear. Johnny hesitated and said, "We-e-ell," and then finally nodded his head.

The concession did a land-office business and for two hours the ping of the cash register alternated with the splash of the girls in the water and Johnny's voice, addressed to Jennifer, pleading, cajoling, commanding.

It was at half past six, as the crowd thinned a little, that Johnny suddenly noticed that the girl's face had become white and pinched, the baleful eyes suddenly tired, and that once when she made her way up the steps, tiny jaw grimly set, she faltered, clung to the rail, and went on. She slid down her chute again almost immediately afterward. Johnny's voice suddenly took on a sharp note.

"Jennifer!" he snapped, and his tone brought the girl's head up as she arose from the water. "How long since you've eaten?"

JENNIFER spoke for the first time: "Two days" (viciously), and then —"Johnny!" (not quite so viciously). She was up the steps again.

"Give me a baseball, somebody, quick!" Johnny snapped, and grabbed one from the counter. He fired it up against the target with such force that it split the wood. Jennifer slithered down. Her mouth was drooping.

"Jennifer," Johnny barked, "you damned fool! Get your clothes on. I'm going to take you to dinner."

Jennifer capitulated. "Johnny," she wailed, "I'm hungry!"

There was a faint cheer from the tag end of the crowd that had remained. The proprietress dabbed at her eyes and snuffled again. Her husband had his nose in the cash register but his lips were moving ecstatically as he counted.

They rode side seat on one of the long lean busses that carried them across the lagoon bridge to the Pabst Casino. The Fair lights were beginning to twinkle, and the walls and towers turned their blues and reds and yellows and purples. Red lights, like single sparks, rose up through the twin spires of the Sky Ride, and the cars, looking like illuminated bugs, crossed and recrossed the weblike cable strands. Fingers of light sprang up and pawed at the darkening sky and music drifted up from the lagoon.

"I want," said Jennifer to the waiter, "celery and olives, a fruit cocktail, some clam chowder. Have you any fish? Well, I want some fish first, and then I want a steak with mushrooms and hashed brown potatoes, and some cauliflower au gratin. Have you any new peas? And a salad, and some ice cream and coffee, and—"

"Jennifer," warned Johnny, "you'll die. You know you ought to be careful after—after—you haven't eaten for a while."

"You'll die," said Jennifer sweetly, "when you get the bill. I wonder how you're going to pay for it? Borrow it from me, I suppose. I know *you* haven't any money. Not after paying for all those baseballs."

They ate with the joy of the hungry. A bomb banged and the shell threw a purple shower of light over the lagoon that turned to green and then bright white stars. The waiter presented the bill. It was for

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Theol is the oil in tea that carries the flavor and fragrance. Tender Leaf Tea is *rich* in this flavor-bearing oil—richer than any but the most costly blends. So you find this tea has a more enticing fragrance, a better flavor.

Only the tender leaves are included in this blend. They are picked at the height of their flavor and potency—during the favorable dry season.

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BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

eight dollars. Johnny carelessly drew a ten-dollar note from his pocket, and when the waiter brought his change, presented him with a dollar—" For you, my good man. You have served us well."

Jennifer was staring at him. " Johnny! I suppose the police will be here any moment to come and get you. Where—where did you get it? "

Johnny lit a cigarette with what he was certain was a splendid insouciance, not to mention a considerable flair. " Oh," he suggested modestly, " just a little business deal. Nothing a woman would understand. I don't like to bore you with such things."

A wild light came into Jennifer's eyes and her long fingers suddenly poised themselves, pointing at Johnny's vest. " Johnny Carter! Do I find out where you got that money, or do I tickle? "

" You do not tickle," said Johnny, " not in public places. If you must know, I got it from the lady at the booth for shilling for them. They haven't done that much business since the Fair opened. Besides, I think she's stuck on me."

Jennifer sucked in her breath. " Johnny Carter," she declared without much conviction, " I hate you more than any man in the whole world."

" Uh-uh! " said Johnny. " Let's go down and look at the lagoon."

They walked down to the rail and looked out over the black-velvet water on which lay the lights of the great Fair like heaps of jewels. A gondolier passed beneath them, moving his craft with lazy rhythmic sweeps and singing softly. Jennifer slipped her hand into Johnny's paw.

" Well," she said, " I give in. I'm a lousy actress, probably the worst that ever lived. What happens now? We get married, I suppose. You fly the mail, and I sit home and wait to hear that you bumped one of the Alleghenies."

" Nope! " said Johnny. " We take another shot at it. As long as we both admit we're lousy, we've got somewhere to start from. I've been working on an act and we get a tryout next week. We'll do all our quarreling on the stage. People seem to love it. If we can draw as good as we did on the Midway—"

" Johnny," said Jennifer, " I love you more than any man in the whole world! "

A rocket shuddered and hissed and exploded into daylight and floating stars that lit the buildings and the Sky Ride, the lagoon, and Jennifer's pale face.

" Well," suggested Johnny, " don't we kiss? "

" Uh-uh! " said Jennifer.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Diamond.
2—About 12,500.
3—Detroit, Michigan.
4—Sir Basil Zaharoff.
5—Joel Roberts Poinsett, an American statesman.
6—A French private soldier.
7—Sir Walter Scott.
8—Essentially of iron and carbon.
9—A nut.
10—The maiming of a person.
11—2.2046 pounds.
12—5,289 miles.
13—Stephen Grover Cleveland.
14—Second and sixth Presidents of the United States.
15—A mammal of South America having a bony armor.
16—An Egyptian revolutionary leader (1841-1911).
17—In 1887 in Vienna.
18—In Burma, India.
19—Asia.
20—A bright light sometimes seen near the sun.

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

NOW that all of us pay so much attention to correct table service, a general knowledge of American silverware is worth having. This is one case in which European culture has nothing on us. Our early American silversmiths carried their art to a degree of perfection unique in the world. With the decline of the dollar, English collectors are over here snapping up every piece of our old silver that they can lay their hands on.

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

Louise Avery has charge of the American Silver Department at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. That is one of the things to see in New York. Miss Avery explained the fundamental differences to me.

"New York's early silver shows the Dutch influence," she said. "It is massive, solid, and practical. Our old New England silver is beautifully plain, in the Puritan tradition. The Philadelphia silversmiths followed a later English style—the Georgian—more ornate."

I asked Miss Avery about Paul Revere. Amateurs of fine American silver always bring up his name. He is almost as famous for his silvercraft as he is for his historic ride.

"Revere has been overrated," Louise Avery told me. "In the same period, John Coney was more original, and so was Jeremiah Drummer."

I was glad to hear that. Not glad to hear old Paul take a rap. Just glad to know that the neglected Coney and Drummer are getting a posthumous break.

● To my amazement I am receiving much response from men who agree that husbands always should be present as eyewitnesses at the birth of their children.

Recently on this page I reproduced the words of a man who brought this viewpoint to my notice. I will admit quite frankly that I did not believe many other husbands would partake of his opinion. I was wrong. From five states regionally representing every part of the country husbands have been communicating their approval.

Here is something new, I think, in the department of human relations. It may be an important breaking down of ancient taboo. Since before the dawn of history, women at childbirth have been isolated from their men. Lonesomely courageous, traditionally forlorn, they have gone *alone*—so many times—into the valley of sacrifice.

But nowadays there are men, it appears, who insist upon sharing the ordeal—spiritually at least.

DOROTHY PARKER

● The other day I met Dorothy Parker for the first time. It is always interesting to meet a woman of special reputation. Miss Parker is known far and wide as America's foremost lady wit. Her sayings are quoted by all the brighter columnists; she thinks the sayings up—and the columnists get paid for them.

Dorothy Parker sustains the theory that first-rate humorists never look the part. She is small, modest, extremely quiet, and she refuses to be funny for exhibition purposes. Her little dog is an *otter hound*, she claims, because he thumps his tail continuously on the floor.

"Thinks he's building a dam," says Miss Parker.

● An epidemic of rather quaint problems appears to be raging in Alabama. From Birmingham two constant readers of this page have asked me for help. The first is a man. He writes:

"When I said I ate soup, some of the office force took issue. We don't eat soup, they claimed—we *drink* soup. This started an argument which is still going on. Can you settle it?"

Gosh, what a question! Hand me my dictionary. Yes, here we are: Old Noah Webster gives us the clue, I think, in his No. 1 definition of the noun *drink*. He says it means any fluid taken for the purpose of quenching thirst. That would seem to put soup in the food class, not in the drink class—unless you're talking about a certain fluid that the boys call *giggle-soup*.

My other Birmingham inquiry comes from a girl. She wants to know what to do when she is introduced to some one she has met before—some one who can't (or won't) recall the previous introduction. She describes the experience:

"My friend says, 'Mary, have you met Miss Jones?' I say, 'Yes; glad to see you again.' But Miss Jones says, 'No, I don't believe we've met.'"

"In other words, I say yes, we've met before, while she says no, we haven't. It is very embarrassing. How can we avoid it?"

In such company, be ambiguous. Acknowledge nothing. When you are introduced, smile your prettiest smile and murmur a noncommittal "How do you do?"

● I always enjoy intelligent books about the American Indians. I found Warpath, by Stanley Vestal, a thrilling and excellent volume. (Published by Houghton Mifflin.)

● This mushroom pie makes a good party dish, luncheon, or supper. Do it as follows:

Slice 1½ pounds mushrooms, not too thinly. Fry them 4 or 5 minutes in a little butter. Cut 4 slices bacon in fine strips. Fill a deep fireproof dish with alternate layers of mushrooms and bacon. Add pepper and a little salt. Over all pour a scant ½ cup canned mushroom soup or slightly thickened consommé to which 1 tablespoon sherry wine has been added.

Cover with good short pastry about ½ inch thick. Brush with egg yolk and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

BIG LEAGUE STUFF

A Garrison Finish—Fred Merkle's Famous Boner—"Red" Ames and His Rainbow . . . Those Days Are Gone—And So Good-by

READING TIME
17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

Acme photo

Bill Terry and John McGraw at the opening game of last fall's World's Series with the Senators.

FOR a period of thirteen consecutive years—from 1901 to 1913 inclusive—Fred Clarke, Frank Chance, and I dominated the National League with a fighting spirit that could not be quelled. During that period we won all the pennants in the National League. Fred Clarke won four pennants, Chance won four, and I won the remaining five—and whichever team won, the other two were always right on its heels at the finish.

There never was a dull moment in ball games played between Giants and Pirates and Cubs. If our actions on the playing field need any alibi, that is it—that and the record of thirteen pennants won in thirteen years.

Frank Chance and Fred Clarke were both swashbuckling, fighting managers and rough and tough ball players, asking no quarter and giving none. In the heat of a hotly contested ball game they only had to think once to produce three or four ideas, all usually good ones.

Back in 1908 Chance and Clarke and I staged the most bitterly fought pennant battle the game has ever known. The biggest thrill baseball has ever given me was the National League pennant race of 1908. The game will never know another battle like that—three teams thundering down the stretch neck and neck, with two of them finishing the season in a tie and the other just a half game behind. And those three teams were Cubs, Pirates, and Giants, managed by Frank Chance, Fred Clarke, and myself, the three "stormy petrels" of baseball. This is the only instance in which an extra game had to be played after the season was over to decide the pennant winner.

The close finish was precipitated by the historic "Merkle incident." In a game between the Cubs and Giants, played at the Polo Grounds in New York on September 23, 1908, I sent Fred Merkle, then a younger player just breaking in with the Giants, up to the plate as a pinch hitter with McCormick on first, the score tied, and two out in the ninth inning. The games played between Cubs, Giants, and Pirates in those days usually came into the ninth inning that way—anybody's ball game and the players fighting tooth and nail for victory.

On this occasion Merkle slashed a base hit into the outfield on which McCormick raced around to third. Al Bridwell followed with a single to center field, and McCormick trotted across the plate with a run that apparently ended the game with a victory for us.

But there were a couple of smart ball players out there on that Chicago infield. Johnny Evers and Joe Tinker, racing through the crowd that had swarmed on to the playing field, recovered the ball, which hadn't even been thrown to the plate in an effort to stop McCormick from scoring. They had noticed that Fred Merkle, seeing McCormick crossing the plate with the winning run and thinking that ended the game, had run only part way down to second and then had cut across the outfield for the clubhouse. Evers got the ball out there in the crowd somehow, then he raced back and held it on second base, claiming that Merkle had been forced out at second as he hadn't yet reached that base, and so McCormick's run shouldn't count, as this made the third out.

Everybody thought it was a joke, as players had continually followed this habit when a safe hit had scored the winning run. But this time it was no joke. Merkle was under the shower bath and the playing field was crowded with spectators on their way out of the park. The ball game was over. Evers and Tinker raced after Umpire Hank O'Day, who was disappearing under the grandstand. Hank didn't know what to say—the play had never come up before. Finally, when he was out somewhere near Coogan's Bluff, he decided that Merkle was out and the game had therefore ended in a tie.

When we heard of that decision of Hank's we laughed about it, refused to take it seriously. But before the

U. & U. News photo

Fred Merkle, whose failure to touch second is historic.

Acme photo

Frank Chance, the Cubs' fighting manager in the old days. He was John McGraw's greatest rival.

Brown Bros. photo

Johnny Evers. He and Tinker nailed Fred Merkle's error.

season ended it proved to be a serious matter, as Hank's decision stuck, and that one game it took away from us would have won us the pennant.

From that point on the Cubs came fast, with the Pirates right on their heels and the Giants losing their slender lead, until all three teams were bunched up virtually in a tie.

The Cubs had a series of four games to play in Cincinnati, followed by a single Sunday game in Chicago against the Pirates—a game that would end the season for both clubs. If the Cubs won all four of their games in Cincinnati it would give them the pennant, regardless of what we or the Pirates did.

They won the first three games, then had the fourth apparently won with a one-run lead and with two out and two strikes on the batter in the last half of the ninth. The Reds had runners on second and third. Overall was pitching for the Cubs, and the Cincinnati batter, John Lobert, was one of his closest friends. But there was no friendship in baseball in those days; Lobert socked the next ball Overall pitched for a base hit to center field that scored the tying and winning runs. Cincinnati had pulled the game out of the fire. You can't make 'em any closer than that.

FRED CLARKE had been driving the Pirates down the stretch so fast that this game won by Cincinnati from the Cubs put Pittsburgh a half game ahead of Chicago. This took the two teams to Chicago for a Sunday game that would be a bitter duel for the pennant. By winning, the Cubs would end the season a half game ahead. The Pirates had to win to keep from losing their slender lead and the pennant.

The Sunday that game was played in Chicago represents the only time in my life I ever heard a New York crowd cheering for the old Cubs. They surrounded the bulletin boards in New York and they cheered every time a Chicago player made a hit—for if the Cubs won we still had a chance, though a slim one; while if the Pirates won it would end the race, with them winning the pennant.

And that final game for both teams was only decided by a hair-line decision late in the game when Fred Clarke was called out at third base trying to put the tying run in a position to score. The Cubs won on this decision, ending the season a half game ahead of the Pirates.

We still had three games to play in Boston on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday to finish our season. We were in third place, one game behind the Pirates, when the Cubs and Pirates had completed their schedule. We had to win all three games to pass the Pirates and finish in a tie with the Cubs. If one of those games had been rained out we'd have been out of the race.

MY ball club was tottering down the stretch in deplorable condition. Bresnahan had an attack of sciatic rheumatism. Mike Donlin was limping about with a Charley horse. Fred Tenny was in bandages from the waist down. Larry Doyle was badly spiked and in the hospital. My daily greeting to the team was "How are all the cripples? Any unidentified dead today?"

But the weather remained clear in Boston and we won all three games. That made necessary the playing of a special game to decide the pennant between our club and the Cubs after the season was over. I have already told in Liberty [issue of March 10] the story of that game—the most dramatic episode in baseball history. The game will never see another like it.

Neither do I ever expect to witness another scene like that in the Giants' clubhouse after we had lost that thrilling game to the Cubs by a score of 4 to 2—and with it the pennant. It looked like a hospital behind the lines of a defeated army after a battle. Players were limping around in bandages, some of them cursing and some of them crying.

The most pathetic figure of all was Fred Merkle. I am not ashamed to say that there were tears in my eyes when he came up to me and said:

"Mac, I've lost you one pennant. Fire me before I can do any more harm."

"Fire you?" I said. "Why, we ran the wrong way of the track today, that's all. Next year's another season. Do you think I'm going to let you go after the gameness you've shown through all this abuse? Forget it! I could use a carload of ball players like you."

And I patted the sobbing Merkle on the back, then turned to the other players. There was a lump in my throat that I couldn't swallow.

"Well, boys," I said, "the season's over and there are

A Series of Final Revelations

by JOHN J. McGRAW

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, 1902-1932

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no regrets. Remember that. You've played your game—a great game. It just wasn't in the cards for us to win, that's all. But I want you all to know that I have never seen a gamer bunch of ball players. Now, good-by till next spring."

Then I shook hands with them all and left the clubhouse. The most thrilling pennant race ever staged was over.

Those were the fighting days of baseball—the days of Frank Chance, Fred Clarke, and myself. We never missed a trick to win a ball game and we utilized crowd psychology to its fullest extent. But you can't stir up the old bitter animosities any more; the game has changed and baseball crowds are less emotional.

I always wanted a baseball crowd to be either for me or against me. A ball club reacts to its audience the same way an actor does. A listless crowd makes a dead ball game. If it happened to be a crowd that I knew would not be for me, I always managed to start something that would make it flare up against me and thus inject some fight into my ball club.

It never was any trouble to do this when we played Chance's Cubs or Fred Clarke's Pirates, as in Chance and Clarke I had two worthy opponents in this respect—both fighting managers who would be sure to start something if I didn't.

SOME of the things I have utilized to win games and pennants seem positively silly. Back in 1910 we were playing a game in which the score was tied 1 to 1 when we came to bat in the eighth inning. Mathewson was pitching for us and opened our half of the eighth with a base hit. Josh Devore then beat out an infield hit and Larry Doyle bunted safely, filling the bases with nobody out. It looked like the ball game—but Snodgrass struck out, and "Red" Murray sent a fly to the outfield that was caught too close in for Mathewson, a slow runner, to score after the catch.

Al Bridwell then had two strikes on him when I suddenly ran out from the bench and held up my finger, stopping the game. I called Bridwell over to me and whispered something in his ear, pointing out toward the pitcher as I did so. Bridwell also looked out toward the pitcher, nodded knowingly, then stepped back into the batter's box. The pitcher, trying to foil some imagined strategy and faced by a mental hazard I had created by this pantomime, hit Bridwell on the leg with his next pitch and forced over the winning run.

What I really had said to Bridwell was something like this: "How many quail did you say you shot that day last fall, Al?"

Then there was "Red" Ames' necktie, which became the most famous piece of neckwear ever made. Columns were published about it.

Ames, an able workman with all the necessary qualifications to make him one of the game's great pitchers, had started for me with the Giants by winning twenty-two games and losing only eight when we won the pennant and world's championship in 1905. Then suddenly he developed a penchant for running into hard luck and became known all around the league as "the unluckiest pitcher in baseball." Naturally, his opponents got to thinking he couldn't beat them, and so did he.

Every bad break we ran into seemed to happen when Ames was pitching, in spite of the fact that he invariably pitched good ball. If we made only one error behind him, it was sure to happen with the winning run on third. If he held his opponents to one run, the other team would shut us out. On the opening day of the season in 1909 Ames held Brooklyn without a hit or run for nine innings—then we lost the game for him in the thirteenth. Even pitching a nine-inning no-hit game couldn't win for him.

Keystone View photo

Fred Clarke as the Pirates' manager long rivaled both McGraw and Chance.

We were winning the pennant in 1911 and preparing for our final trip around the circuit when Ames came to me, badly discouraged. "I don't see any use in taking me along, Mac," he said. "The club can't win with me pitching if the other guys don't even get a foul."

Our first stop was in Boston and on the day we arrived it rained. In the mail that day, addressed to Leon Ames, came a necktie and a four-leaf clover from a prominent actress. She inclosed a letter wishing Ames good luck and telling him that to change his luck he should wear the four-leaf clover and the necktie with both his street clothes and his baseball uniform.

That necktie was the gaudiest bit of cloth I have ever seen. It would make Joseph's coat of many colors look like a mourning garment. Probably the actress sent it to Ames as a joke. I was with him when he opened the parcel, and he turned to me and said gloomily, "Might as well wish good luck to a guy at his own funeral."

But I saw he was impressed.

"You can't tell, Red," I said. "Maybe there's something in it. Why don't you try it?"

I PITCHED him the next day. Before the game I asked if he had the necktie and the four-leaf clover.

"Under my shirt, Mac," he said, "but don't tell any of the boys."

We hammered the Boston pitchers all over the lot that afternoon. I had purposely picked this spot to start Ames when he was giving that necktie its first tryout, as I knew we'd hit the Boston pitchers hard, and if we won he might think the necktie had done it. Ames won easily. He seemed to be a changed man that evening.

"The necktie," he said at dinner, pointing to that gaudy three-sheet colored poster he had around his neck. "I don't change her till I lose."

And he didn't. Furthermore, he didn't lose a ball game on that trip and he wore the necktie under his shirt in every game, and with his street clothes before and after. It got to be a messy-looking scarf before the trip was over, stained with perspiration and frayed around the edges, but he manfully stuck to his charm. He swept through the West unbeatable, letting down Pittsburgh with two or three hits, cleaning up in St. Louis, and finally breaking our losing streak in Chicago after we had lost the first two games.

Ames even slept with that necktie under his pillow. He didn't lose another ball game till toward the end of the season, when he dropped one to Brooklyn—but we had the pennant cinched then, and I had tried out a lot of rookies in that game. Of course the story of that necktie and what it had done for a pitcher who believed in it had to come out, and the papers were full of it.

Do I think the necktie did it? No; of course not. But the effect it had on the pitcher's mental attitude did do it! You couldn't make Ames believe he was going to lose after that—and the result was that he didn't.

When George Stallings was manager of the Boston Braves he had a superstition that if pigeons alighted on the ground around the Boston players' bench it would jinx the ball game for them and they would be sure to lose—and I never failed to have a boy sitting in the grandstand back of the Boston bench to scatter grain over the grass. When we played the Braves we'd have so many pigeons around that bench that Stallings assigned Oscar Dugey to fill the pocket of his mackinaw with pebbles and stone the pigeons away.

We never overlooked a chance that might influence the result of a ball game. When big Larry McLean used to catch for Cincinnati and afterward for St. Louis, it was suicide for either of these teams to use him against the Giants—but they didn't know it. Larry had tremendously big hands, and he had a big knuckle that protruded at the base of the middle finger of his right hand, the result of an old injury. When, in giving the signals to the pitcher, he would hold two fingers down for a curve ball, you couldn't see that knuckle; but when he doubled up that middle finger to show only one finger for a fast ball, the big knuckle would pop out from around the edge of his mitt and I could see it from the third-base coaching line.

Naturally I tipped off the batter to what was coming by a system of secret signals of our own.

From 1905 to 1915 baseball had the greatest array of pitchers it has ever known, and they had no lively ball to contend with. You couldn't beat them by the crude method of taking a toe hold and whaling the ball out of the park. Those were the days of such pitchers as Christy Mathewson, Mordecai Brown, Addie Joss, Ed Walsh, Chief Bender, Walter Johnson, Joe McGinnity, Jack Chesbro, Sam Leever, Ed Reulbach, Doc White, Rube Marquard, Alexander, Earl Moore, Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank, Joe Wood, and Bill Donovan.

That was also the period of baseball strategy in its greatest development. The pitching and defensive casts you had to contend with made strategy necessary, and teamwork supplanted individual effort.

BUT I am still inclined to the belief that, so far as the construction of a pennant-winning ball club is concerned, the value of the individual batting star is overrated even in this day of individualism and dominance of heavy hitting. Judged wholly as a winning ball player, he isn't worth the market price that his personal accomplishments seem to command. His individual exploits have been accorded a false proportion to team value by popular acclaim. He is a product of the times and prevailing conditions and, as such, is reaping his financial reward.

The New York Giants won the pennant and World's Series last year with only one player, Bill Terry, among the first twenty-three hitters in the National League, thus proving that even in this day and age a sturdy defense by an evenly balanced ball club that is inspired with the proper spirit has more value than the individual star in winning ball games and pennants.

In these articles I have called attention through my own personal experiences to the changes that have come into baseball during my forty-two years' connection with big league baseball as player and manager.

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WRITE FOR DETAILS

The
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

But baseball as it is played today needs no defense and deserves no criticism. Possibly the "inside game" that we used to play was too subtle for a baseball crowd that takes more pleasure in seeing the ball waled out of the lot.

Maybe the "rough-house" tactics that we formerly employed have been outmoded by advancing civilization.

Perhaps the players themselves have succumbed to the softening influence of the times and high salaries.

ANYWAY, there can't be much wrong with a game that plays to 65,000 people at a single game, as the Yankees and Athletics did at the Yankee Stadium on June 4 last year; or to 80,000 people, as Cleveland did in the Municipal Stadium in Cleveland last spring; or to more than 150,000 people in a single four-game series, as the Giants did on their final trip to Boston last fall. It is simply that this is a different day from the days of Chance, Clarke, and McGraw.

In 1925 the Pirates brought Fred Clarke back out of retirement to act as managerial consultant to Manager Bill McKechnie. But he didn't stay long. The players objected to his methods. When he left to go back to his ranch in Kansas he had something to say about the changes that had come over the game since he last sat on the bench.

"Baseball has become too sociable," he said. "The old fight isn't in the game like it used to be. In the old days there never was any friendly chatting on the field. We were enemies on the field and we never forgot that.

"If we jumped into an opposing player covering a base and knocked him flat, no apologies were offered and none were expected.

"Why, in these games I have actually heard base runners apologizing after colliding with a baseman! That's polite—but it isn't baseball as we used to play it in the old days."

But those days have gone forever—the days of Frank Chance, Fred Clarke, and myself. The years in which we used to battle tooth and nail down the stretch in a bitter three-team feud for the pennant have yielded to the march of time. Frank Chance is dead. Fred Clarke is back on his Kansas ranch. And I—well, Bill Terry is now manager of the Giants.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **MAN WITH FOUR LIVES** by William Joyce Cowen. Farrar & Rinehart.
A well bred mystery and horror tale laid mostly in the trenches. It has thrills, sophistication, and a delightfully reasonable and plausible explanation. Don't miss this one.

★ ★ ★ **VILLAGE TALE** by Phil Stong. Harcourt, Brace & Company.
More of the same kind—the author of State Fair tells vigorously and well another rural story of narrow lives and wide passions.

★ ★ ★ **I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE** by Lauren Gilfillan. The Viking Press.
This is the Literary Guild's selection for March and tells how a college woman went down into a mine and learned how the other half lives.

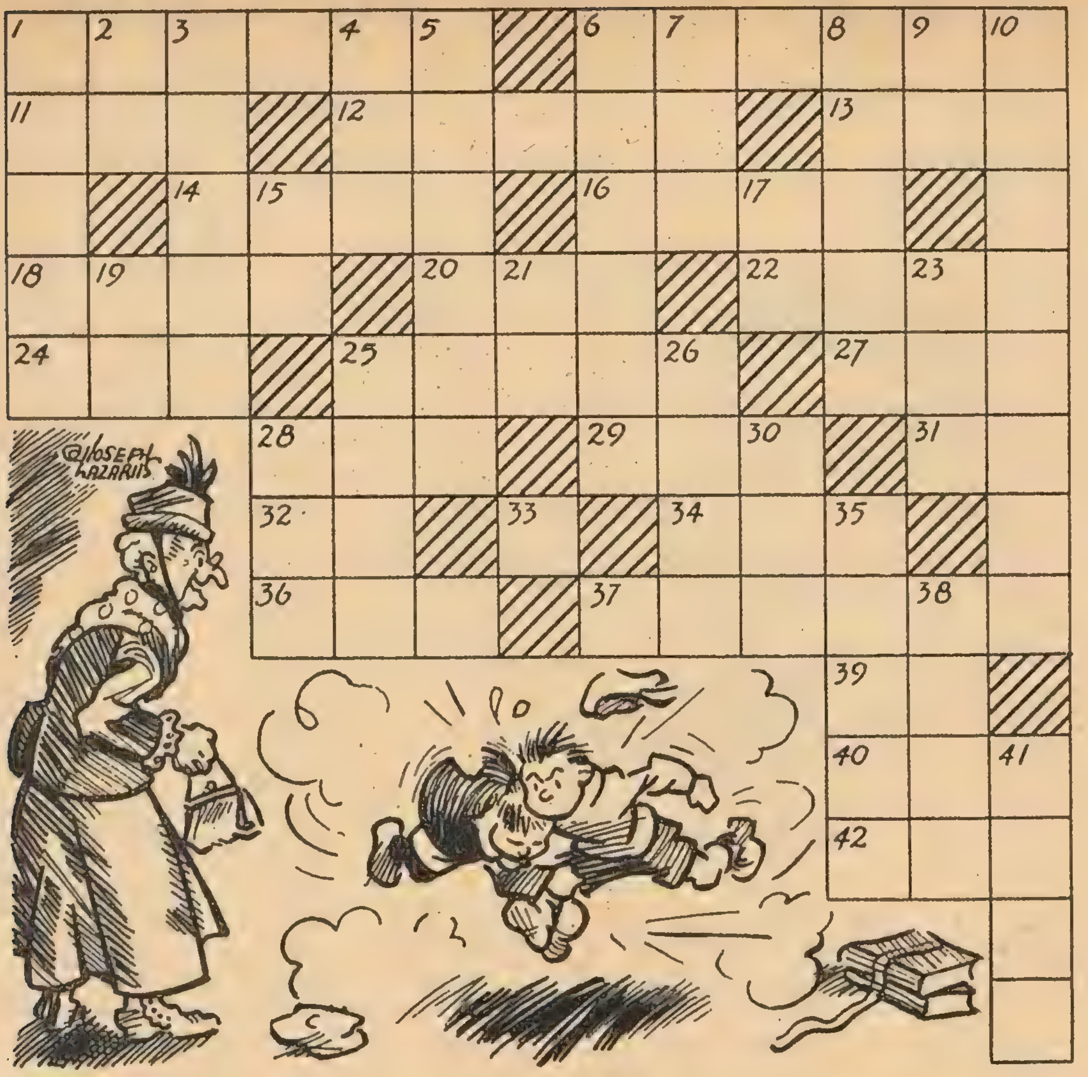
★ ★ **GARDEN GUIDE.** De La Mare Garden Books. A. T. De La Mare Company and Dodd, Mead & Company.
One of the most practical of garden books.

★ ★ **SHE WAS A LADY** by Elisabeth Cobb. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Moira Vane, raised in Montana by a drunken banished father to be an English lady, takes a vivid and dangerous course to get to the ancestral home in England, only to be sent back to America and a terrible scandal—but through it all she is still a lady.

★ ★ **MARRIAGE FOR REVENUE** by George Agnew Chamberlain. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Breezy light tale of a Wall Streeter who survives the crash through the guidance and love of his secretary.

★ ½ **THE STREET OF STRANGE FACES** by Louis Joseph Vance. Lippincott.
Sedate New York of twenty years ago blended with gangster New York of today in a moderately interesting solution of a murder.

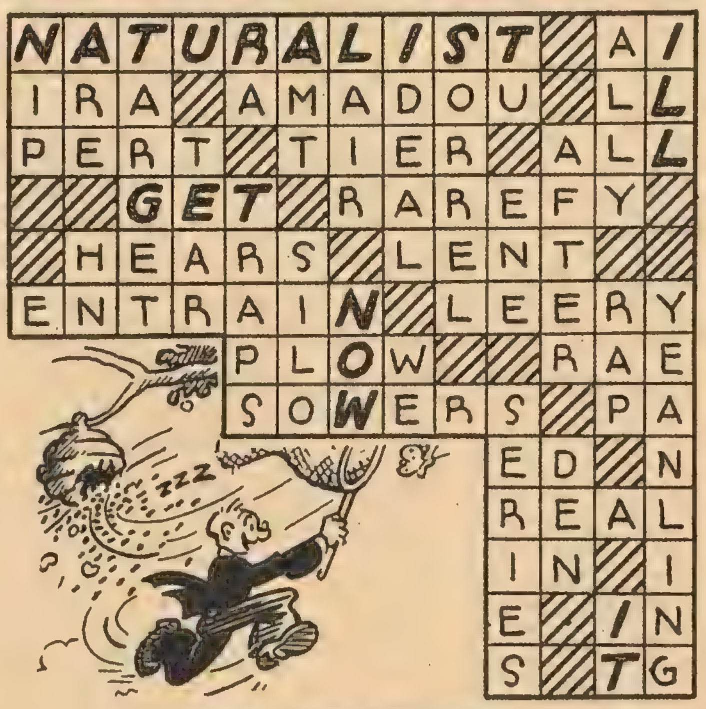
CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL
1 Contrabass (plural)
6 French dramatist
11 Not cooked
12 Battle
13 A ribbed fabric of silk or wool
14 Corrodes
16 Pertaining to air
18 Throw off
20 Man's nickname
22 A shrill musical pipe
24 Fiery
25 An acid fruit
27 Seaman
28 To row
29 Grief
31 A state (abbr.)
32 Low Dutch (abbr.)
33 One indefinitely
34 Domesticated animal
36 To color
37 To be indignant at
39 Negative
40 Industrial Workers of the World (abbr.)
42 A suffix of ordinal numbers

VERTICAL
1 Hasty
2 Rough lava
3 Sugary
4 Often (poetical)
5 Nun
6 Shade
7 Consumed
8 A right
9 A diphthong
10 An upward blow
15 Public notice
17 Rapid fire (abbr.)
19 Exclamation
21 Printer's measure
23 An enthusiast (colloq.)
25 Well bred woman
26 A knot
28 Long used
30 Goddess of dawn
35 A spirit
38 Ox (Scot.)
41 An interrogative word



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Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

CANADIAN women are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and toilet goods counters.

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WAVE POWDER
MAKES THREE PINTS OF HEAVY WAVE LOTION

35c
MAKES 3 PINTS
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New improved
WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS
no cutting . . . no pads

ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

SPIRIT-Wrestlers

They Went to Prison Rather than Wear Clothes—
A Study of the Doukhobors and Their Strange Religion

READING TIME
18 MINS. 2 SECS.

PETER VEREGIN II AT THE TIME OF HIS ARRIVAL IN CANADA IN 1924.

ON an islet off the British Columbia coast, in barbed-wire compounds, watched day and night by armed guards, 600 men and women in whose veins runs a mixture of Slavic and Asiatic blood are stolidly serving out three-year sentences for going about naked.

How it comes that these descendants of Tatar and Cossack tribesmen find themselves penned on their little island, and how for over thirty years they and their compatriots have kept certain western Canadian communities in almost constant turmoil, is a story that goes back more than 150 years to Russia under the Czars.

During the reign of Catherine the Great a sect who revolted from the doctrines of the Greek Orthodox Church came to be known as Doukhobors, or " Spirit-Wrestlers." Fastened on them at first as a term of opprobrium, the name, like many others of similar nature, such as Quakers, Shakers, etc., stuck, and the Doukhobors themselves in time grew to look upon it as a mark of distinction. Latterly they have taken the official name the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood.

They were not only opposed to the authority of the Church: they recognized the Bible as an inspirational source, but reserved the right to interpret it themselves, preferring to be guided by what they called the " voice within "; but were opposed to all governmental authority, to violence, and to any form of military service. Most of them were vegetarians, abstaining as well from alcoholic liquors and tobacco. Practically all illiterate, they obeyed the edicts of hereditary leaders, whom they believed to be divinely appointed.

When they first appeared in history they were scattered rather loosely over the southwestern portion of Russia. But coming into conflict with the authorities about the first of the nineteenth century, they were, under an edict of Emperor Alexander I, herded into an area set aside for them at the Milky Waters, a fertile district named after a river of the same title which flows into the Sea of Azof.

There they prospered for a time, living in peace with each other and with their neighbors. But under the influence of incompetent leaders dissension eventually developed. And after forty years at the Milky Waters they were forced once more to break up their homes and migrate. This time their destination was the Wet Mountains in the Caucasus.

Here they again prospered. In 1886, when Peter Veregin became their leader, they numbered 21,000 persons. Veregin was a particularly handsome man, educated, strong-willed, and ambitious. But the manner of his succession to the leadership was open to question and resulted in a serious split, about three tenths refusing to recognize his authority. The resultant dissension and disturbance caused the authorities to interfere. Veregin was banished to Archangel. The term was five years, but before it had expired he was removed to Siberia to serve a further term. Veregin in exile had opportunity to think and to write. He came for the first time in contact with the writings of Tolstoy, whose views were in some respects much in conformity with those of the Doukhobors themselves. Consequently his periodic letters to his followers tended, rather than the reverse, to confirm them in their attitude toward nonresistance, vegetarianism, and opposition to governmental authority.

Sending Veregin into exile did not prevent the dissensions from continuing. Regulations governing military service were always a fruitful source of conflict. One of their favorite forms of protest was to burn their guns and other military equipment. After a particularly large bonfire great numbers of Doukhobors were rounded up by Cossacks and brutally flogged. The settlement was again broken up and the people dispersed.

At this point the attention of Tolstoyans was directed toward these strange people whose views were so similar to their own. An article with a letter from Tolstoy appeared in the London Times. Quakers and other humanitarians in Great Britain and the United States became interested, and pressure was put upon the Russian government. As a result, the government consented to allow the Doukhobors to leave Russia on condition that they should go at their own expense; that those called for military service, including Veregin, should remain to serve out their sentences; and that all who should ever return would be banished to Siberia.

Consequently on September 1, 1898, an English Quaker and a Russian follower of Tolstoy, accompanied by two Doukhobor families (as " samples "), sailed from Liverpool to examine the possibility of establishing a Doukhobor colony in Canada. The Canadian government was eager to secure immigrants to fill the vacant prairie lands of the northwest, and was glad to make whatever arrangements it could to facilitate the transfer of the new settlers. Each male settler over eighteen years of age was offered a homestead of 160 acres at an entrance fee of ten dollars, payment of which could be deferred for three years. In addition, the government agreed to pay each immigrant five dollars in cash, the amount usually paid to the immigration agent—since in the case of the Doukhobors no such agent was involved. Of paramount importance to them, the Doukhobors were assured that because of their religious beliefs they should be exempt from military service.

After several possible locations had been considered, three tracts, comprising about 600 square miles, two in the northeast corner of what was then the Territory of Assiniboia, and the other near Prince Albert in the Territory of Saskatchewan—both areas now in the Province of Saskatchewan—were set aside for Doukhobor colonies.

During the first six months of 1899, 7,363 Doukhobors were transported from Russia to Canada. They came

by D. M.

# of the FAR WEST

from a semitropical land to one where the winters are much longer and at times extremely cold. Practically penniless, ignorant of the country and its ways, having an inherent distrust of all governments, and desiring to establish themselves as a distinct community with as little to do with any one else as possible, it may be imagined how difficult a task faced these Doukhobor settlers.

The land must be broken, ready for crops, and buildings must be erected before winter descended upon them. To get the money with which to do this, practically every man from the age of fifteen upward went out to work—on railroad construction, on farms, and at anything else that offered.

The women and children, the sick and the aged remained to build their homes and cultivate the land. Without horses or oxen, women, twelve pairs harnessed to each plow, broke up the sod that the buffalo had roamed for ages. Often lacking sufficient food, and generally in need of a properly balanced ration, disease became rife among them. Humanitarians in various parts of the world rallied to their support; the Philadelphia Friends raised $30,000 for their relief.

Although the Doukhobors in Russia had applied communal principles to many of their activities, individual ownership of property was the rule. But Veregin in exile, mulling over the teachings of Tolstoy, advised them to "live as brothers," "live in a Christian way," and "not have private property." The Canadian government, however, although facilitating their settlement in extensive blocks, actually considered each settler, individually, as the potential owner of the land filed upon in his name.

Nevertheless, loyal to their leader's wish, the Doukhobors attempted to carry on under a communal system: they maintained a common treasury; bought supplies in common; and of course carried out much of their heavy work by joint effort. In some villages the people lived in community houses, but in others each family had its separate home. Without any regulating agency, with no laws or law enforcers, with only occasional edicts from their exiled leader, who was totally unacquainted with the conditions under which they were trying to live, it is not surprising that many points of conflict arose concerning where communism began and where it left off.

DOUKHOBOR CHILDREN (above) TAGGED AND READY TO BE RETURNED FROM THE INDUSTRIAL FARM TO THE DOUKHOBOR SETTLEMENTS.

ANOTHER GROUP OF DOUKHOBOR CHILDREN (at left) AT THE BRITISH COLUMBIA INDUSTRIAL FARM.

Some of the colonists began to eat meat and fish; and this caused further friction. A story is told of one who had thus fallen from grace. Visiting another village, where relations of his wife lived, and having on entering a house given the customary kiss to all, he in the course of conversation admitted having eaten fish. "Why did you not tell us sooner?" the women protested. "We should then not have kissed you." And when he took his leave they refused to kiss him. "I'm sure he smells of fish!" one of the women exclaimed, spitting in disgust.

With the Doukhobors marriage was always a rather free institution, to be terminated by either party at will. They therefore objected to Canadian law governing marriage and divorce and also resented being required to register births and deaths.

Temperamentally inclined toward fanaticism, ignorant and superstitious, but with exalted ideas of their own importance as a people, it is not strange that they should from time to time have been swept off their feet by various waves of fanaticism.

Thus, about three years after their arrival in Canada, a certain fanatic went among them preaching that it was wrong to make use of metals obtained from the earth and smelted by the labor of wage slaves; that it was wrong to work horses and cattle, or to till the earth—"to spoil the earth"—when there were warm countries where people could live by eating fruits and nuts. He pointed to the example of Jesus Christ, who had abandoned manual labor, had no place of abode, and had gone about preaching the Law.

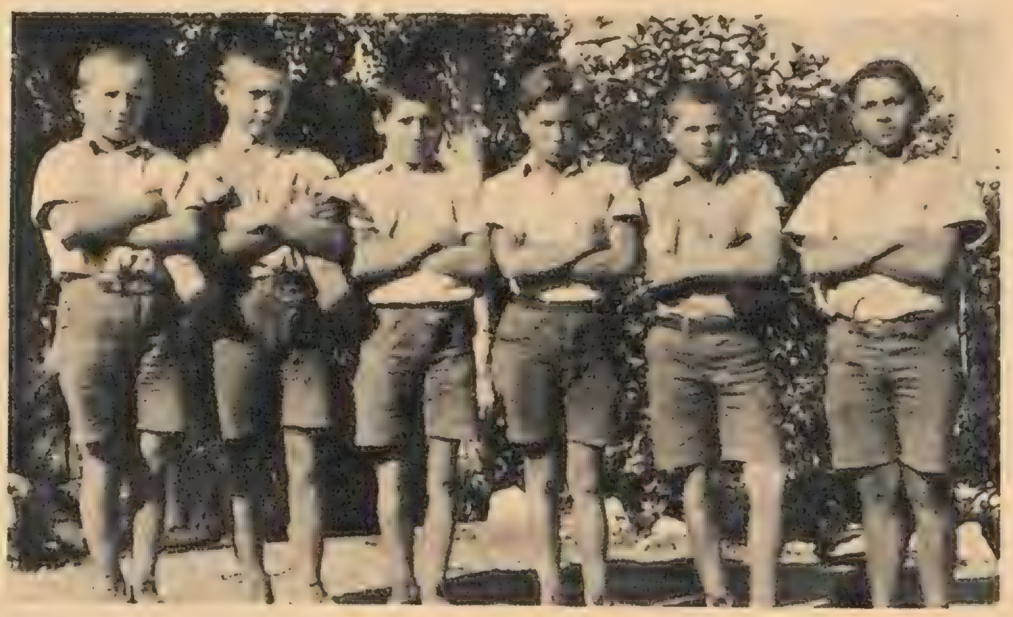
Finally, in October, 1902, a group of men, women, and children, surcharged with fanatical zeal, set off to find a warm land where there would be no government, where they could live on nuts and fruit, and where they hoped to find Christ. They had let their cattle and horses go free, had cut the metal hooks and eyes from their clothes,

LeBOURDAIS

and many went barefoot rather than wear leather boots. Passing through village after village, the pilgrimage grew like a snowball. When it had gone beyond the settlements and was headed across the prairie in the direction of Winnipeg it constituted an army 1,600 strong.

The sick and aged were carried on stretchers; one child died on the way, and others were born. Behind them stretched a winding trail beaten bare of grass and strewn with discarded clothing. At Yorkton, with storms raging, the police interfered on behalf of women and children, numbering over 1,000, and refused to permit the pilgrimage to proceed; but the men, eluding the police, continued, unshaven, hollow-cheeked, and wild-eyed, their weary quest for the Lord. Eventually they too were rounded up, although not without considerable passive resistance, loaded on to a train, and sent back to their homes.

The following year a smaller group, forty-five in number, set off on a similar pilgrimage. This time they threw off all their clothing, in order, so they said, to follow the example of Adam and Eve and "show nature to humanity." In spite of rain and snow they marched naked across the prairie till intercepted by the police. Twenty-eight of them served three months in jail for this escapade.



EMBRYO BOXERS, THESE DOUKHOBORS.

Peter Veregin was released from captivity in 1902 and joined his followers in Canada. With remarkable energy he applied himself to the task of building up the community and within a few years the colonies prospered amazingly. The land was well cultivated, houses and barns had been built, live stock had greatly increased, and a beginning had been made in the use of machinery.

But the old antagonism to government still remained. Title could not be secured to their lands unless they became naturalized citizens; and this most of them refused to do. Eventually, in 1907, after much argument, the Canadian government canceled Doukhobor grants amounting to 400,000 acres, including improvements thereon. And once again the Spirit Wrestlers moved on.

They found a new location at Brilliant, British Columbia, near the junction of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers. There the climate is less rigorous than in Saskatchewan and they can pick fruit from the trees without the necessity for "spoiling the ground" to the same extent as on the prairie. Moreover, they could buy these lands outright, and thus obviate any question concerning naturalization.

ALL the Doukhobors did not leave Saskatchewan. Most of the "independents" remained. Accordingly the new settlements were established on a communal basis. The houses were built usually in pairs, each accommodating thirty-five to fifty persons. Again they have prospered. But the old quarrel with the authorities continues. Antagonism to registration of births, deaths, and marriages is as strong as ever; and they also object to their chidren going to school.

Thus Peter Veregin on schools: "We have learned that the schools are very harmful because they teach the children the art of murder. Moreover, the education received at school has a detrimental influence on the whole life of an individual. All educated people endeavor to earn their living in as easy a way as they possibly can. They even try to live by exploiting other people. Besides this, after having spent some time in school our children become disobedient to their parents."

As in the past, they are not free from fanatical sectarianism. The Sons of Freedom, numbering about 700, have in recent years given both their fellow Doukhobors and the British Columbia authorities a great deal of trouble. In spite of their belief in nonviolence, they have been accused of burning schools and committing other outrages. Veregin's own house was burned in 1924. And in the same year an explosion wrecked a train upon which Veregin was traveling and he was killed.

Peter Veregin II succeeded his father as leader. He, like his father, is an educated man, but much more a man of the world, and probably not quite so naïvely sure of the divine authority for his leadership.

Peter Veregin II has never been acceptable to the Sons of Freedom—they consider him too worldly—and they have resisted his authority. As a form of protest they have reverted to the practice of nudist parades. For indulging in such a parade in 1929, 104 of them were sentenced to six months in jail. But this did not check them. The Criminal Code was amended, making such behavior a criminal offense, punishable by three years in the penitentiary.

THIS also was ineffective. One morning, early in May, 1932, word reached the provincial police of Nelson that a band of naked Doukhobors was on the march. Eighteen constables grappled with 117 naked men, women, and children, and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that those cops had their hands full. But with the aid of "itching powder" they finally got the paraders dressed and herded into jail.

A high official of the British Columbia government hastened to Nelson to try his hand at reasoning with the recalcitrant Doukhobors. He warned them that if they persisted in breaking the law they should go to the penitentiary. The Doukhobors discussed the matter most earnestly while the official waited. Then six buxom women stepped forward. "Here is your answer!" they cried. Pulling the drawstrings of their voluminous skirts, they stood forth in all their nakedness. That ended the conference.

Having made the threat, the government had no recourse but to carry it out. The arrest of the Doukhobors began. Every jail and lockup in the district was filled. Then barbed-wire inclosures were erected.

Meanwhile the courts were grinding out the sentences—three years in penitentiary for each one. Groups of Doukhobors invaded the courtrooms, declaring that they too had gone naked. If doubt of their guilt were expressed, off would come their clothes, and so the courts passed out the sentences till over 600 men and women were convicted criminals.

Then the plan was adopted of placing them on an island off the British Columbia coast, and Piers Island, 240 acres in extent, lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland, about forty miles from the city of Victoria, was selected. It is somewhat significant that when the workmen went to the island to begin construction of the buildings they found a fig tree (not native to British Columbia) flourishing where it had been planted by some erstwhile settler.

Two sets of frame buildings, one for men and one for women, were constructed, the whole surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence. Another barbed-wire fence divides the women's section from the men's. At each corner and at intervals are lookout towers for armed guards.

The 600 men and women herded behind their barbed-wire fences are getting along fairly well. Each bearing a number, and clad in prison denim, they get plenty of fresh air, regular hours, and good food. They cook their own meals and serve their food as they wish—which means practically a straight vegetarian diet. The women sew and run the laundry; the men cut the wood and work in the tailor and shoe shops. There is also some woodworking and blacksmithing.

Of course the sexes are not allowed to mingle. But once a day husbands and wives and sweethearts face each other on opposite sides of a barbed-wire fence, closely watched by guards. Love is said to laugh at locksmiths, and it is possible that data may soon be available concerning its resourcefulness when confronted with barbed-wire entanglements!

D. M. LEBOURDAIS

has run a sawmill, edited newspapers and magazines, sold autos, real estate, and oil stocks. He was on an arctic expedition, and wrote a book of his adventures, Northward, On the New Frontier. His home is in Mimico, Ontario.

And what about the children of these "convicts"? That is a story in itself. About 360 children were involved. According to law, when their parents became convicts they came under the jurisdiction of the various public agencies for the care of neglected children. Consequently the children were farmed out among various agencies and institutions.

THE experience of ninety-two boys between the ages of seven and twenty sent to the industrial farm at Coquitlam may be cited. The children as a rule proved in many respects much less amenable to suggestion than their parents. After a year only fifteen of the ninety-two boys referred to had succumbed to the temptation of butter and milk. Housed in a separate dormitory, the boys prepared their own meals. At first they refused to wear the clothing issued to them. They would go to and from their work, etc., in columns of fours, but they would not march in step.

After each meal they sang hymns, and every evening before retiring they performed a ceremony consisting of eating salt, water, and bread. But, after all, they were only children. Soon they were joining more and more in institutional activities. Some even learned to box! The clothes supplied by the institution soon proved attractive, and they were not long in developing pride in their personal appearance.

But keeping 360 children in such a manner was an expensive matter; in a year it cost the British Columbia government nearly $100,000, and many citizens were complaining that in these times of depression their own children were not so well cared for. The government, at the end of the first year, decided to try the experiment of shipping the children back to the Doukhobor colonies to be farmed out among relatives and others. This was done, and, so far as can be learned, with great success.

One incident more in this strange history remains to be told. Shortly after the trials at Nelson, Peter Veregin II was convicted of perjury in a Saskatchewan court in connection with a property dispute. Immigration agents spirited him away on board a train to Halifax, there to deport him to Russia.

Chartering a plane, Veregin's secretary and a lawyer—a university-trained Doukhobor—rushed off in pursuit. And just as the liner Montcalm was about to set sail from Halifax a court officer served the captain with a writ. Veregin was taken ashore, where a Supreme Court judge ordered his release.

The Doukhobors in western Canada now number about 15,000 and own property estimated at a value of $6,500,000, of which about $4,500,000 is in British Columbia and the rest in Saskatchewan and Alberta. A great many have broken away from the communal life. The regulars fear that this will lead to the crumbling of their entity as a community, and they contemplate a further exodus to lands afar. Emissaries have from time to time examined possible locations in Mexico, South America, and elsewhere. And who can say, in the light of their history, that these strange people, whose fathers have trekked from the Milky Waters by the Sea of Azof and the Wet Mountains of the Caucasus to the prairies of Saskatchewan and the mountains of British Columbia, are yet done with their wanderings? This, at any rate, we can say: they have never left any people among whom they sojourned quite the same as they found them, nor are they themselves ever again quite the same.

THE END

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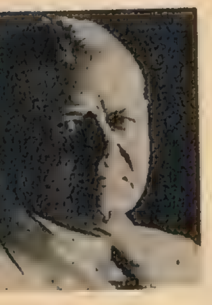
FIRE!

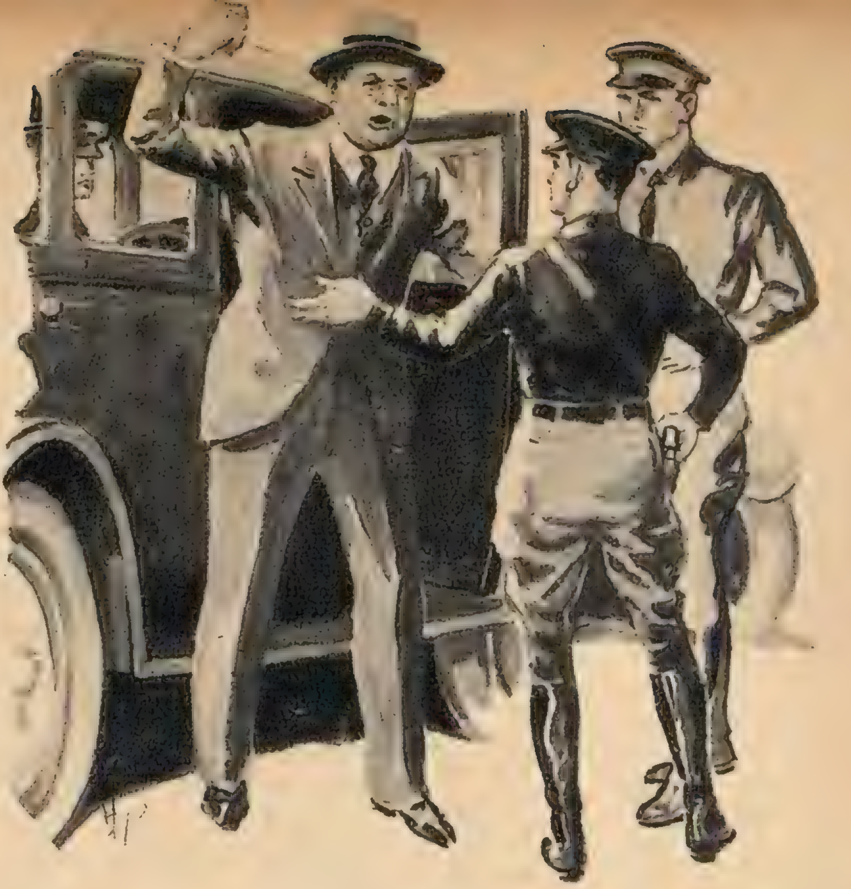
A SHORT SHORT STORY

by



SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The author of this story is a graduate of Hamilton College and started his literary career on the New York Sun, later becoming managing editor of McClure's Syndicate and a staff writer on McClure's Magazine. In addition to his magazine writing he has won universal recognition for his books, among them being The Great American Fraud, Success, Siege, and Revelry.



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

SMOKE drifted through the window to the nostrils of young Professor Talbot. Lifting his head from the manuscript he was deciphering and sniffing uneasily, he stepped out upon the lawn. Far to the east an ominous light in the dark sky showed where the Adirondack forest was burning. If the fire was coming, his vengeful thoughts invoked it upon Matthew Grote's huge lodge, whitely visible across the hill.

The Grote estate almost surrounded and was now threatening to absorb his own little twenty acres. Grote! Evicted natives had long since discovered that there was no resisting his remorseless advance; by hook or crook, fifty million dollars would buy or bully its way. And now the magnate was after Deep Corner, the professor's favorite fishing hole.

A car roared up his drive. "It's coming this way!" announced Neal, the ranger. Talbot jumped in.

A mile along a dirt road they stopped at a clearing in the parched woods. If they could, by a backfire, check the flaming advance frontally, swamps on either side might hold it in bounds. But—two men against that terrific force!

A car hooted angrily for passage.

"Here's luck!" said the professor. He called out, "There's a forest fire moving this way."

"I know it," returned an impatient voice. "But I'm Matthew Grote and I'm in a hurry."

"I am Kenton Talbot, fire warden of this district, with authority to summon any citizen—"

"Go on, Welch," snapped Grote to his chauffeur.

Talbot stepped in front. "If you start, I'll shoot your tires to pieces."

Jumping out, the magnate confronted the other, whom he overtopped by a foot. Neal interposed his athletic bulk. "He's right, sir," he warned Grote.

Grote, in an ominously quiet manner, asked what was expected of him. Impersonally Talbot explained. They would tap the two cars for gasoline, soak the gathered brush and adjacent trees, and when the wind gave them a chance start the backfire. Grote's massive weary face became alert.

"You're in the wrong place."

"How so?"

"Down there's a windfall. That's your best bet."

He drew a document from his pocket and sketched a roughly expert map. Talbot's look was fixed on the paper. It bore an official seal and his own name. It must be the court order, the warrant of his final defeat. "If the fire passes Bear Ridge from this side," pursued the draftsman, "it'll gobble the village, sure. But if we turn it beyond the bend it can't get farther than the lake."

Talbot's study of the map was brief. His own place would be doomed, but he said: "Right. Let's move."

At the spot specified by Grote they drew all but enough gas to get them out, and laid their train.

"It'll blow the face off any man that goes near it with a match," prophesied Neal. "If only we had a newspaper!"

Grote handed him the legal document.

"You won't get it back, you know," said the ranger.

"Plenty more where that came from."

Rumpling the sheets together into an inflammable ball, Neal hurled the fiery missile through the darkness. A bar of living flame leaped and spread. Sparks began to soar and settle. Thereafter the four men were too busy to speak or think. At the first respite Grote gasped a word in the chauffeur's ear. The car glided away.

Too exhausted to protest, the warden collapsed over a stump. The magnate slumped, rolled, and lay panting.

The car returned. From it Welch produced bottles. "Beer," he announced proudly.

Painfully Talbot hoisted himself to his feet. His face, grimy and grievous, was turned to the smoking swath beyond which the retreating fury roared. Grote had been right. On that path it would stop at the lake which barred its advance upon the village. But in the path nothing would be left.

"I SUPPOSE you knew what you were in for when you turned the fire north," said Grote.

"Professor Talbot knew all right," put in Neal. "Don't think he wasn't on to your trick. You knew his house is right in line with the fire as she's going now."

"I thought it was a question of saving the village," said Grote. "How about it, Mr. Fire Warden?"

"That's right," answered Professor Talbot dully.

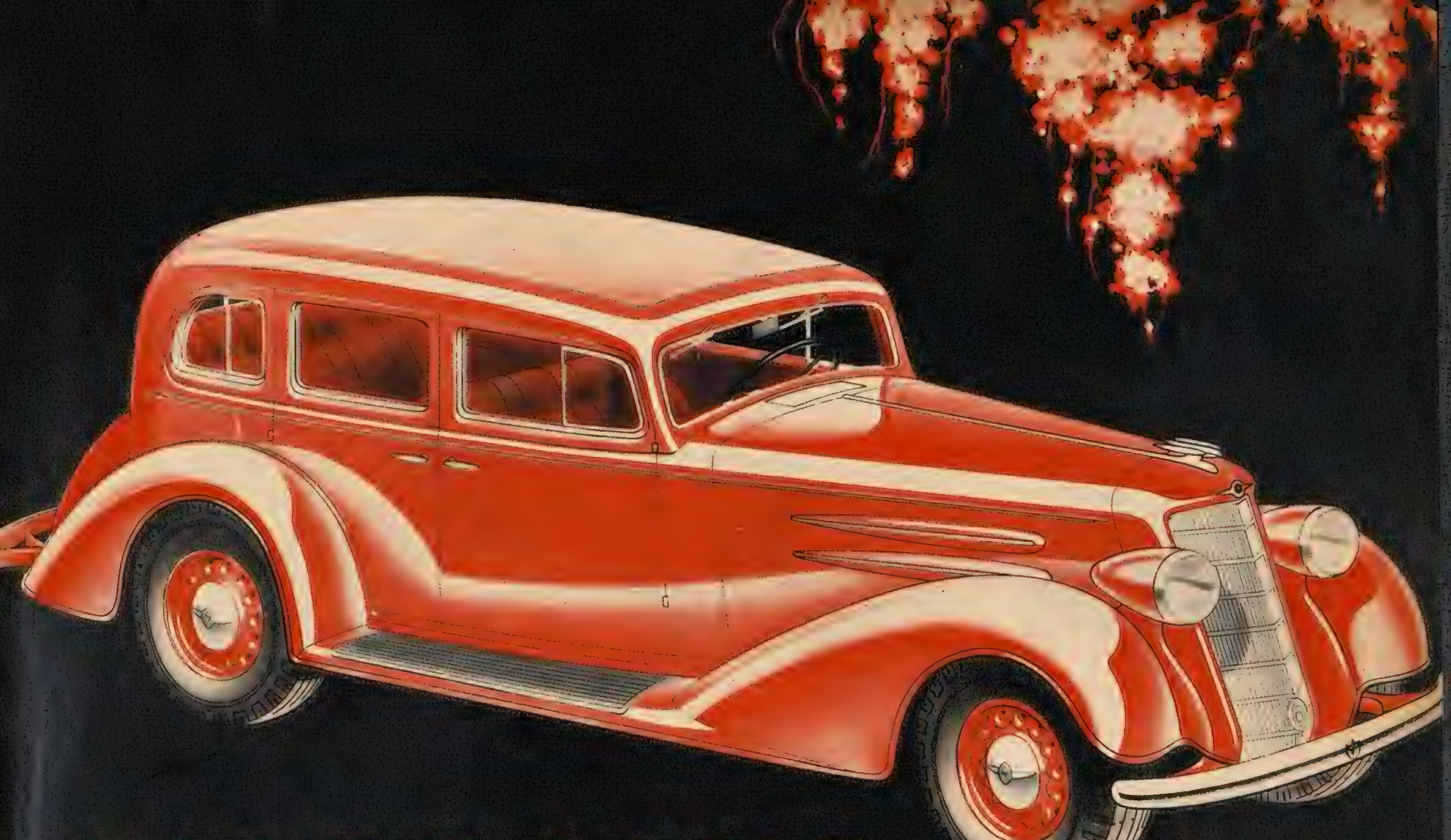
Up rose Welch, the chauffeur. "What I went back for was to send the lodge's whole force with the fire apparatus to Professor Talbot's place. They'll stop the fire if it can be stopped."

With a rush and a scramble Neal swarmed up the nearest tall tree. "They've stopped it!" he shouted down.

"Going to rain," observed the weatherwise Grote, looking expertly at the sky. "Come on, you rain! You can't get here too soon." He turned toward the warden. "The brownies'll be biting at Deep Corner after this, I wouldn't wonder. D'ye know, Talbot, I've always thought I'd like to fish that pool"—he paused slightly and grinned—"of yours," he finished.

Professor Talbot resonantly detached his mouth from the neck of the beer bottle which he had found in his hand. "That so?" said he. "I'd try gray hackle, Grote. How about tomorrow?"

THE END



OLDSMOBILE
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INTRODUCED just a few weeks ago, the low-priced Oldsmobile ALL-Feature Six has already proved itself to be the smash sensation of 1934. This is not altogether surprising news, for Oldsmobile has always had many friends. When it was announced that the new model was priced within reach of 8 out of 10 Canadian motorists, some favorable reaction was looked for. But the warmth of its welcome has exceeded the most optimistic hopes. Dealers reported many signed orders before the car was officially presented. Since that time, sales have climbed steadily, swiftly. The reason can be traced to universal appeal! Motorists who have always wanted to own an Oldsmobile find purchase within their means. Others, impressed by the revolutionary styling of last year's model, have discovered that the new version is air-streamed to an even higher standard of beauty. And yet others have been "sold" simply by seeing the new car, driving it, and thus estimating the value it offers.

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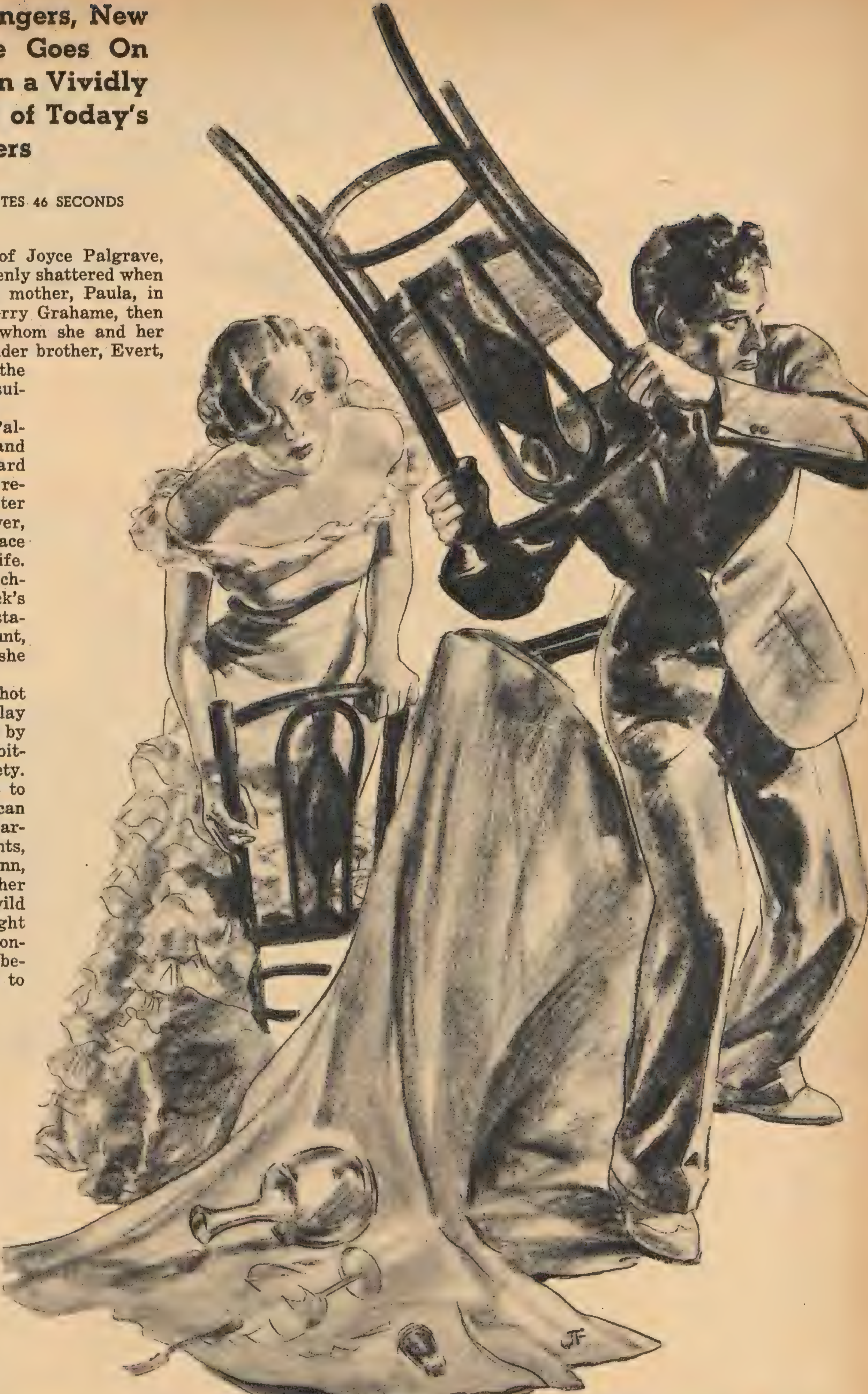
READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

THE ideals of Joyce Palgrave, young débutante, were suddenly shattered when she came upon her adored mother, Paula, in love rendezvous with E. Terry Grahame, then saw her father, Ledyard, whom she and her younger sister, Leta, and older brother, Evert, fondly called Laddie, shoot the lovers to death and commit suicide.

The tragedy leaves the Palgrave children penniless, and poisons Joyce's mind toward humanity and herself. She rejects the urgent love of Peter Haden, her family's lawyer, telling him she cannot disgrace him by becoming his wife. Resolutely she gets a job teaching horsemanship at Barwick's riding academy, where she stables her own favorite mount, the Commodore, and there she meets Jim Deshler.

Deshler, a product of big-shot bootlegging, makes a big play for Joyce, and she, cast off by her old-time friends, finds a bitter joy in his dangerous society. Meantime the Palgraves go to live on a pay-when-you-can basis with Wingham and Margaret, their old family servants, in a Westchester County inn, and here Leta and Evert gather about them a circle of wild young friends whose all-night parties prove a source of constant worry to Joyce. She begins drinking more often to



● Then things began to happen. Peter heard women's shrieks and men's protests. He threw a chair in front of Deshler.

by RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FALTER

The SHE-DEVIL

forget her troubles, and grossly offends Peter by again refusing to marry him but offering to accompany him on a Maine fishing trip as a " friend." Then Leta confides to Joyce some more terribly shocking news: Leta is about to become a mother.

Joyce invites LeGrand Vaughan, the society youth responsible for Leta's condition, for a ride and demands that he marry her little sister. When LeGrand refuses, she whips him unmercifully with her crop and threatens to trample him to death beneath the hoofs of her horse. He agrees finally, and the pair are quietly married. Driving away from the ceremony, however, the wedding party, including Leta, LeGrand, and Joyce, is smashed up in a collision.

PART FIVE—THE PACE THAT KILLS

LETA? Oh, yes, Leta!"

LeGrand and Joyce looked everywhere for her before they found her just where she had been from the start. Jammed in between Joyce and LeGrand, she had not been catapulted or spilled in either direction. She had simply been hurtled back and forth and shaken like a die in a dicebox.

She seemed to be sound asleep in a heap when Joyce and LeGrand pulled her out of the car. In restoring her to consciousness they seemed to have done the girl no favor, for they brought her back to a world of torments.

Other motors had come up and a crowd was gathering. Joyce invited the likeliest-looking man in the fastest-looking car to take them to the nearest hospital. The surface injuries of Joyce and LeGrand were soon patched up, but Leta was taken into an operating room for examination. The doctor came out after what struck Joyce as a frantically long time, to say with great solemnity:

" Mr. Vaughan, as you doubtless know, your wife was —er—expectant."

" Er—yes," said LeGrand.

" Well, I regret to say that her—your expectations will be disappointed. She is a pretty sick girl and she will have to stay here quite a long time."

A tigerish wrath filled Joyce's heart. If she had found on LeGrand's face what she expected—a look of mixed relief at escape from responsibility and of anger at being trapped too soon—she would have torn him to shreds. But she saw a ghastly look of stupefaction. He had been a father and now his little child was dead; he was a husband and his wife was lacerated and robbed of the fruit of her womanhood. There was at last something holy about this marriage.

To Joyce's stupefaction, the new—this sudden new man that she had almost created by compelling him to be a man, whirled and dashed into the room where his bride lay white and devastated, body and soul; he flung himself down on his knees by her and, laying his head on her tortured body, sobbed:

" Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me! "

The doctor and the nurse dragged his head from its misplaced resting place with no suspicion. Loving husbands always thought of themselves as murderous beasts when their wives were caught and torn in the bungled mechanism of motherhood. But Joyce took all the blame on herself. If she had not interfered, if she had not insisted on the marriage, Leta would not have been hurt. And why had she interfered? Just because she had a

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remnant left in her heart of the contemptible longing for respectability.

When LeGrand was ordered out of Leta's room for several hours, he told Joyce that he was on his way to his mother. He was going to make her love Leta as much as he did. He seized Joyce's hands and wrung them, saying:

"If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have married that little saint. I'd never have known what life can mean."

The metamorphosis that marriage had made in LeGrand was too much for Joyce to believe, though she saw it. In spite of herself, Joyce experienced a qualm of normal sentimentalism, but she tried to laugh it off. Before she could think up a withering sarcasm LeGrand was gone.

There are snobberies in virtue as well as in social prestige. Mrs. Vaughan spoke with respect of wealth and ancestry but with awe of motherhood, domestic life, and all that sort of thing. She always spoke well of romance, too.

Her hysterical son painted so fantastic a version of his wedding that she flew to Leta and gave a magnificent rendition of the rôle of a queen mother welcoming a royal princess to the palace. She invited Leta to come and live with her as soon as she was able to move; but even LeGrand was wise enough to escape that trap. He rented a little apartment without a guest room.

LETA explained to Joyce with the rapturous delight of a storybook bride whose marriage was the result of a storybook romance of the conventional moonlight, parental approval, orange blossoms, and all:

"My darling husband has rented the darlingest apartment, and the darlingest thing about it is that it has no guest room. So we're in no danger of having even a visit from a mother-in-law."

"Or a sister-in-law," Joyce was about to say but caught herself in time. Still, she could not help feeling that she also was under the ban. Leta purred on:

"Of course, as LeGrand says, we can move when the baby gets big enough to need a nursery."

"The baby?"

"Yes, my husband and I—"

"Oh, for God's sake, can't you just call him your husband without pouring butter and maple syrup all over the word! It sounds like a slab of buckwheat cake. But what is this about the baby? What baby?"

Leta laughed and spread more butter on the word till it fairly melted in her mouth: "My husband is so—isn't the word uxorious?—that he insists on our starting another one right away."

"You're hopeless!"

"You're envious."

Perhaps she was. Contempt is often only a mask that envy assumes, knowingly or unwittingly, to hide from others or from oneself the confession of poverty in the presence of wealth, of misery contrasted with happiness. Yet envy, whatever disguise it takes, does not sweeten the heart that feels it, and Joyce could not but feel a certain wretchedness when she compared her own life with her sister's.

She had lost the only woman she could endure these days, except old Margaret, who was at best only an affectionate old nurse, not a companion. From now on Leta and Joyce met rarely, and Leta was full of apologies that emphasized the widening gulf. She would cry:

"Oh, Joyce darling, you don't know what you've done for me! You've saved my life. You've given me every happiness that anybody could want. LeGrand is such a darling. The only trouble is that he wants all my time. He has no office work, thank heaven, so we're honeymooning still. But I think he's a little jealous of you, knowing how I love you. Every time I say I must run over and see you, he makes such a face—you'd die to see it."

"No doubt," said Joyce, whose envy found all this bridal nonsense a trifle sickening. But of course she would not quench Leta's spirit even when she went on:

"LeGrand's father and mother are simply darling to me, too. I've been wanting to have you come over and visit me, at least for tea or dinner or something, but—but—"

She flinched from telling Joyce of the time when her mother-in-law had said to her:

"Leta, my dear, I want to make you happy. I am very fond of you, but I must draw the line at your sister. I know that you love her. She must have good qualities, and my heart goes out to her in her grief at the loss of her—at her great loss. But, Leta, my child, your sister is seen with such questionable people—she has grown so horsy—so—well, I must beg you to see her—when you must—somewhere else."

Leta did not tell Joyce of this. She did not need to. Joyce could imagine almost the very words. She would have been bored to death by the company of Leta's parents-in-law, yet to be snubbed by them and refused admittance was all the more humiliating because she despised the people who insulted her.

She had always had a high pride. When she was only the daughter of highly respected parents, she had taken a pride in being worthy of them secretly and publicly. When their good name was snuffed out with their lives, her pride had to seek other expression. It took the form of defiance, of a desire to shock the respectables. It was the only way she could show them the hatred she felt for their condemnation of her father and mother. The only way she could punish them for hurting her so, was to hurt them, jolt and jostle them, and sneer at their ideals—once her own but now no longer.

Her only tenderness was for Leta and Evert, and she could not expend her tenderness on Leta, who was being dragged out of her reach and kept from her contamination. Yet she pleaded:

"Leta, baby, don't, in Heaven's name, try to get me into your new home. You couldn't haul me into it with a team of Percherons. And they don't want me there. You needn't tell me, and you needn't try to lie out of it. I know just how they feel. You've won them over, bless your darling soul, but one Palgrave is all they can stand. Forget about me. I'm horribly busy. You're horribly happy. That's the one important thing on earth—for you to be happy."

"How about a little happiness for you?"

"It's not in the books. I'm getting along very well without it. I'm afraid of it. It brings bad luck for me. That old saying, 'Laugh before breakfast, you'll cry before dinner'—that was written about me. But don't you worry. I'm getting along gloriously—busy making money—refusing invitations galore. Go on and be happy. It's your specialty."

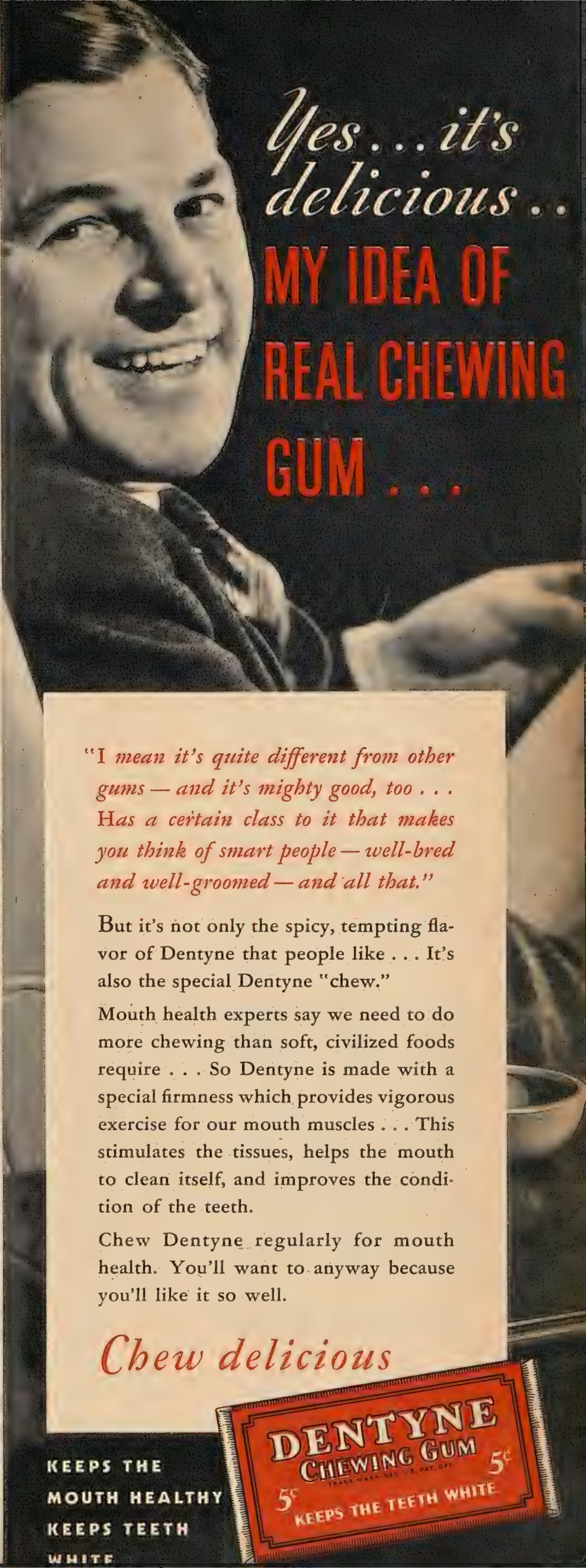
"But I want you to be happy. I miss you so. I want you with me all the time."

"Says the bride! Gosh, what a lie! Run along now or your husband, as you call him, will be pining away."

AND Leta hurried away, proclaiming her regret, exposing her relief. Joyce followed her with eyes both sad and cynical. The only thing in her life that she was really glad and proud of was her rescue of Leta from shame and desperation. But how long would the honeymoon last? How long would it be before Leta, the monomaniac wife, the eager mother, would follow her own mother's example, and find her husband's devotion not enough? How long would it be before Leta would be receiving surreptitious young men into her home and her arms while her husband was not looking?

A while ago and Joyce would have been sickened by the thought of such a possibility. She would have accused anybody who suggested it of having a dirty mind. Well, life had a dirty mind. If Paula could stoop so low, who could be trusted? Joyce accused even herself of being untrustworthy. She was her mother's other daughter. If she married anybody, she would probably betray him, too. She did not want to marry anybody but Peter Haden. A nice thing it would be to betray Peter, who had been so good to her. The only way to save him from her treachery would be to keep from marrying him.

Where was Peter? Still lost in the Maine woods, no doubt. She wished he would come back. She was afraid to have him so far away. If anything went wrong, whom else would she turn to? And she was afraid for Peter, too. What if he fell ill, or was shot by accident? Those Maine woodsmen were always shooting each other on the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assumption that anything moving was a bear or an elk.

For companions she had only the horsy men about the riding academy. They began to annoy her, and she spent as much time as she could with her brother.

All the motherly instincts that Leta had thrown back on her heart were centered now on Evert. She tried to be a regular fellow with him, a good scout, a gay companion.

But Nature never meant brothers and sisters to be chums more than so long. Evert was still young enough to want to run his sister's life. He would say:

"Gosh, Joyce, but I wish you wouldn't use such words in public as you got off last night, gosh!"

"I was only trying to follow the lead of the crowd. When your girl friends talked that way, you were tickled pink."

"I know, but it's different when the girl's your own sister."

"Those other girls were sisters to other fellows."

"Yes, but their brothers weren't around."

"Oh, I see. You don't like for me to be around. I embarrass you."

"Gosh, no, Joyce. I'm proud of you. I'm crazy about you. I'm not going to leave you here alone all the time. I love to have you with me, but—and I oughtn't to've spoken of it, but—well, I wish you'd just go a little easier on the rough stuff."

It is the fate of parents to find themselves under correction or disapproval by their children, especially when they try to be young with their young. Joyce as a matron to her elder brother was being put in her place, told to be her age. It was not very comforting.

The worst of it was that Evert had beaten her to the punch. She had been on the point of protesting that she found his girl friends a trifle fast, coarse, and cheap, a dangerous influence for him. She had tried to keep from being a wet blanket to his friends, had tried to speak their language, until she could get Evert alone and point out to him what only a woman can guess about other women.

AND now she found herself in disgrace. The next time he asked her to go out with him, she pretended work to do. His ill-concealed relief was another knife in her heart. She was afraid for him out there among those wanton girls with no mother to guide him, no sister to warn him. She wanted to run after him, but she knew that she could not find him; if she did, she would be merely tolerated and criticized.

There was nothing she could do to protect him. She had managed somehow to land her sister in a haven before she lost her. But she had lost her brother now, and he was out in the wilderness, running into evils that would wreck him. The best she could hope was that he might find somebody to love and to marry. That was the best she could hope, and what a bad best! For if he married a girl, if the poor blind boy gave his love and trust to one of those prowling, purring cats, she would betray him. Of course she would! Hadn't Paula? Then Evert might kill her. Didn't Laddie?

She spent that evening and others alone in her room in frenzies such as storm down on prisoners when they beat on the bars of their cells and make a great noise and howl to heaven. Yet, Wingham and Margaret heard no sound from her except her footsteps restlessly going to and fro, back and forth.

Their old eyes met. Both heads wagged. They feared that the footsteps crisscrossing the room would soon be going out of doors, since there was no lock on the cell.

Then Jim Deshler came back, and she was so despondent, so unbearably forlorn, that she welcomed him as if he were an angel from the skies.

DESHLER found her in a doleful state. He insisted on taking her out to the bright lights. She found that he improved as she drank. After a few cocktails she even enjoyed dancing with him. His rough talk spurred her to rougher talk that delighted him. Stable stories and expressions seemed doubly good coming from the exquisite girlishness that still lingered, not quite erased from her features. Deshler was a snob in his way, too, and it puffed him up to be seen about with a Palgrave. The newspaper notoriety attached to the name added a further tang, while Joyce was in so perverse a mood that it struck her as fine defiance of everything she hated to be seen with a bootlegger, a gambler, an outlaw like Jim Deshler. It gave her a touch of the thrill that Messalina got from associating with the riffraff, and that other empress, Catherine, from lifting private soldiers to her boudoir.

One evening Joyce encountered Morgan Sargent in a restaurant. She pretended to be drunker than she was, and paused by his table to remind him of their former friendship and to introduce her friend Mr. Deshler—just to see the old frump squirm and choke.

He did not disappoint her. He pretended not to know her. When she insanely recalled the scene when he knelt before her, he rose and went sputtering from the restaurant.

But liquor did not bring Joyce any real cheer, though it filled her with a kind of bubbling laughter of a mocking, sinister tone, a laughter that was curiously diabolic. Liquor ended her natural shyness and her dread of being conspicuous. It wakened passion in her too, of the grosser sort that Deshler could understand and relish.

When at last Peter Haden returned from nowhere he found Evert still at work in his office and a much older and more solemn youth.

"How's Joyce?" Peter asked.

"Could I see you alone?"

"Of course. Come in." Peter sent his secretary away on a concocted errand and turned to Evert. "Joyce isn't ill, is she?"

"She's worse than that. I'm almost crazy. I don't know what to do. Leta got married suddenly, and I tried to keep Joyce from feeling too lonely, but she misunderstood a little remark or two I made. I meant well, but I ought to have been horsewhipped. I thought she was trying to boss me and I ran out on her. And then, when I saw what a rotter I was and tried to get back, she was—she's a different girl— She's not a girl; she's a woman, hard-boiled. She won't talk to me. I meet her in tough places with tough men. I'm almost out of my mind. For God's sake, do something for her, can't you?—won't you?"

Peter needed no urging, but Evert's panic frightened him. He tried at once to get in touch with Joyce but failed to find her. When he telephoned or called, she was either out, or asleep and not to be disturbed. Peter suspected that even when she was in she was "out."

He learned of her usual rounds and went them, arriving at various night clubs just after she had left or leaving just before she arrived. Finally he coincided with her at one of the most riotous.

Peter had hardly found a table in a corner when Joyce came in with Deshler. He shuddered when he saw her. She had been drinking, and she spoke familiarly to men and women whose acquaintance was a certificate of bad conduct.

What to do? How to approach her? How to get her away?

He watched her dancing with Deshler, and her surrender to Deshler's familiarity made him positively faint with what was perhaps jealousy, though he thought it reverence for what she had been, and—his heart if not his head told him—what she could be again if he could lift her from the mire.

HER eyes, wandering languidly over the crowd, finally caught his eyes and widened with wonder and, for a moment, with a childlike delight that stung Peter to renewed hope. She hurried to Peter's table and greeted him with an effusiveness that angered Deshler, who followed and stood by. She neglected to introduce him until he nudged her. Then she laughed with a harshness that set both men on edge toward her and each other:

"Meet the boy friend, Peter. If you ever want a good bootlegger—"

The word angered Deshler and he dragged her to the dance floor. Peter could see that the big thug was quarreling with her. She was answering him with an infuriating laughter.

When the music ended they went back to their table and Joyce began to drink heavily. Peter had a feeling that she was trying to wash something out of her heart, and his own heart ached for her. But he did not know what to do. By and by her foolish laughter ceased and she turned sullen and irritable. Deshler was one of those who must paw anybody they talk to, and he kept laying his hand on Joyce. She slapped it off. Peter wanted to cut it off. At length Deshler in a huff left the table to dance with another woman. Joyce caught Peter's eye and tossed her head in an imperious gesture to come over. He went to her and took Deshler's chair. She began on him at once, thick-tongued and truculent:

"Pete, for Pete's sake, wipe that scowl off your face. Looks like you were ashamed of me."

"I am. I'm heartbroken."

"Well, aren't we all?"

"Pull yourself together, Joyce, for Heaven's sake, and get out of this swamp."

"To go where?"

"Home to bed."

"WHY, Mr. Pepys! You bold bad boy!"

"Only a little while ago you were—"

"A little fool that—"

"As decent a girl as ever was. Now you're an alley cat without even a respect for appearances."

"Appearances! Appearances are a swell thing to respect! My mother had a respect for appearances and that was as far as her decency went. Not that I blame the poor darling. I used to, God forgive me. But I know more than I did then. I was a nasty little prig and I condemned poor Paula when she did the right thing."

"When was that—when did she do the right thing?"

"When she spit in the eye of the rotten world and decided to have a good time while she could. She had to do it on the sneak because she was married and all the men were afraid of Laddie. You should have seen E. Terry Grahame when he saw Laddie just before he was wiped out. But I'm not married and little Jimmie Deshler's not afraid of anybody."

Somehow Haden's love gave him clairvoyance into the tawdry cynicism of the girl and he realized that it was only a thin covering for the raw wounds her pride had suffered. They still festered and crawled. Her innate purity had been so cruelly violated that she had to pretend to like her fate or let it crush her. Her mother was returning to claim the love she had lost. And now Joyce could not judge and condemn her; she preferred to imitate and justify her. She could not bear to be better than her mother; so she tried to be worse, to be publicly, instead of merely secretly, wanton.

Perhaps because he was so infatuated with the girl herself, Peter found in this very perversity something divinely beautiful and pitiful. The crudity of her effort to be her mother's companion in shame seemed to emphasize her innocence. He thought of the word "amateurishness." She was a nice girl cast as an adventuress and giving a wretchedly amateurish performance that was hopelessly bad art but a convincing

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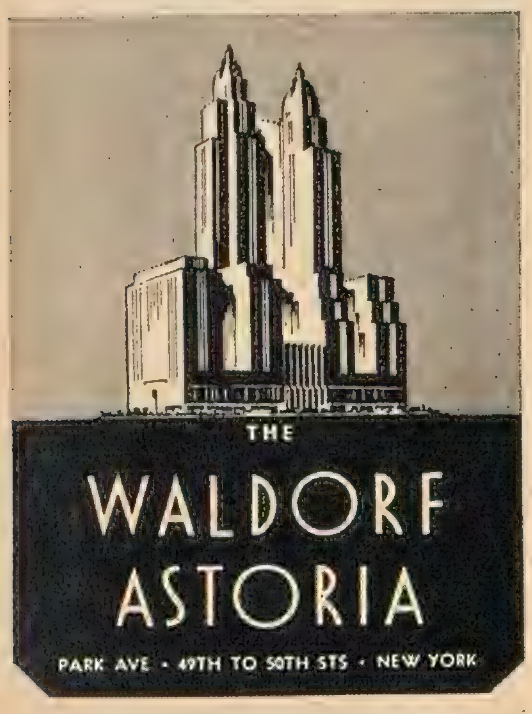
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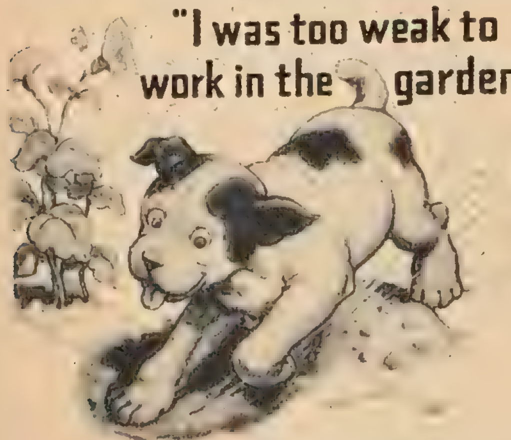
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testimonial to the actress's own character.

But Peter's intuition did not go far enough to reveal to him the bitterest torture Joyce was suffering. That Peter whom she loved and longed for, whose love for her had been her last remaining pride, should return to find her drunk and in the arms of a Deshler would have crushed her utterly if she had yielded to the blow. Her only defense against it was to mock the feeling, deny it to herself, try to convince herself of the lie, and brazen it out.

She had tried to be decent. She had tried to be a mother to her little sister and had been gradually eased out of Leta's society. She had tried to be a mother to her brother and he had found her so inconvenient and so crude that he had eased her out of his society. He had ceased to tell her where he was going or where he had been. And finally he had made a lame excuse for moving away from the inn, had taken a room in town, and never came to see her. She met him once in a while at some café with some girl that Joyce suspected of no good intentions, but Evert had suspected Joyce of worse and had avoided an introduction, had left the place early.

So Joyce felt that as a good Samaritan she was a washout.

And now Peter Haden was looking at her with reproachful eyes. Her heart leaped to go back to him, to fling herself in his arms and ask him to take her under his protection, give her his companionship, protect her from the horrors of solitude and the worse horrors of the company she kept.

She had gone to him at once, but Deshler had followed. Deshler had bawled her out. Deshler had knocked down more than one man who was polite to her; he had a fondness for public brawls. She could not subject a fine soul like Peter Haden to any such risk. And now a deeper despair engulfed her. She tried to smother it in drink, to bolster her flippancy with liquor.

SHE was thinking all these things befuddledly with the intensity and the confusion of a drink-steeped brain. But Peter could not read such thoughts, and she could not have explained them if she had dared to try. Besides, she loved Peter so that she had vowed to save him from herself—had vowed it long ago when she had only her parental curse to protect him from. Now she was herself degraded and she must not let him descend to her even to help her.

But how was he to fathom this? How was he to know what anguish she felt when in all tenderness he pleaded:

"Come on away, honey. Let me take you home."

She had to snatch a deep gulp from her glass to fortify her against his prayers before she could reply:

"Nonsense—nonsense!"

"I implore you!"

Tears flooded her eyes. She made a funny face to pass them off as the effects of her sharp liquor. She looked babyish to him, staring at him as she drank deeply and remembered how he loved her. The evil influence of alcohol inflamed her affection for him but poisoned it. She leered at him crassly and lowered her voice:

"I'm afraid to leave here with you, Petie dear. Deshler's drinking. He's very ugly, drinkin'. Starts fights—very dirty fighter—very! I do' waw to get choo into wanny trouble." She thought to disgust him finally by burlesquing the longing she really felt, and she gave another bad performance of a bad woman pretending an amorous inclination. "But he's away all day and—whyn't you run over some afternoon and—and—" She tried to put into her eyes all the old guile of Potiphar's wife, but Peter was revolted. He mumbled:

"HAVE you fallen so low that you can't even play fair with your keeper? Haven't you any principles left?"

"Prissiples? It's not the prissipal but the in'erest that in'erests me." She found this very funny.

"Oh, my darling, in Heaven's name, come home!"

He clenched her by the arm in his agony, but her volatile emotion shifted to instant wrath at this rebuke to her impersonation.

"Take your hand off me. Gwan away 'n' lea' me 'lone."

"Joyce! Joyce!"

"Take y'hand off me, I tell you!"

Peter felt a heavy hand on his own shoulder. A voice came down from back of him:

"Didn't you hear the lady tell you to take your hand off her?"

Peter turned and looked up into Deshler's eyes. He lifted Deshler's hand from his shoulder as if it were a toad and flung it off, unsettling Deshler's stance. He came back and seized Peter's coat by both lapels to swing him off his feet. Then things began to happen.

Peter's right hand came up between Deshler's elbows and caught him under the chin. His head went up and his hands lost their grip on Peter's coat. He staggered back a few steps and stared at Peter in amazement while Peter rubbed his aching knuckles. They were bleeding a little.

Deshler dropped into a professional pugilistic crouch and came forward weaving. Peter tried to remember the boxing principles he had long since forgotten, but his heart was not in the fight. To find himself starting a café brawl with a bootlegger over a tipsy woman sickened him.

Deshler led with his right to cover a left uppercut. Peter ducked the full force of it, but it sent him back against the next table and he heard a clatter of glass and silver behind him, women's shrieks, and men's protests. All the people in the restaurant were on their feet, some of them on chairs to see the fun.

Peter toppled into another table to

avoid a haymaker that roughed up his features in passing and sent him into a blaze of humiliated rage. He threw a chair in front of Deshler and as he fumbled at it Peter swept his arms aside with one open hand and put his whole body and his whole soul into a fist which landed on the point of Deshler's jaw and hit him in the brain. The dance floor was waxed, and when Deshler went over he tobogganed on his arched spine for yards in such grotesque amazement that nearly everybody roared with laughter and the drummer in the band clunked his gong.

Peter was not laughing, nor was Joyce as he turned to her. He found her with a chair upraised over her head, struggling with a waiter who had caught it and was fighting for it. Which of the two men it was meant for, Peter had no time to ask, for Deshler was picking himself up and collecting himself for a bull-like charge.

But a captain and a squad of waiters and bus boys surrounded him and headed him off with all the unctuousness customarily displayed toward a liberal customer.

Peter was unknown to the restaurant and another squad seized and hustled him to the cloakroom, found his check, slammed his hat on his head, threw his overcoat over his shoulders, and shoved him into the street.

He tried to go back and rescue Joyce, but the policeman who was usually at hand there stood in front of him and blocked the door.

He did not lose his temper when Peter tried to get past him, but he argued:

"You can go along on home or you can come with me. But you're through in there."

"But there's a lady in there—"

"A lady? I doubt it, brother. Did you bring her?"

"No, but—"

"Did the other guy bring her?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then it's his own fault. Go along now, or I'll have to book you."

THE officer pushed and shoved, and Peter, seeing that Joyce had not hurried after him, judged that she had meant the chair for him. He could not know that she meant it for Deshler and that she had fainted.

He allowed himself to be stuffed into a taxicab and the officer waved it away.

He felt a poltroon and a deserter, even though common sense told him that he could only bring trouble on Joyce by interfering further. The next day he bought all the editions of all the afternoon papers, expecting them to restore the Palgrave name to the headlines with the well known man about town Deshler and the eminent legalite himself, not omitting a reminder of E. Terry Grahame's share in the family history.

The silence of the press convinced him that he had done the wise if not the handsome thing; but for days he was overswept by shame because he had not knocked out the policeman, mopped up the café with Deshler, and dragged Joyce from the wreckage by the hand or by the hair, as her gratitude or her resistance might require.

He hated the modern days in which the knightly thing to do is do nothing and the newspaper is the dragon with fetid breath that no St. George can slay.

He was consumed with curiosity as to what had become of Joyce, but every time he lifted the telephone to call up the inn he put it down with a sullen feeling that if she had appreciated his intervention she would have let him know.

PETER expected a call from Deshler and looked forward to a street fight with less reluctance than one of his peaceful nature should have felt at the prospect of an encounter that could only be a little less degrading if he won it than if he lost it.

One day a stranger who would not give his name telephoned that Deshler was looking for Peter with a gun.

This gave a bit of dignity to the entanglement, and Peter wondered whether to violate the Sullivan law by carrying an illegal pistol or to leave town on business for a while. To die for Joyce would leave her perfectly helpless; yet to kill a man in her behalf would be a still more dubious favor for one in whose life slaughter had already played too big a part.

Then one day he ran into Deshler in the lobby of a big downtown office building. Deshler jolted him without seeing him and Peter had an insane inspiration—Joyce was rendering everybody as insane as she was.

He turned and followed Deshler till he drew aside to wait for his turn at the revolving door. Then Peter, stepping close in back of him, caught Deshler's dangling right wrist, bent the arm up back of him with an excruciating and disabling twist, and swung Deshler so close to him that their faces almost touched.

Warned that Deshler is "gunning" for him, Peter Haden takes the gorilla by surprise. But is Deshler to be handled so easily? A heartbreaking surprise awaits the young lawyer in his fight to save Joyce Palgrave from destroying herself, in next week's installment of this great serial.

ANSWER TO THE JUMBLEJEM
ON PAGE 26

Lunatic

SHE LOST WEIGHT EACH WEEK

The Ideal Way to Reduce

A woman writes to tell how she is reducing excess fat—and her way seems to be the ideal way.

"I am 49 years old, 5 ft. 5½ ins. in height, and was 190 lbs. when I started taking a level teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning. I went slowly down in weight—some weeks 2 lbs., others just 1 lb., until I got down to 154 lbs. I have never felt better in my life than I do now, and I feel so much lighter and feel years younger."—(Mrs.) W. I.

The action of Kruschen Salts, taken regularly every morning, is to effect a natural clearance of undigested food substances and watery waste matter. It is that waste matter which is stored up in the form of ugly fat, if it is not regularly expelled.

REALLY STUNNING
AT A DISTANCE

"Complexion Curse"

She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But *no one* admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of *clogged* bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let **NR (Nature's Remedy)** afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly ease away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick headache, bilious conditions, dizziness. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective. At all druggists'—only 25 cents.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to
A. H. LEWIS CO.
Desk EB-59
St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-hal pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug storesf

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
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Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS TRAVEL NAUSEA ON YOUR VACATION TRIPS

Vox

LIBERTY'S SAFETY DRIVE WINS NATIONAL APPROVAL

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I note that, beginning with Liberty of March 24, you inaugurated a highway safety campaign through a series of articles by Tom A. Burke with a view of directing to automobile drivers the serious results of unsafe driving practices.

I believe such articles, which no doubt will reach a great number of readers, should prove very effective in bringing careless automobile drivers to their senses.

Our experience for the year 1933 indicated that approximately 29 per cent of all highway-crossing accidents were due to vehicles running into the sides of trains or engines.

Another serious condition was that drivers entirely disregarded the signals of the watchmen or other employees, and this failure resulted in approximately 27 per cent of our accidents.—*R. E. Woodruff, Vice President Erie Railroad Company.*

Countless other high executives throughout the country also have written in, lauding the articles on highway safety by Mr. Burke. Included were: A. L. Brower, Vice President, Continental Baking Co., New York, N. Y.; C. J. Nobmann, Shell Oil Co., San Francisco, Calif.; W. B. Spencer, Traffic Manager, United Electric Railways Co., Providence, R. I.; John M. Orts, Director of Safety Education, Public Service Corp. of New Jersey, Newark, N. J.; J. L. Junkin, Assistant Manager, Safety and Welfare Department, Weirton Steel Co., Weirton, W. Va.; and Charles S. Bowden, the Ohio Public Service Co., Alliance, Ohio.

Also C. J. Gefvert, Safety Supervisor, Consolidated Gas Co. of New York, N. Y.; Herbert A. Rowe, Chairman, American Railway Association, Safety Section, New York, N. Y.; V. V. Moulton, President, Auto Owners Insurance Co., Lansing, Mich.; W. A. Dearborn, Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Co., Boston, Mass.; John C. Chandler, Assistant Manager, the California Casualty Indemnity Exchange, San Francisco, Calif.; Lee C. Gray, Assistant Manager, A. P. P. A. Dept., United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore, Md.; and W. C. King, Safety Division, American Optical Co., New York, N. Y.

Also E. A. Meyer, Manager, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.; W. T. Filmer, Supervisor of Safety, the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., Youngstown, Ohio; C. M. Winter, Assistant to General Manager, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Robert Scott, Director, Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co., Wilmington, N. C.; Frank H. Rowe, Safety Director, the Otis Steel Co., Cleveland, Ohio; and N. F. Jones, Shell Petroleum Corp., St. Louis, Mo.

Also Frank Harrison, Director of Safety, the Pure Oil Co., Chicago, Ill.; T. R. Parrish, General Service Manager, United States Gypsum Co., Chicago, Ill.; E. H. Daniel, Superintendent of Transportation, Central of Georgia Railway, Savannah, Ga.; A. M. Lytle, National Safety Council, Newton Falls, Ohio; Isaiah Hale, Topeka, Kan.; Vern D. Sutton, Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.; E. F. Blank, Director of Safety and Welfare, Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp., Pittsburgh, Pa.; V. M. Knapp, Superintendent, London Guarantee & Accident Co., Ltd., New York, N. Y.; and Lew R. Palmer, Conservation Engineer, Equitable Life Assurance Society, New York, N. Y.

THESE TWO INTRIGUING WORDS

LONDON, ENG.—As an expression of my great appreciation of Liberty, I should like to tell you that I look forward to its arrival each week with pleasurable anticipation. I like it all—the editorials, the stories, the movie reviews, the puzzles, and especially Vox Pop.

It is the latter feature which is my reason (and excuse) for rushing into print.

Will some one be good enough to tell me the origin and meaning of these two intriguing words? My friends cannot enlighten me, and I am therefore exposing my ignorance to the world at large by making a public request for this information.—*Ethel M. Levy.*

[Vox Pop is from the Latin, *vox populi*, meaning "the voice of the people."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"PASTY-FACED CITY SAVAGES"

GLENDALE, N. Y.—Less than fifteen hours after I received my honorable discharge from the Civilian Conservation Corps I bought my usual Liberty and read the article (April 14) Mutiny in a 3-C Camp! by Walter V. Woehlke. Every paper and magazine in the country has the same fixed form of feature article about the CCC. Does the government issue them or are they written by an association and sent over the wire?

We weren't "pasty-faced, slack-fibered, anæmic youngsters, most of whom had never had the chance or the desire to put in an honest day's solid work," as Mr. Woehlke claims. The CCC, as some 500,000 members will tell you, is not a reform camp composed of "city savages." The records prove that many members were at some time in their lives in positions that in ordinary times would lead to the higher pay brackets.

My idea of the CCC is a work camp in which you do an honest day's work for an honest dollar. It helped many a fellow on the brink of despair to get new hope and strength to fight unemployment. — *Joseph R. Burke, 55,907.*

RALPH FULLER

By Ralph Fuller

"Madam, I wish to announce my marriage to the cook."

WE SAY, COME AHEAD

TORONTO, ONT.—Cannot some of us from Canada win a little slice of your contest cash? Don't tell us we aren't smart enough! We must be or we wouldn't be reading Liberty, and you wouldn't be getting so many of our good Canadian dollars.

Give us our just rights and we will shut up our igloos and use our prize money to go over and see you sometime, and I hope you'll like us as much as we like your little magazine.

What say, Editor?—*Neina Williams.*

FORD'S ARTICLE HELPS SMALL HOME OWNERS

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—What the Future Has in Store for Us, as told by Henry Ford to Hickman Price in Liberty, April 14, is a very interesting and I hope a true statement. I honestly believe every citizen in the United States should read the article and impress these facts upon our government.

More articles of this character would encourage and impress the workingmen home owners.—*E. G. Slater.*

'AS SLIPPERY AS EELS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Speaking of so-called shyster lawyers—who I believe are responsible, in a measure, for the crime wave—I know of one who secured a new trial for a man who had been sentenced to death, by pleading that the court record did not show that the culprit was in the courtroom when the sentence was imposed. The judge, clerk, sheriff, and fifty other persons were in the room when the prisoner stood up to hear his doom. On second trial, the prisoner was acquitted by a sob-sister jury.

In another case, a shyster asked for a new trial on the grounds that the indictment of a robber did not state that the alleged crime was done with felonious intent. He did not object to the indictment at first, but waited until after the trial, so that if his client was convicted he might get a new trial on the flimsy excuse. The judge saw through the ruse and denied the motion.

Another more brazen case came up recently in Los Angeles. Having no reasonable grounds for asking for a new trial, the shyster objected to the indictment of his client for murder on the grounds that the document did not state that the murdered person was "a human being."

And in the case of a

Pop

sharper who passed a twenty-dollar Confederate States note for good money and was charged with "uttering counterfeit money," his shyster defender claimed there was no such thing as counterfeit money. If it was counterfeit it wasn't money, he said, and if it was money it wasn't counterfeit!—*J. M. Scanland.*

HOWLING DOG AUTHOR IS WRITING MORE

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Thanks for The Case of the Howling Dog. It was a thoroughly enjoyable story, and clean, without too much sex and mush. Transient Lady was good too, but The Case of the Howling Dog was right down my alley. Please get some more stories from the same author.—*Ernest M. Dove.*

[There will be more Perry Mason serials for publication shortly.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

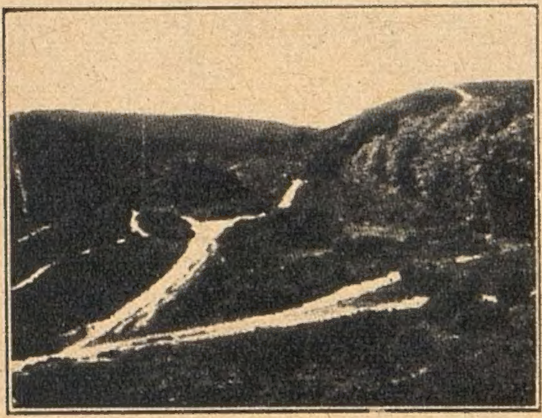
A LETTER TO SENATOR FLETCHER OF FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Your article in March 17 Liberty entitled Our Financial Racketeers was read by me with deep interest. I think it was a classic along that line and will open the eyes of many voters who have been drifting along under the spell of rugged individualism.—*Cramer B. Potter, U. S. Internal Revenue Service.*

[In forwarding the above, Senator Fletcher stated many such letters had reached him from all parts of the country; also Hawaii.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

DENMARK'S HEATHER HILLS

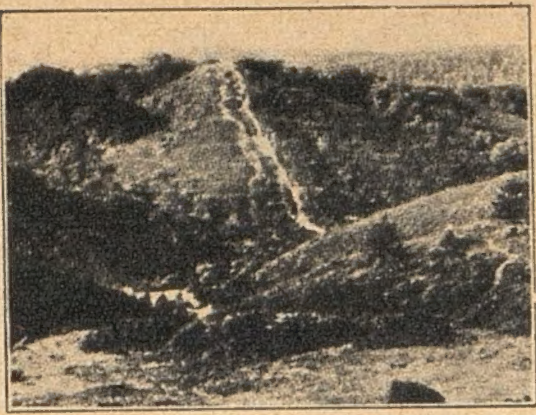
ROCHESTER, N. Y.— The caption under Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen's picture accompanying the article Curtsies for the King in Liberty, April 7, specifically invited attention to the painting, "Heather Hill," on the wall. In the article Frances Parkinson Keyes described it as "Denmark's famous 'Heather Hill.'"



Where Americans celebrate July 4 in Denmark.

Denmark has no distinctive "heather hill." I was born in that region. If you will examine the inclosed snapshots you will readily recognize the hill that appears in the oil painting which Prime Minister Stauning of Denmark presented to Mrs. Owen last July 4.

But this hill is one of many that, combined, constitute Rebild National Park, a tract purchased by American citizens and presented to the Danish nation many years ago, with the reservation that it remain under American control. Every year between thirty and forty thousand Americans and Danes gather in the park and celebrate America's Independence Day.



Rebild National Park, Denmark.

Next July 4 will mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the custom and elaborate preparations are now being made for impressive ceremonies. Mrs. Owen is scheduled to take a conspicuous part and large groups of Americans are now being organized to visit Denmark for the event.

Rebild National Park is probably the most unique park in all the world. The Danes themselves refer to it proudly as "the only American national park outside the United States."—*Alfred G. Anderson.*

BUTTONS, BUTTONS—WHO CAN ANSWER THIS ONE?

OSHKOSH, WIS.—My wife and I are in the middle of a big button war. We can't agree on why women's coats button on the left side and men's coats button on the right. It seems to me married couples have enough arguments without the tailors supplying fresh grounds (free of charge). But there you are, and I'm yelling for help. Will anybody who knows anything about buttons please come to my rescue?—*Carl Johnson.*

SHE CRAVES ADVICE

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I need advice. Since the depression hit, we stenogs with jobs have kept on with the boy friends, jobs or no jobs. Mostly no jobs. We've been paying the supper checks and taxis and buying our own flowers. We're being taken for a non-matrimonial buggy ride.

How can we reverse the situation and get back into character? Where are those things called chivalry and self-respect? And while you're about it, tell me—where is romance?—*Bessie Boyle.*

HE WAS WITH BOULIGNY

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Because Edgar Bouligny was one of my very good friends in the Foreign Legion and I participated in a good many of the events narrated, I read with particular interest Mr. Robertson's story Rendezvous in Liberty. May I take this opportunity to tell you that of all the Foreign Legion accounts I have read this is the most accurate and best written.—*Fred Zinn.*

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Cover by R. C. KAUFFMANN

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NOW!

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

FINAL LATE ENTRY REPRINT OFFER!
YOU CAN ENTER TODAY AND WIN

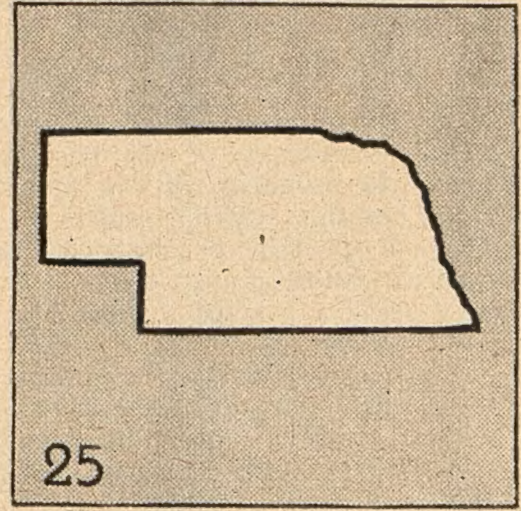
FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**250**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
100 PRIZES, each $10	**1,000**
230 PRIZES, each $5	**1,150**
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$3,000**

THE maps on this page comprise Set No. 7 of Liberty's Game of States. You can enter the game and win a cash prize by starting now, even if you have missed the previous six sets. Begin by reading the rules carefully. They give all necessary information. Then identify and bound the four states on this page. That will put you well on the way toward completing your entry. Next, in order to catch up with the field, send for the previous sets that you have missed. Make sure that you mail your request before midnight, Tuesday, May 15. We cannot undertake to fill requests bearing a later postmark. Use the address in the lower right-hand corner.

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.
2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.
3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.
4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.
5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.
7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 7



25

Much of the nation's meat is produced by this state. One of the states to its west contains a mountain peak famous as a test in early automobile development.

Name of state.................................

Bounded by.................................

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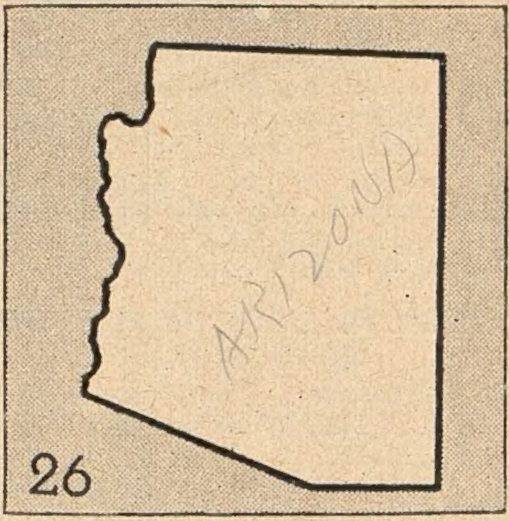

26

A principal crop of this state is long staple cotton, and its copper mines are among the greatest in the world. Gold, silver, and lead are also produced here.

Name of state.................................

Bounded by.................................

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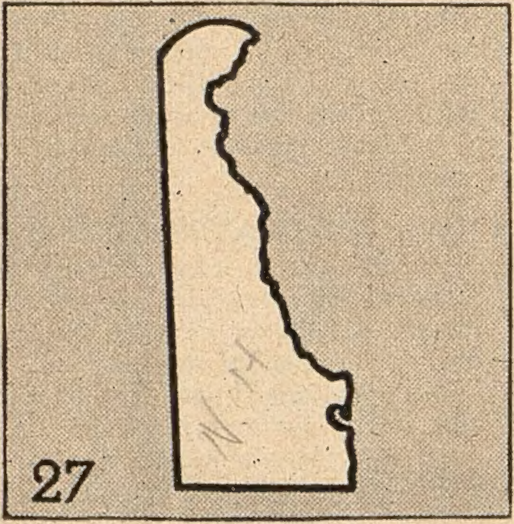

27

This state is one of the original thirteen. It is traversed by a government canal which extends into the state at its west where a federal school is located.

Name of state.................................

Bounded by.................................

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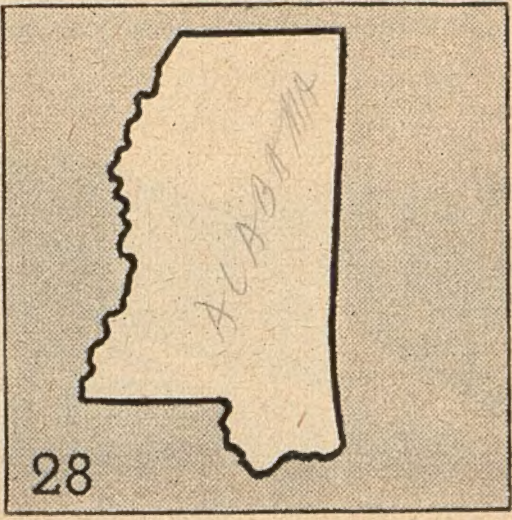

28

Cotton, rice, and sugar cane are the principal crops of this state, most of whose western side is the shore line of a gigantic river. Spain claimed it until 1795.

Name of state.................................

Bounded by.................................

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LAST LATE ENTRY REPRINT OFFER

If you require reprints of any or all of the first six map sets, request them of LATE ENTRY CLERK, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. Your request must be postmarked before midnight Tuesday, May 15. ONLY THE FIRST SIX SETS WILL BE SUPPLIED. Do not request additional material. Liberty will fill all requests in the order of their receipt.

★★★

★★★★

3-Star and 4-Star Buys in Canada's Retail Stores

In its weekly review of the picture shows, "Liberty" marks those that are particularly worth going to see with 3 stars (excellent) and 4 stars (extraordinary).

If this idea were applied to merchandise offered for sale in Canada, nationally-advertised products would carry off 3-Star and 4-Star honors.

When a manufacturer advertises his product in "Liberty" and other magazines of national circulation, he is really challenging you and everybody else to compare his product with all others. He is so sure that his product has superiorities that will appeal to multitudes of people that he is willing to spend his good money in this and other publications to induce you and others to try it.

The modern advertiser knows, too, that he simply must see that you get real quality and real value or his money spent in national advertising will be wasted. For that reason he makes doubly sure that his product is right in every way and that it is being retailed to you at a fair and square price.

Nationally-advertised products are the 3-star and 4-star buys in Canada's retail stores. You can purchase them with confidence.

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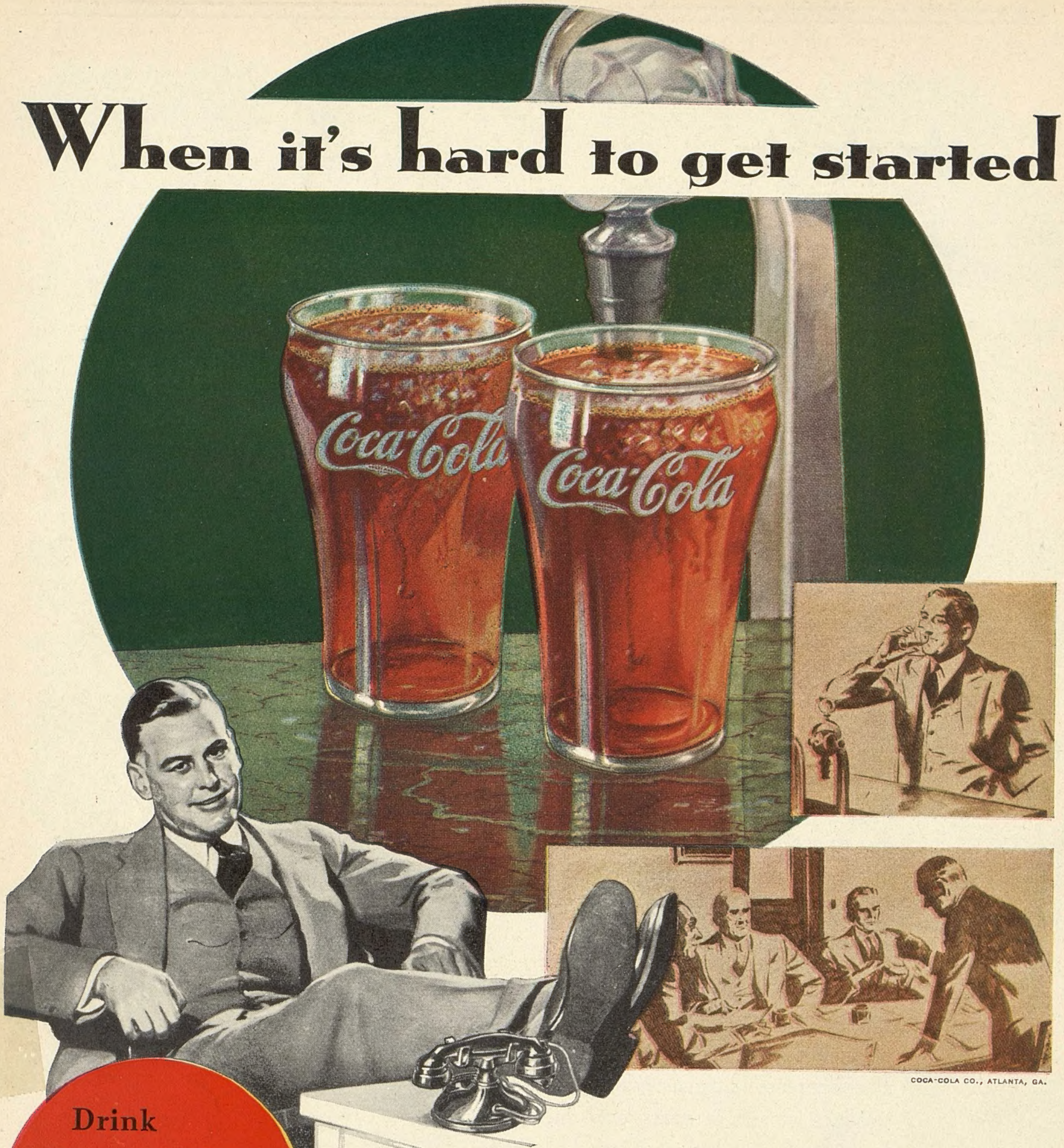
and published by
LIBERTY
in the interests of a better
understanding by its readers of
the aims and accomplishments
of Advertising

When it's hard to get started



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Start with a Coca-Cola

There's a cool, cheerful soda fountain around the corner from anywhere. Go there! Get a fresh start with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its life and sparkle go quickly into energy. Refreshed, you feel fit for what's ahead . . . There's a scientific reason for it. Coca-Cola is a blend of those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost authorities say do most in restoring you to your normal self.

● *You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.*